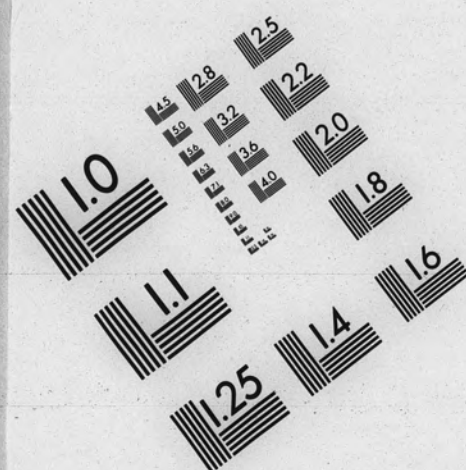


Journal, 1965.

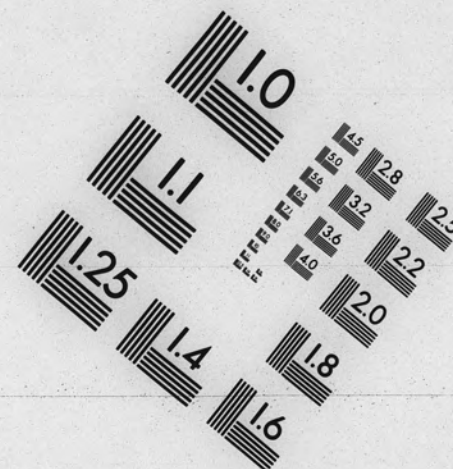


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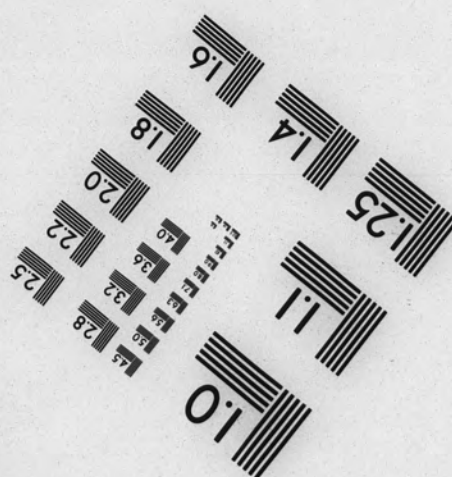
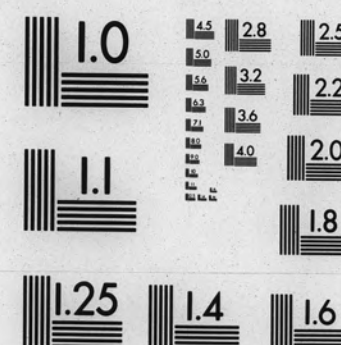
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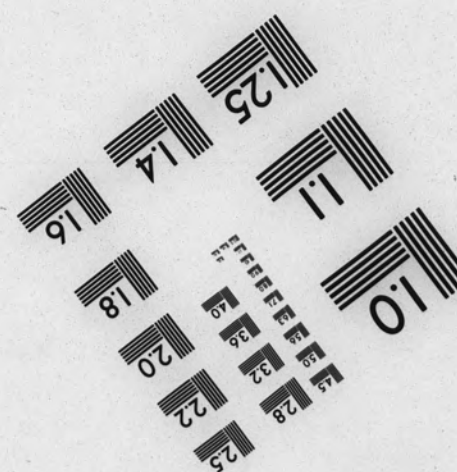
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JOURNAL OF FRANCOIS MIGNON

- 1965 -

folder of correspondence from
Mrs. Edith Wyatt Moore, Natchez, Miss.
(1946 - 1964)

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Friday, January 1st, 1965.

Memorandum;

Fair to partly cloudy and still in the
ridiculous temperature rage.
New Year's Day appeared to be just
another day on the plantation with everyone
and everything working except the drain in
my bath tub. We shall see
what we can do about that on the morrow at dawning.
I reckon I might have had the tub going full
tilt, too, had I been home during the afternoon but
I sought no assistants in the plumbing
department since I finally, after months of
invitations, to go to town with James. He has been
anxious for me to see some of the improvements
he made during the summer at 406, points
I had no opportunity to inspect either at Thanksgiving
or Christmas, and so I drove in with him
about 2:30 this afternoon. We inspected the
improvements as to grading, etc., looked over
some of his Christmas books, had a glass of port
and then dined at the Town House on shrimp which
were excellent. On leaving James bought me
a chocolate pie and himself a cream one and we
were back at Yucca by a little after 5 and he
departed for home before 7. Net result: I feel
like a verit, ble road runner.
Ann Williams Br. tton, her husband
and two eldest offspring dropped in this morning
around 10:30, bearing a Christmas gift
and good wishes for the New Year. They all
seemed in the upper brackets of
good health. Their gift was
half an iron key, cut the long way, about
7 inches in length and so rigged up
as to make it possible to nail it against
the wall. Out from the stem of the key protruded
thin nails about one inch, and these
are set into the metal with a view to
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suspending small keys from the nails. Most places, rural or urban, it would seem somewhat quaint in these days to hang keys on a holder along side one's door but perhaps that's what makes this gift different.

I asked Ann if she thought her father might run for a vacancy in a judgeship that is said to be opening up shortly and she responded affirmatively. I have heard from the aforesaid gentleman that he is so anxious to secure a judgeship and was so disappointed when he ran unsuccessfully for the post before. Among other drawbacks for his candidacy, it is said, there are so many voters who wouldn't be so interested in voting for him as against the other members of his family of his generation but perhaps he will have no opponents in the next race and that ought to facilitate election readily enough.

James just called to ask if I had sampled the pie as yet. I had not. He said his seems to be about 2 inches thick and tastes as though it were made of the ingredients home folks once employed before science in the bakery business substituted everything else for whatever the old recipes called. He mentioned having read the other day that the Pure Food Department of the Federal Government is thinking of persuading the manufacturers of peanut butter to use peanuts instead of some by-product of Standard Oil. He said further that the South American chickie business had been ruined by the American manufacturers who formerly used imported chickie but now substituted in its stead some by-product from Hercules powder, of all things. Perhaps that accounts for the extraordinary bang resulting from teen agers mastering the rare art of manipulating bubble gum. Smile.

I suppose the wake for McKinley Brown is in full swing. I noticed there were no cars around the honkey-tonks when we passed them coming down tonight. Friday night is usually a busy time at the honkey-tonks but perhaps the wake has impelled the poor man's clubs to let the wakers have their wake and then open up twice as raucously on Saturday night....

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Sunday, January 3rd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and warm Saturday, again pushing the thermometer up to the 80's. The skies cleared at sundown and the stars were bright enough at 8 o'clock when I stepped out to see if I could detect the meteor shower, scheduled for the night but saw none. By 9 o'clock it was sprinkling and kept it up until noon today. The thermometer had fallen during the night and never got above the 40's today which is certainly much better. It is fair tonight and will be cool again on the morrow, or so it is said.

I was enchanted on Saturday to find a grand letter from Lyme in the post, as of Wednesday last past. It was a joy to note how things were turning. I appreciated the kind words that permeated the whole epistle.

Surprisingly enough there were no pilgrims over the weekend and only one or two different sets of town folks dropped in to say Hey. I did not see Joe who was said to have appeared in the store on Saturday afternoon but did not linger because he is still in the non-communicative mood, it is said. It is assumed he is headed for quite a shock when he learns that Pat is about to build a swimming pool into the garden of his Pecan Park house, only a block from Joe. As the gap between father and son is very wide, perhaps Joe will not learn of the pool right away and that will stave off another explosion.

Ann Cordell called from Elderade, Arkansas last night. She has been nursing a cold during the holidays and the call was made merely to

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express holiday greetings. I always laugh when I hear the name of Ann Cordell for it invariably reminds me of the time she returned one of my letters because I had taken a swing at her favorite newspaper, the Shreveport Times.

The artist called me yesterday to say the little picture on which she had been working "for Miss Beth" was ready and asked me to tell her so if she called. To the artist "Miss Beth", being in her mind Beth Williams Cloutier of Beaufort, and Carmen Breazeale were one and the same person and so, when Carmen called me yesterday, I passed along the message. Carmen called me this afternoon to say she was driving down with the Durands and wondered if she might stop here. She might, and, I am glad to say she left the sister and brother-in-law in the car when she brought in my gift from Edith Porter which the latter had left at the Breazeales when she was there last week. The gift package was a dream in lovely wrappings. I put it on a table when Carmen handed it to me and left it there. Carmen eyed it a couple of times, saying she believed it was crackers and I said I hoped so for I liked crackers. I am quite sure that either she or her sister had pried into the thing while it was at their house but unwrapped it remained until after Carmen had gone when I undid the wrappings and discovered inside a box of crackers, no less. Somehow it reminded, albeit in reverse, of the story about Count Orloff presenting Catherine the Great with a big rough oyster shell which, when opened, revealed a pearl of great price within.

J. H. spent the day somewhere in South Louisiana, rounding up more pecan trees for further planting, acres upon acres of which have been planted during the past couple of months in former cotton fields in back, --North and East of Yucca, between Yucca and the bridge, across the river and Heaven knows where all. Celeste and I dined alone but both were back, he from the South, she from town, before 8 o'clock when we supped and chatted until rather late than usual, mostly about old houses, current restorations and so on.....

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Monday, January 4th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair with temperatures right where they should be for this time of year in this region, -- 40 for low, 60 for high. Perhaps this will slow up the up-surge of sap, I hope.

It pays to listen to more than one net work's news, as was confirmed for me again tonight when I listened to the Morgan Beatty news cast at 6:30 when nothing was mentioned about T. S. Eliot while at 6:45 the Lowell Thomas broadcast and at 7 o'clock the Edward Morgan report both mentioned the event. By chance last night, while fishing among the kilocycles, I chanced upon Invitation to Learning enegaged in a discussion about the Eliot composition on Thomas-a-Beckett. I was glad to listen to the theorizing about the purposes behind Murder in the Cathedral and somehow it made today's news about the author the more vital somehow.

It was dark when I came from supper at the big house tonight and I was surprised to have a lady arriving by the avant cour as I got to Yucca. It was Sylvia Jones, -- Mrs. Randolph Jones, --who had brought me the copy of Edith Hamilton's The Greek Way which I shall send to Auntie on the morrow. Celeste confided to me a month or so ago that Sylvia had spoken to her about Leston, asking why Hatchitoches hadn't made some gesture of recognition for what Sylvia thought Leston was doing for the Parish. That Sylvia should have brought up such a matter and that Celeste should have passed it along seemed sweet. Perhaps the ladies had been talking about the impending Man of the Year award which comes off shortly, I suppose. As for me, as Celeste has pointed out before, "it is simply impossible to get him to go to town" which is so true, and, both ladies must have forgotten such awards go to city not parish people and besides, Charles Cunningham will certainly get the laurel crown this year for his Confederate Ball on May 9th last past.

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Today I learned from an agent, connected neither with educational nor the press that John Kyser had confided to Mrs. Walker that he would like to have Enterprise support in having beer removed from the menu at the Town House because so many of the Northwestern students patronize the Town House and it would be better if strong drink, --if beer is in that category, were removed from sale there. I am told that Editor Walker did not see eye to eye with President Kyser on the matter and told him so. I agree with Editor Walker's position on the point. In the first place, a public restaurant should not be required to trim its sails to conform the college campus rules for, among other things, the public should be allowed to have beer at a good restaurant if it pleases. Then, too, the campus is in one part of the city, the restaurant in another and if the college doesn't want its students to go to public restaurants, it should put such place beyond the limits of the college students' visitations. It is said the Baton Rouge new set of politicians is gunning for John's Presidential job. One would think he would have enough to worry about without getting bogged down on a beer barrel.

I listened to news out of Washington with interest --at the close of day, the President's message, the political re-adjustments in rules in the House, leaders in the Senate and so on. It all sounded pretty good. I hope life does something by way of pictures of the brothers Kennedy. I was happy the families of some were well represented in the visitors gallery.

I talked with James late this afternoon. He said he had been spending some time at 1226 where gas lights had been installed last week on the street and on the garden side of the house. The workmen were to turn on the pilot light for keeping the house at even temperature after the garden lights had been installed. Instead they had turned on the air conditioning units instead and departed.

And now I am going to knock off a dab of mail and then see if I can catch a re-broadcast of the Presidential speech before the joint Chambers of the Legislature.....

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Tuesday, January 5th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and warmer and, to their eventual regret before winter runs out, the subtropical plants keep on growing in defiance of the inevitable havoc Jack Frost, sooner or later, is going to exert.

It was grand finding a New Year's note from Lyme in today's post. I was so happy to have an opportunity to run through the note just before my plans for the afternoon went into a tailspin. I know I am going to find the Times clipping to my liking, too, although I shall have to save that for the morrow, what with interruptions intervening so that secretarial assistance evaporated before I had gone further than the greeting from little Miss Lee but I rejoice that I could absorb that before other matters claimed the balance of the afternoon.

At noon, just after the secretary had arrived, pilgrims were sent from the store, forcing a farewell to desk work then and there. After the pilgrims were disposed of, I started for the store to attend to one or two matters but didn't get there, what with August meeting me along the way to say he had been sent to give me a hand at whatever I wanted him to do. Although I had not contemplated turning the house upside down before the morrow, I realized I had better make the most of the helper while he was available and so I suggested we take the rugs and chairs out of doors and give the house a cleaning. But just as we picked up the first moveable, James put in an appearance. Accordingly I set August to work on some gardening and sat down with James who remained until 3:30. After that I rounded up August and together we began a concentrated drive on cleaning which consumed the balance of the afternoon, achieving a few things but knocking out the schedule I had prepared for myself at dawning.

In pursuance of observations made yesterday about this year's Man of the Year, I was amused this morning when Carmen called to tell me about a Shakespearean evening at the Leslie club in town last night, after

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the club held a meeting, nominating Charles as their choice for Man of the Year on the grounds he had been chairman of the 250th birthday anniversary. The choice of a person is made by the names submitted by several clubs who vote their preference to some group and as Carmen is on several of these determining groups, her choice verily likely will prevail. It seems, although I had forgotten it, that the ever all lady chairman working under the presidency of Charles had been a Mrs. Wheat, daughter of Hazel Courege, and so she will be named the Lady of the Year.

New Orleans finds itself pretty busy these days in festivities around the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans on January 8th which is a State holiday. Last summer there was talk about the Pre score and at the moment L. B. J. is probably busy enough with matters along the Potomac to give him much opportunity to venture as far afield as the lower Mississippi. There's a picture of Martha Robinson in the clipping enclosed. She continues unusually active in civic doings in spite of her many years and adventures. She must be made of the same stuff from which Aunt "illie is constructed for she is forever on the go and interested in everything.

I found myself amused this afternoon when everything was approaching a pitch and I already had sufficient over which I was saying grace. But I responded to a tap at my door and found myself confronted by a youth who announced it was his birthday and he said he was wondering if I had in mind giving him a present. Somehow I associate his natal day with summer time and so I said I was glad the day was so pretty for having a birthday and then asked him what today's date was. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, looked a little vacant but not at all self-conscious and then stated frankly:

"Well, you sees, it ain't exactly my own birthday but my girl friend, she's having her birthday today and I figured if you had a present for my birthday for me, I might maybe have one for her."

I thought this the best possible reasoning in the world and so my friend departed, slap happy about the solution of his problem.

And now for a go at some mail and thence to my downy couch.....

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Wednesday, January 6th, 1965.

Memorandum: Cloudy by day, fair by night and too warm
to hold back the sap, --sort of 70, with a promise
for continued warm weather.

There was a four legged thief operating at Yucca last night, I guess, and I wish he would go away because I don't want to bother with him.

Last evening a friend brought me some eggs. Thinking a salad would be in order now and again before the impending weekend had come and gone, I boiled them--the eggs, not the impending salades, and placed them on an aluminum pie tin to cool. At 9 o'clock I took them to the ice box, thinking to put them inside but changed my mind about doing so when I noticed they were still a little warm. Accordingly I set the pie plate on a table along side the ice box so they might cool further and an hour later, when going for some ice, he-thought myself to place them in the box but although the pie plate was there, the eggs had vanished.

Yesterday morning I had seen a couple of squirrels chasing each other up and down one of the gallery supports leading me to wonder at the time if they might be occupying an apartment somewhere under the Yucca leaves. When I discovered the eggs had vanished, I concluded that they had indeed taken up their residence here and although they are not making use of the interior of the ice box, they are evidently giving some attention to its immediate surroundings. Just to see what if anything would happen, I put a banana and an apple on the erstwhile egg plate and observed this morning that nothing had transpired during the night. Perhaps squirrels don't include apples and bananas in their diet or possibly they had been on such a hard boiled egg

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they simply weren't hungry. Be that as it may, I shall have to persuade them to take up their residence in live oak or pecan tree which usually they seem to prefer anyway. I can assure them that for my part, I shall refrain from getting into their pantry when they set up housekeeping in the upper reaches of the trees and I shall at the same time make arrangements for them not to be purloining food not nailed down in my own larder.

At 11:30 this noon, J. H. sent four or five people for a tour. He eats at 11:30 across the fence and I eat at the same time at the big house. It was a Mr. and Mrs. Lewis who seem to have a couple of stores in Hatchitoches and two or three Houston gentlemen whose seem to have been members of the same fraternity but in another school as J. H. but why people invade plantation country, bent on a tour, at 11:30, I shall never know, and, since everybody seem to indulge in that form of sport at that hour, I assume people simply don't think. Be that as it may, I didn't die as a result of the inconvenience and I have no doubt the trippers were enchanted all around. I think I shall slide into town tomorrow around noon, do a dab of shopping for non-descript odds and ends and the having had lunch with James, invite him to drive me home. At the moment, the only thing I can think of by way of food on the morrow is a baked potato and I should think that would be too difficult to find although perhaps I shall be hungry for shrimp and French fried potato. Why never have baked potato at the big house, I cannot imagine. After all, we do have Irish potatoes now and then but never baked although we seem to find sweet potatoes baked readily enough. I must inquire about these finer points one day although it is just possible that I like to use the yearning for a baked potato simply as an excuse for going to town. Smile.

There were a few letters today but I never got around to explore their contents and none of them looked intriguing from the outside and I was glad to stick to gardening and let the correspondence go until the morrow.

The Baton Rouge Advocate had an excellent biography or obituary of T.S. Eliot or although it didn't present a sympathetic soul, it did make me want to order something of his from the Library.....

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Thursday, January 7th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and too warm in the 60 - 80 range. There were 7 or 8 gentlemen for dinner today and I was not with them at the board because I caught a ride into town with the good doctor, had a pleasant hour at 406 before proceeding to the Town House for lunch and it was all very pleasant.

Returning home in mid afternoon, I stopped to pick up a dish in the kitchen while James waited for me at the cistern. I unlocked the padlock but couldn't get the flange open after removing the padlock and so called James. With dint of some doings we finally got the door open. Obviously somebody had been trying to pry the lock open and had bent the thing. Such doings curiously enough happen only when Andy is working around the place and today he was supposedly doing work across the fence. His primary urge seems to be, once in the kitchen, to lift a piece of salt meat an inexpensive cut of pork, which seems scarcely worth hazarding trouble to get since it can be purchased at such a modest figure at the store. Andy is white but that doesn't make him any different than his colored brethren of particular twist in that on occasion both he and one or two of them I have known take on a feeling of resentment if anyone tries to warn them again impending danger, even as has happened once or twice, a thief, caught in the act, works himself into a feeling that seem genuine, that of giving the impression the person who interrupts the thievery, not the thief, is the guilty party for having distrubed the marauder at his labors. There was quite a rumpus across the fence when Andy broke into the liquor cabinet and lifted a couple of bottles of stuff which he presented to a girl friend, --Noonie, -- the former bride of Jack Marcel Morris. Andy resented the implications that he had lifted the stuff but a couple of weeks later, did the same deed all over again. In the matter of breaking into the kitchen, I have warned him against the dangers to his j that he is running but that doesn't deter him from repeating his attempts over and over. He's got the easiest

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job he will ever get and I regret to think he is so determinedly throwing it away. Nevertheless I haven't been successful in persuading him to avoid courting disaster

Before lunch, James read me the article from the current Ti about Macy's. It's the issue with the picture of Jesse or Jack Straus on the cover and I find the article quite interesting and informative. I discovered I had forgotten some points I had known before, such as the ownership of Davidson's in Atlanta, and there was a great deal I had not known such as 48 stores in suburbia. I recalled L. Bamberger and Company of Newark, not to mention Station WOR as being Macy enterprises and I thought Bloomingdale's had been gathered into the fold but I don't recall Bloomingdale's as having been mentioned in this article although we may have skipped it. Anyhow, the article is worth glancing at if you haven't already.

This week's Cane River Memo has something to say about cats. In the case of Eleanor, there was something I didn't put in. Dan had complained to J. H. that there were too many cats around and J. H. shot Eleanor. A couple of weeks later J. H. was complaining that he was never going to shoot another cat as it was certainly bad luck as he had lost two ladies referred to at the end of the Memo were Miss Cam and Natalie.

Also in this week's Enterprise is the obituary of McKinley Brown, page 6 A. I am told, although I haven't read it. I hope the couplet at the end was included since the obituary was written by one of McKinley's daughters who is, I believe, the only one in the family who is literate. The Browns have a family Bible and we are cutting out the death notice and pasting it in the Good Book, its presence seeming to give great satisfaction to the family. And now for a day of correspondence and thence to the radio to see if I can catch up on what's been going on in the world since last I tuned in 24 hours ago.....

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Friday, January 8th, 1965.

Memorandum: Partly cloudy and 80-ish. Everybody likes the mildness but yearns for cooler thermometer readings, knowing full well that the tender new growth now expanding is going to be cut down sooner or later by Jack Frost. The thermometer fell 45 degrees within an hour tonight in Dallas and we are promised rain and sleet and a temperature around 28 degrees by tomorrow night so perhaps that will push vegetation sap down into its proper place.

The radio is doing considerable dab of talking about today's festivities in New Orleans, commemorating the 150th anniversary of the famous battle there. There is some speculation about which side will win in today's re-enactment of the struggle, Boy Scout troops serving as actors in present the old scuffle. It seems that last year one Army of Boy Scouts played the role of the British, another batch of Scouts the Americans. The plans of the 1815 battle were carefully studied by both contending parties and all the skirmishing was carried out according to the records but, to everyone's astonishment, at the conclusion of the struggle, in this reproduction of the historic event, it was the British, not the Americans, who won. It is said that today a more careful training program was prepared and it is hoped that today it will be the Americans, even as it was in 1815, who win.

I haven't heard any reference to the 150 anniversary of the battle of Waterloo which 1965 must mark, too as the same 150 span of years. If the British and the French decide to re-enact that scuffle, Boy Scouts serving as soldiers, let us hold the thought some mistake isn't made so that instead of the British coming off victors, the Napoleonic troops carry off the laurels. I suppose "tall Charlie" might be pleased with such a miscarriage of historical representation but surely it would provide everybody else with a laugh.

I am wondering why it never dawned on me until just th

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other day that Billie Jones, daughter of Randolph and Sylvia Jones, my neighbors, is attending Southwestern University at Lafayette, La., where Joel Fletcher has so long presided as President. As the Jones girl is not lily white, one would have thought there would have been an uproar about her matriculation at Southwestern. Of one thing you may be certain, had she matriculated at Northwestern, John would have collapsed. Joel is a crack politician and it is possible Billie Jones was encouraged to register at Southwestern. She is so fair of skin, probably she is much lighter in appearance than many a fellow student of Cajun ancestry attending the school. Furthermore, while other State colleges may still be bracing themselves against opening their doors to non-white, Joel, if pressures to do so begin, can blandly wave his hand in the direction of Billie Jones who has been attending his university since last year without the slightest ripple disturbing the scholastic waters.

The mail continues a dab too weighty to enable me to run through it to my satisfaction. I kangaroo through things to see if there is anything vital and assuming there isn't, put it aside to enjoy more completely later and all that results is a piling up of half read things whose quantity I never seem to reduce. I am hoping this weekend, however, may present an opportunity to make an advance and once I get a reduction perhaps I may be able to get this back to pre-holiday order before long. There was a letter from A. J. Hedges today which I skimmed through hurriedly but shall run through again more carefully on the morrow. I want to re-read the sentence in which he says that he hopes I will look him up when I find myself at the gardens and that he must drop in to chat with me if he gets over this way. This statement, one may assume that Fory Grandpa may have something up his sleeve. Perhaps he continues toying with the notion of adding this bend of the river to his present empire.

I heard a book review over the air last night, -- Founding Father by somebody, being a biography of Joseph Kennedy. During the discussion of the book, somebody speculated that one day Edward and Robert Kennedy might head a Democratic ticket, Edward for President, Robert for Vice President. That would be different although it seems unlikely to me.....

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Sunday, January 10th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Noted 's complaining about the heat. (t was 70 on Saturday morning and 38 last night. It never got much above 40 today and will go into the 20's tonight and that is that.

I supposed by myself tonight because J. H. and Celeste went to town to join other folks at the funeral home from whence Harry Friedman will be buried tomorrow morning. He died last night. Harry is the younger brother of Sylvan, the State Senator, and was valuable to Sylvan for his ability to round up votes for Sylvan at election time. They have a couple of relatives named Goldberg, a half brother and a half sister, the brother being Marcus Goldberg, a deli, living in Bayou Hachez, and a sister, Gussie, who is a Schap living in San Francisco.

Harry wasn't anything special but always had a good political job in Baton Rouge, thanks to his brother's position.

A long time ago Janet Marks of New Orleans journeyed up to Bayou Hachez to marry Marcus Goldberg, -- a sort of trumped up family thing, I believe. On arriving in Bayou Hachez or shortly afterward, Janet decided M. Goldberg was never made for her and then and there eloped with his half brother, Harry Friedman. A few years ago they were divorced and both remarried and that was that.

I have frequently found myself wondering about a perfume and lotion, tintured with the fragrance of nutmeg and the next time I run into a parfumeur, I'm going to ask about it. During the holidays a bottle of egg nog found its way to my living room along with a shaker of nutmeg gratings. The egg nog has long since gone but the shaker of nutmeg remains and I find the aroma just grand. I must confess it does not enchant me quite so much as that wonderful essence in the three cornered bottle reaching me from Lyme at Christmas.

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1963 which was the best I ever encountered. I'll bet, however, that netmeg might be-get a mighty fine fragrance when grated and distilled,--spicey and elegant, I fancy.

This seems to be the magical moment of the month to calculate mentally the names of the people and the numbers who did not come through with holiday greetings. One takes for granted the names of the senders of greetings as they flow along during December and through the first week of January but after that one finds one self saying, usually with an over-tone of surprise:

"Oh, I don't believe I heard from So-and-so this year....."

One of the So-and-so's who failed to make it this year is Edith Wyatt Moore. I had rather counted on a letter of book length but nothing has come to hand yet. I had hoped to get some information about Laurel Hill if Pierce Butler, Jr., might still be with us, etc., etc., but not a peep from any direction.

Another quarter that didn't put in an appearance if the greeting bracket is Jean O'Brien and I wasn't sorry about the silence. Jean is a nice girl but on the dull side and her gifts invariably consist of jellies which I am sure are excellent but constitute something I might as well avoid. And that statement reminds me of something Doreatha said the other day:

"Oh, I meant to tell you that my uncle passed my house the other day, the New Orleans one and, you know, I just about didn't know him, he done got so big, almost as big as you....."

That gentle reminder served to inspire me to shed no more tears over the absence of any of Jean O'Brien's jellies.

Tonight's early news cast, caught while supping, mentioned a snow line running from Arkansas through the Lyme a I hold the thought little Miss Lee didn't find herself in a snowbank.....

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Monday, January 11th, 1965.
Fair and cool, --30 to 50 range and tonight is grand under a golden moon.

Today's post brought an exhilarating letter from Lyme, so bubbling over with vignettes of life. I'm especially delighted to learn how Christmas turned and found myself in full agreement about the cracker gift so beautifully wrapped.

What a dreadful experience she had to go through in finding a physician to cooperate with the patient. Let us hope she is heading into warmer waters and that her good health may once again be in sight. I must get off a letter to her shortly. I have been putting off writing until I had a chance to run through her Christmas letter again but keeping abreast with incoming mail seems to have delayed running through things that came during the holidays.

Last night, just after I had sealed my memorandum Mrs. Walker called. She said The Enterprise would indeed be sold to Charles and that the papers would be signed on Thursday of this week and that the paper would be turned over to Charles on the same day. And thus for the community, a lamp goes out.

I have long believed every community should have more than one newspaper, operated under the direction of the individual publishers in order the readers may have the opportunity to find at least two separate points of view on matters of every description where any difference is likely as between the individuals. Now that Hatchitoches will labor under the expression of a single publication, the community, of course, will be the loser.

It is possible Charles takes it as a matter

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of course that Cane River Memo goes along with
the newspaper that has been running it, for these many
years. I have no doubt Carmen will join the staff
and perhaps she thinks she will have charge of special
features and that Cane River Memo will flow along
as usual. In both of these instances, the assumptions are
wrong and we shall see what is what when the weekend
rolls round and the moment approaches for the second
section to go to press.

It is interesting that the Louisiana Press
Association is at this moment going over the columns
of the past year with a view to awarding the laurel crowns,
- interesting, that is, if Cane River Memo should again be
mentioned and the new owner should find himself
confronted with the decision as to printing
the notice.

Well, these and a dozen other matters are
up for contemplation as of now and I shall probably
have references to make regarding same in the days
just ahead. I was mildly startled about supper time when
I heard a Shreveport voice at its strident strength. I
have no idea how long the visitation will last. It was
said that the daughter would not be present at
the time diplomas are handed out in Baton Rouge
later this month at graduation time since the daughter's
teaching job begins two days prior to graduation
and therefore she will be in Leesville. Thus
Miss Dorman will become a Doctor of Science
as the young lady, scheduled to receive the Bachelor degree in
whatever field.

As regards the note you mentioned, it
may be mentioned in any way convenient if
you wished the phraseology to come to my attention.
I am happy to say that Celeste's leg seems to be just
about back to normalcy which makes it possible for her to
get around readily enough. She and J. H. attended
the Friedman funeral today. It seems there were
several State notables present, including Governor McKeithin
and Governor Jimmy Davis and so on. And now I must
dive into some stuff and get a little sleep
against the morrow which will be busy enough, what with
Shreveport having invited people to spend the day.....

10481

13403

Tuesday, January 12th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Mild in the mid '60's and semi-cloudy but fair
and 40-ish by night.

Much talk continues about the Enterprise
sale to be culminated on the morrow. Clara
Genung called me this morning to talk about it.
She said the figure the Walkers would re-
ceive would be one hundred twenty four thousand
dollars. Mrs. Walker called this morning, too, asking
my O. K. on letters to one and another newspapers
concerning the column with the possibility of
it appearing monthly or bi-monthly. I re-
commended it be changed as to title from Cane River
Memo to Plantation Memo, giving it a broader
appeal, especially for Louisiana papers.

Mrs. Walker said they were making plans to go to
Europe for 8 weeks this summer. I asked
if they couldn't make either before the big
summer migration is on but she said they wanted their
son to go with them and therefore it would have
to be in the June July and August bracket. It will be the
first European trip and it seems to me a pity it has to be
in the hubbub of the year season. I suppose there is never
an ideal time when three people can rig up a trip
and at this juncture of the Walker change in lines
of endeavor, there perhaps wouldn't be a period when things
would be likely to pan out better.

Charles had announced to Mrs. Chopin that
she would be expected to remain with the Enterprise
since she is conversant with the various
details of the several departments but Mrs. Chopin
announced to the Walkers she would be resigning
as of this day, 24 hours prior to the
sale of the paper. This will give the new
owner an opportunity to staff the organization in
the key positions throughout and several of the other people
have also announced they are leaving, giving additional
vacancies the new editor can fill by his own choice.
This will not wreck the paper but it will probably give it
a jolt that should produce a notice, the differences betwe
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80481

13404

Wednesday, January 13th, 1965.

Memorandum:

its general appearance and character in the contrast as betw
this week's issue and the issues to follow.

My sister had invited people for this afternoon at 3 and
the invitation included supper. I offered
to give my services whatever I could do by way of conduct
promptly at 3 but no visitors were in sight. I
went to bed and then returned
to whatever I had left undone at Yucca. Time
to go to bed and nobody ever did show up and nobody called
to explain the absence and eventually supper went forward
without any guests.

The clippings covering T. S. Eliot
came to hand today and I am holding them against
the morning or next day so that James and I
can run through them today and I know we are going
to like them. I have been told
that the Enterprise sale was imminent and to tell me she
had had such a thoughtful communication from
Little Miss Lee along with the T. S. Eliot
clippings. She was so touched by the remembrance of
Little Miss Lee dating back from the time
Natalie was struggling with the Eliot study. She
tells me she is enchanted at some ideas she has rounded up
in regard to doing a diary study. She mentioned a title
for this Civil War subject matter which she says she will
incorporate under the title:
Muskets and Magnolias.
I like the title which has a nostalgic suggestion to me
Joseph Herge's "Swords and Roses".
On the radio Sunday night I heard a very favorable review
of a new novel, 10 pages shorter than Gene With
the Wind, which is called "Hurry, Sundown".
It seems to be a contemporary novel, -- post 2nd world war,
based on Georgia and is said to be fascinating. Perhaps
you have heard of it. Verily it will have to be good
if it compares with the Mitchell opus for entertainment....

80481

13405

Wednesday, January 13th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy by day and around 60, clear by night
under a lovely moon and about 40.
This is the first time I ever observed the
milky white of ribbon grass come bubbling up
out of the rich chocolate soil in January
but bubbles have it this year.
Mr. Searberough, one of the cattle overseers,
came to see me this afternoon to see about getting
some Mandina plants. He said he had
borrowed August with spade and the latter
would help him dig. I moved my arm in an
expansive gesture, saying there the stuff was, --
twice as much as there should be and to help
himself to whatever he wanted. I saw August
a few minutes later. He said Mr. Searberough had
gone, that he really hadn't wanted to take any today
but would get some when he is ready to plant. I
made no sense out of that since he had asked me
at the store about getting some last week.
He did tell me that he had planted a couple
of grandiflora magnolias last evening in front of
his new house somewhere up the river.
I said I was glad he was getting things going so
nicely and restrained myself from remarking that
Spring is a better time for planting magnolias but
come to think of it, the calendar is firmly winter alrig
t the thermometer is all Spring and so perhaps
the fleshy roots of the magnolias are already
finished with their hibernation and ready to
start jumping.

I was mildly surprised at a news item I heard
on the Shreveport radio this noon, stemming from
a Baton Rouge date line wherein it was stated
that Mrs. Thaxton, Phaxton or whatever her name is in
the Tourism Department of the State Government,
had today been tendered the choice of voluntarily
resigning her job or being fired. That sounds pretty
strong and I expect the town will be buzzing on that

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13406

20181, 13406, 13407

severe on the morrow. Thelma and Carmen had counted on the possibility that the lady in her State position might be expected to do a heap of things in the tourist field for Harkitesees but apparently she will not be contributing much after today.

Carmen called me this morning but more out of habit than anything else. I imagine, for she seems to be exceedingly busy these days, especially as she has complained the Red Cross is two and a half months behind in paying her a salary. And I assume she may be sharpening up her wiles to take over some job at the Enterprise on Friday. I fancy she is going to have lots to do between now and a week hence and I don't expect to hear much from her between now and then and possibly I am at a disadvantage even less, should she chance to be designated the one to ask me about copy for Cane River Memo for January.

Alma Genung called me late this afternoon. She reported that either a banker or a lawyer or possibly both, being connected with matters pertaining to the Enterprise sale, has or have advised the Walkers to take a vacation without delay. It seems the Walkers will hold a mortgage on the property involved and the legal and financial minds can't figure how Charles will be able to meet payments and if that happened, the Walkers would have to take back the thing. Accordingly they recommend an immediate vacation so they may be sure of their strength later in the year. I don't pretend to understand any of this but I do continue to wonder that my sale was ever consented to in the first place.

The annual report of the Hysterical Ladies was handed in today, probably sent by Thelma. It is always kind about sharing such data with me although I am not a registered Hysterical Lady. I did not get a chance to run through it for there was much going on when secretaries should have been available. I am sending the thing along and do it back. If you are pressed for time, you may toss the thing into the trash basket with full confidence that there is nothing of much interest in it.....

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13407

Thursday, January 14th, 1965
Memorandum:

Cloudy by day and cloudless by night with temperatures remaining steady.

Our Shreveport guest returned home this afternoon. Of course she had not thought about today being her mama's birthday which is just as well, I reckon. She usually goes into an emotional binge, denouncing every body whenever she hears her mother's name mentioned.

According to custom, I sent greetings to Mildred Cunningham whose birthday is today and who usually received greetings from G. A. H. on their birthdays.

I think you will like what I am about to say for I have been giggling in my beard every since I heard it within the hour. The Shreveport Times editor turned down the Cane River Memo publication on these grounds:

"It's alright for farm and small town readers but wouldn't appeal to city readers because all the author writes about is barnyard love!"

Lucky Emmet and Erwin and Low Paul and Leuella, all of whom I had thought I had been cheating down the years.

I felt real noble tonight when, around 8 o'clock, I stepped into my seashell for a dip and then donned some fine feathers and stepped across the fence for the annual eggog party. It seemed so pointless to hold the darned thing in the first place and proved even duller than I had remembered such things could be. Aside from the host and hostess, there were Father, Calahan and Mae, two Cohen girls, Doc Hertog and daughter, Betty. Somehow I got teamed up with Father and Mae in a corner by the fireplace where I nearly roasted. Father Mae has some lumpy difficulty and one has the greatest difficulty understanding him but we made it alright until a fine stroke of luck took me out of the gathering to the phone. Ann Chopin had tried to reach me at Yucca but

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failing to get any response, had called Celeste to
cheek on the 7273 number she had been calling, whereupon
Celeste called me. Ann apologized for thus
disturbing me at the party but she did want to
ask my advice on a few points about her plans for the immediate
future. Naturally, without explaining the reason for
my big-heartedness, urged her to go right ahead and
I do believe she kept the wire hot for about an
hour, little suspecting she was affording me much
more entertainment than the party could possibly have
offered.

When I had withdrawn from the company to answer the phone,
everybody was speculating about the Walkers, what they
planned to do, etc., etc., and when I returned to the group,
Celeste, who must have told them the call was from
Ann, wanted to know about the news from the Walkers
which I immediately removed from my part in the con-
versation by saying the call was merely one regarding
problems of mutual interest between Ann and me and that
was that. I was back home by 10:15, having wasted only a couple of hours
a half, but, nevertheless, wondering why I had done that.

I talked with Juanita A. today. She has been
her work out but for her in keeping the boat from rocking, what
with her mad at J. H. about the camp. From another
quarter I learn that Zelma called J. H. at June's behest to say Dan
with a gun had chased June's son out of the house, Dan being on a spree,
and things going every which way in that quarter. In short everything
seems to contribute to make the merry-go-round turn fast and a ver
flew off in all directions long before now.

Returning to Jeanette MacDonald, I am hoping the net works will
revive some of her operettas and that the movies will be showing some
of them, too. I especially remember Naughty Marietta and Springtime
whose musical parts she handled so beautifully. I remember
The Merry Widow plainly enough and Rose Marie, of course,
but somehow I find Naughty Marietta and Springtime remain
more vividly in my memory than any of the others. I hold the thought little
Miss Lee may catch up with some of these at one or another of her
favorite theatres.

13409

13409

Friday, January 15th, 1965.
The weather a duplicate of yesterday's. Tonight
the moon is nearly full. One would require scant persuas-
ion to spend hours in the open, drinking in the mellowness
of it all and regretting such beauty has to be lost
before one would glance in its direction.
The envelope from Helen speaks for itself,--
pleasant as her letters generally are. But how
pleasantly she would find herself satisfied to leave
Washington before the Inaugural Ball got under way
to see more of the doings
and stay inside to view the passing ceremonies on TV.
I seem to have begun with a distinctly Denholm margin
but shall correct it forthwith.

The reference to Carolyn Old Benita Ramsey in Helen's letter
suggests C. O. B. R. is once more out of sight. I
suspect Helen's sage suggestion to Carolyn that she
take a Government job will do little for Carolyn until
she gets herself "painted into a corner" where in such a
contingency she might do so but, very probably, she would
stick with it very long, for the Mexican Jumping Bean in
her nature always seems to be pushing her in any
direction just so long as it is somewhere other than the spot
she chooses to be. I don't know about much advantage to Carolyn
in any benefits that might come to her in the wake of a Government
assuming she might take one. I do recall she was with the
State Department for a while but that was years ago, it seems to
me and it might take a long time for her to catch up before
making the effort of tenure mean very much. She can always
probably get some political jockeying done for some kind
of a job but in view of past performances,
I should always be expecting her to "fly the coop" in a
.....

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whimsy to take a swing at something else "beyond the blue horizon". It's true Helen has the same restlessness and stamina to be forever on the go but she has the saving grace of sticking to something until she has finished it, once she has decided upon a course of action. Of course I think it the height of folly for her to fly off to Washington to spend three or four strenuous days and then turn around and fly back to Dallas, arriving there ex-austed at 9 o'clock at night if the plane be on time and then jumping into her car and driving through the night to Waco which must be several hundred miles. But that's the way these girls are geared and one can only borrow a title of some Las Vegas entertainment currently getting a lot of advertisement over the

"Vive les girls."

Tonight's radio news suggests the passing of Sir Winston is imminent, possibly within a single m. Be that as it may, the world will lose a giant in his passing and the mention of Churchill at 90 reminds one of Schweitzer at 90 and the lives of all of us have been the richer because they both in their different ways shed so much glory so lavishly for the inspiration of others.

And speaking of Dr. Schweitzer, I am reminded how impressed I was a night or two ago when I listened to Chet Huntley and noted how glibly but how murderously he mispronounced the name of the place where the Schweitzer hospital is situated in the Congo, -- a name I, myself, wouldn't attempt to spell. Mr. Huntley speaks with such authority, one is inclined to accept what he says and the way he says it as gospel but when he rattles off something as cockeyed in pronunciation as some proper or geographic name Lowell Thomas might mangle, one is the more surprised.

I haven't heard any details regarding today's final signing of the newspaper sale. I find myself wondering today if Charles is smart enough to persuade Carmen to write a column to take the place of Cane's Memo. I wish he would because Carmen knows a lot of Hatchiteches history which has never been jotted down and she is prejudiced enough to set forth her memories with gusto. For 38 years I have urged her to begin making entries into some kind of a journal and it seems to me the present opportunity for such a thing might be ideal. Well, we shall see.

James dropped in this afternoon for a couple of hours and we had quite a romp through the ridiculous in current Louisiana politics. I think he finds the days long in town and I'm glad he drops in here. He invited me to dine with him on Sunday, but I declined, having a lot of stuff to do on Sunday because I shall have to devote too much time to pilgrims on Saturday. I shall give him a buzz over the weekend however.....

13411

Memorandum

Memorandum:

Wonderfully blue skies on Saturday and Sunday and tonight there's another great big round moon just like last night's. And it's freezing. I listened to account of the snowfall in Lyme last night, making me glad that it was falling on a Saturday night, if it had to come this weekend, and not on Sunday, thereby giving the snow shovel boys an opportunity to clear some of the streets before Monday. The thermometer sagged to 18 last night, but a thick cake of ice on the sugar pots and tonight it is in the 20's. I trust it may be warmer at Lyme.

The freezing brisk breeze of yesterday did not discourage pilgrims. The Lewises of Matchiteches brought down a renowned chemist of Wake Forest, North Carolina, who happens to be the President of the Fraternity to which J. H. belonged when in college and, come to think of it, may still belong. He had a pleasant afternoon and tonight Mr. Lewis phoned me to express thanks and to ask if he and his wife might come down again real soon just to chat.

After supper, under the rising moon, J. H. brought some Dallas people he had never met before and I gave them a moonlight go-round. They were heading for New Orleans and should have been on their way but the gentleman loved the country. J. H. told me later he was impressed by the size of the lady's diamonds and her patronizing air but I didn't see either.

This morning a phone call came from the Shreveport Times. It seems there is a difference of opinion in that organization as to what I write about and there is a question in the mind of one or another of the board about having Leston do a plantation memo for the paper. Naturally I laughed in my beard while the conversation was going on, feeling quite indifferent as to whether

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theTimes is interested or not, what with all the stuff I have piled up to claim my attention. Still, I must say it's fun knowing such a quandary on their part should exist. Eventually, if I may coin a phrase, we shall see what we shall see.

H. and I supped alone tonight, Celeste being somewhere, perhaps in town with the girls. J. H. said that according to custom on Sunday morning, he dropped by Pecan Park to give the morning papers to kin folks dwelling in that area. At Joe's, he found him out of doors in overalls fiddling with something in the garden although I cannot imagine what with the thermometer at 18. Joe didn't cease his activities and didn't have anything to say, he being mad at J. H. The latter said he didn't mind although he felt sorry for J. H. who came to the door to get the paper. He feels Joe's wife is crumpling under the anger Joe is displaying toward everyone and especially toward Pat. J. H. said he and the General had grown accustomed to Joe's hatreds but that they both felt sorry for those who came in contact with it.

Two negro churches at Jonesboro, La., were burned down in the night. Jonesboro is hill billy country, perhaps 40 or 50 miles northeast of Hatchitoches. I assume some of the hill billies can read and if so they probably swallow everything the Shreveport Times and Shreveport Journal have to offer by way of keeping the tract hot boiling. I know a few people living in the area such as a sister of Frances Rue Henry Perkle and also a son of Eve Wood, neither of whom, I hope, are hill billies.

I think it rather remarkable and something to be said in favor of the colored population in Southern States that they never seem to retaliate by burning a church of the white folks whenever the white folks burn the churches of the people of color. If they did, of course, there would be much fewer churches south of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Clara Genuing tells me one of the major wire services are or is making inquiries about the availability of Kenneth Walker to head one of their Southern organizations. How the world turns.....

13413

Monday, January 18th, 1965.
Memorandum: ten lines I might have
Continued fair and cold.

There was a telephone wire crossing that was very odd last night. Just as I was about to go to bed, I saw a light from my desk and called the last letter, the phone rang. It was Mrs. Walker. She said the Shreveport Times had called regarding the Jonesboro Memo, asking if copy might be available in the next few weeks. She told them she would communicate with me and placed the receiver back on the hook. Three minutes later, she picked up the receiver to dial me and was astonished, just as she started to dial, when she heard a familiar voice, that of Charles saying he would call Destan right away about Kane Iver Memo for The Enterprise simply had to have it continued. The person with whom he was speaking sounded like Carmen.

As soon as the line was cleared, Mrs. Walker called me to let me know I was about to receive a call from Charles. As soon as I had hung up, my phone rang. When I answered I had expected to hear the voice of Charles but it was that of Ann Chopin. She has many problems at the moment and wanted to talk with me about them, -- a pending minor operation, a new job for she will not work with Charles, son and daughter problems on so on. I suppose the connection lasted about an hour. As I replaced the receiver, the phone rang again but not my signal but for the Delfins who are on the 7273 line. I have no idea how long they had the instrument in use for it was already late and I folded up my beard. This morning about 8:20, Carmen called. The first thing she said was an inquiry about Charles and if he had reached me the night before. I said he had not. She said he had called her to get my number last night and said he was going to call me right away.

At 1:30 this afternoon, Carmen called again. She

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said Charles had called her again this morning to say he could not reach me last night and accordingly had written me a letter and, as it was late, had taken it to the train so it would be sure to be put off at Bayou Matchez and thus reach me today. Carmen said after he had mailed it, he remembered there was no mail clerk on that train and accordingly I would not receive the letter until tomorrow. I did not tell her that the letter had arrived in today's post but as pilgrims and secretaries arrived at the same time, I haven't had an opportunity to explore the contents but I shall lose no sleep about that since obviously the letter, which I shall send along after reading, contains request for a continuation of the column.

As I consider the time and the cross wire elements of the episode, I can only marvel how the thing panned out. I had to laugh to myself this afternoon when Carmen was rattling along about Charles wanting to contact me "without waiting 'til the last minute" as she explained it. Something tells me Charles is going to get a felt when he learns from me by letter, in response to whatever he has written me, that "the last minute" had been awaited and indeed had flown. Well, so much for small town tem-
feolery.

J. H. and Celeste leave Wednesday or Thursday for Miami to attend an R. E. A. meeting. They will drive. I have no idea if they will vacation along the way but assume they will be back within a few days. The annual Cotton Council meets sometime around this time of year but I know not if they will attend. I don't know where it assembles this year. I understand J. H. is thinking about resigning from the Board because the Farm Bureau dominates the organization at present and J. H. is not in agreement with many of their notions.

I witnessed an interesting parade today when some big trucks appeared in the road, bearing complete cabins being moved from Little River to new sites along the road between the artist's house and the henkey tank. It seems the cabins are jacked up, a big truck contingent backed under the several cabins, the jacks let down and the trucks go forward bearing the whole structures to their new emplacements. I should think the artist might do something striking by way of pictorial representation.....

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13415

Tuesday, January 19th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Clear as a bell and back up into the up
60's again by day and the 40's by night.
I got around to read some of the mail but found
little of interest. The letter from Charles
Longhand, mentioned his inability to
reach me on Sunday night and to add he is counting
on me to continue contributing Come Over Memo.
I responded vaguely, making a carbon copy, to
be sent in another day or so after I have had someone
read me the thing over again.

This is the season when swine from neighboring
fields invade the gardens, root up everything
and destroy lots of things. August drove some out
for me on Sunday and today Olyte helped me hustle out
four in mid morning and August lent a hand on the same
lunch late this afternoon. Once a hog has tasted
the toothsome bulbs in the local gardens, it is almost
impossible to incarcerate them in any kind of a fort
they will not break through. This means that the
invasions become more and more frequent and the store
has to threaten to shoot the marauders if they aren't
kept and home which, in its turn, means that if
the owners have any sense, they will butcher them now
and thus avoid the inevitable scufflings that otherwise
eventuate. I seem to be having Denhome marginal troubles of late. A note
from Robin indicates G. Briarwood Dorman was in Shreveport
for a couple of days on a shopping tour. Perhaps she is
getting rigged up for her jaunt to Baton Rouge to receive
her doctorate. There are some clippings I haven't read
read concerning graduation. I believe Deetzie B. by is also mentioned
and I don't want any of them back. From what little I have heard of pre-Inaugural festivities, it strikes me there is more of this sort of pre-Inaugural
blues than there is of the actual inauguration.

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entertaining than usual. Early this evening I chanced upon quite an account of the Johnsons attending some kind of a doings for the Governors at the Sheraton-Park and other particulars about the Vice President being entertained at some other caravanserai. I suppose Helen may be getting in on some of these things and accordingly will probably have seen enough by Wednesday night at 6 so that she will not mind escaping the official ball or series thereof. I assume the President's speech will begin tomorrow around 11 o'clock and at 11 I shall see if I can extract it from the air waves for I should like to hear it "live" and probably I shall have ample opportunity to catch up with a re-broadcast tomorrow night if noon dinner here intervenes. I trust little Miss Lee will find an opportunity to catch up with it, too.

Before this late place in this memo I should refer to the attached slip giving Esther's address. I don't know why I should ever want it in the future but somehow I have a feeling it would be pleasant to know it is on record and so, if you can make note of it somewhere, I shall be the happier knowing it is available even though never used.

On Sunday night, Ann Chopin told me that Mr. Walker has taken office space somewhere in town which sounds like a good idea to me. I don't know what he has in mind to do with desk space outside his residence but even if it is no more than to provide him with an excuse to repair to an occasion, I think it a worthwhile investment. For years and year, I have observed that a strain of nerves is likely to develop in arrangements wherein husbands and wife are gainfully employed in some joint program claiming their time and energies by day under the same roof at the same time, with the balance of the day finding them equally joined together in domestic and social pursuits. A measure of privacy is due everybody and in the present case, it will benefit both parties if there be an office for the one in town while the wife, busy at home on a book, can catch her breath, can exercise her personality independently for a few hours each day even though in the Walker couple, the combination seems a very happy one. I believe the book, by the way, is a compilation of editorials from over the years which would never be popular but which would be worth being put in book form.

And now I must do a dab of correspondence and thence to my downy couch.....

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13417

Wednesday, January 20th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Locally everybody is talking about a bear. Today a 220 pound one was knocked into Kingdom-Come by a truck on Highway one, a route familiar to little Miss Lee, running between here and Alexandria. The accident took place somewhere around Boyce or Dena, perhaps 15 miles or 20 up this way from Alexandria. It seems the State recently turned loose 28 bear somewhere in south Louisiana and some of them are moving up in this area. Why the bear were introduced, I don't know. Perhaps they are harmless and I hope so, especially as I still recall the death of the grandchild of the Carralls of Denver, killed to death by one of the Colorado ones. As that as it may, the local one was shown on TV and all of my neighbors were greatly excited by the presence of such "vermin".

J. H. and Celeste left for Miami this morning. They plan to return a week from Friday. I had coffee with Celeste just before they left. She was feeling mighty unhappy about a Pecan Park episode of yesterday. She had invited Juanita Adams to be her guest at something or other in town and when she dropped by to pick her up around 9:30 or 10 yesterday morning, she found Juanita Adams in no condition to go anywhere except to bed. Joe had been home this weekend and apparently when he left, Juanita tried to drown her cares in a bottle. One feels so frustrated in cases in which a mentally unstable person can wreck the lives of others without sensing what damage is being done.

I am happy to say I got the important part of the Inauguration on my radio this morning, culminating in the President's address. From that point on there were people and more people all afternoon and this evening so that I couldn't even get the programs of the news commentators between 6 and 8 tonight which I should very much have liked to do.

I was glad the weather was pleasant for the morning festi and I liked the neatness and dispatch with which things were carried out. Naturally I listened with attention to the address and found it good. How it will rank with

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Wednesday, January 20th, 1965.

other such speeches, however, I can only guess. It did seem to me, however, that it is probably the type of composition that may appear even better when read than when spoken. Either because of the word placements or the delivery or both, the full effect was somewhat blurred and accordingly did not evoke the applause it might otherwise have received. As I read the first Lincoln Inaugural address, a masterful piece of literature, was spoken in a high wind so that the 1861 audience heard only snatches of it. For people who had an opportunity to read it later, however, it was given its true worth and perhaps today's effort will prove even finer when read by those who missed the President's delivery. I am not sure why I think so but I feel I might have received a fuller and perhaps better impression of the doings at the Capitol if I had been tuned in over CBS or ABC but I chanced to be on ABC which was presenting the program with clarity of sound and I left when that network. I didn't recognize the voices of some of the people filling in while the distinguished guests were taking their places and it seemed to me the thing wasn't handled as smoothly as it might have been with as much "umph" as the other networks often achieve. But it was good enough and, besides, what I wanted to hear most was the address itself and that came over as clear as a bell. It seems to me that Sir Winston made the grandest and noblest gesture to continue fighting his losing battle this day, thereby casting no damper over the Washington proceedings which most certainly would have been the case had London broken through with the announcement of Mr. Churchill's death. I have no doubt the American Government will want to join the British Government in paying the highest respects to Sir Winston and I am glad the full light of such tributes may now be turned on the final and moving final act of that distinguished career, his final withdrawal from this earthly scene. The Cunningham correspondence which, I assume, may be the first and last.....

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Thursday, January 21st, 1965.

Memorandum:

The day was fair to partly cloudy and mild in the lower 70's. The world moves so fast, the networks obviously found no time today to wrap up or repeat anything about yesterday's events and I find myself feeling tired just contemplating the Washington time table. During the swearing in of the Vice President on Wednesday, I could not repress a smile to myself when the oath was being administered to the man who is so gifted in handling words as H. H. H., who can whirl off streams of words without batting an eyelid, but who, in the oath business, slipped up on one word. As you may have noticed, when each phrase of the oath was read by the administrator and then repeated by the Vice President, one phrase read: "upon the office I am about to enter" and, in repeating it, the Vice President said: "about the office I am about to enter....." I don't see that this slip of the tongue is of the slightest matter except to demonstrate that even the most facile tongue and slip once in a while. The Enterprise came out on schedule and looks pretty good. I am sending along a copy. According to plans of the new publisher, The Times will continue appearing on Thurs. The Enterprise henceforth will come out on Saturday. According to the new owner, this will enable subscribers of The Enterprise to get their paper and consult the advertisements in anticipation of Saturday shopping. The Saturday mail does not reach this section.

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1965, Jan 22nd, Friday

of the Parish before 10 or 10:30. Shoppers from the country, however, go to town early to get ahead of the rush that pulls over things in the shops and so a paper arriving at 10:30 a.m. will provide scant help to the shoppers who have already been to town and returned home before the paper is delivered.

It's altogether pleasant to realize such problems are for the so-called "syndicate". Both Martin Luther King, Jr., and Dick Gregory seem currently busy in Alabama these days. Power to them. I heard a story the other day I had not encountered before concerning D. Gregory, Esquire. A while back he received a long distance call from a lady in Birmingham, Mr. Gregory being in Chicago. The lady established his identity and then said she had just heard Dick's 3 year old son had died and that she wanted Dick to know she was mighty glad to hear it if it pained him.

Dick, quick as a flash, responded that he was glad she had called to report her delight and that he, too, was mighty happy about the whole thing, too, especially as he had recently had the boy's life insured for three million dollars.

"Oh", came back a disappointed groan as the receiver at the Birmingham end was hung up.

I assume the Gregory mind must be among the quicker, sharper ones in the front row of the present scuffle and I should think anyone would do well to think twice before going out on a limb to engage him in verbal contest.

I believe all but three colleges in Louisiana are matriculating white as well as colored students. It is rumored John is expecting an order to admit colored students any day. The three that have avoided receiving colored students are the Alexandria branch of L.S.U., Northeastern at Ruston or Minden or where ever and Northwestern. Things are moving so fast now that one may expect the three remaining bastions of bigotry to collapse almost any old time now. How far we have traveled during the past 4 years. I must say I should never have supposed President Johnson should have kept the ball rolling with such constancy.

And now I must look to a green salad, -cucumbers, onions, peppers, tomatoes, etc., and thence to extracting some news from the air waves.....

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1965, Jan 22nd, Friday

Memorandum: The weather was cloudy and warm tonight. This morning we had rain at 6:30 which lasted until 11:00 and dropped three and four tenths inches into the rain gauge. The rain was heavy and the wind was strong.

About 7:30 Shreveport had an incipient tornado. Seemingly, although nobody chanced to see it, it let down at the far end of the Municipal Air Port, tearing up some of the concrete runway and proceeding along the runway, picking up half a dozen air planes and smashed them altogether in a heap, knocking over 6 or 7 other planes, ripping a door off the hangar and setting it on fire. A chicken house a few miles away, sweeping away several thousand of the birds in one gust. What the chickens made of all this doings was not reported, what with no one having ever caught up with the birds.

There is moderate flooding in the fields around and about but merely water over the roads in places but not of sufficient depth to discourage travel. The spillway reversed its flow of water so that in stead of water flowing from Cane River down into the bayou, the water rose in the bayou and flowed into Cane River at that point. There is half a mile of highway between Melrose and Little River under water but of no great depth. The Cane River will begin to rise as the water from the Montrose Hills moves up to Cypress and then turns back into the Cane River channel but I think there will be no inconvenience. A 30 mile wind blew things around in various parts of the State, -Lake Charles, Alexandria and so on, but while the darkness during the morning here was ominous, I saw no signs of anything dangerous in the doings.

I had a slight interruption of two and a half hours has a Yeast one virtue, breaking me

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off from so much talk about the weather. It was I. S. Willard, just back from some Art Festival up at Columbia, La., home of Governor McKeithin. There was considerable talk about the nervousness of I. S. W. because she was jockeyed into a group of four people for photographs by the press and although the President of the Eastern college was one of the group, I. S. W. was distressed because another of the four some was Eloise Thaxen, Fatten Fatten or whatever her name is. Eloise was dumped from her post as head of State tourism a week or so ago but was introduced as the head of that bureau at the meeting, I. S. W. reported. I gather I. S. W. must have heard rumors that Eloise had been doing too much "night work" and accordingly felt the picture would do no good to the other three appearing in the group. Next week I. S. W. wants to bring some south Louisiana people down here and there was a surprising amount of chitchat about that.

Long before this late date you will perhaps have noticed the snapshot being enclosed. You will perhaps recognize Louella and Lou Paul standing in front of the peace officer's seminar at the east end of the African House. At the extreme lower right you may be able to detect the end of the cypress beam resting against the wall and to the extreme left just a suggestion of the old mill propelled grist mill. That the picture should have come through at all seems remarkable to me since it was taken late in the afternoon of a cloudy day the last time Ann Cordell made a round.

Mrs. Walker phoned tonight to say she and Kenneth had been driven through the rain today from Hatchiteches to Clarence and back to the south to Gulfport, traveling much of the way on State highways covered by several inches of water. She reported having given a breakfast for two or three business men today. The business men expressed doubt that Charles can make enough money out of his newspapers to pay off the mortgages. It is felt, however, that his wife will come through with ample cash.

Under the name Charles from going under financially. Mrs. Walker is currently writing a book about journalism, a sort of text book, I gather. She says it is going along smoothly but is impatient to be finished with it and to undertake another book on civics or some such before they go to Europe in June or whenever.

Half the Ghana garden remains under water tonight. I shall arise early on the morrow and see what I can do about some ditching to drain the stuff off.

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not being a true one to the fact that the weather was not so good as it seemed. The weather was not so good as it seemed. The weather was not so good as it seemed.

Saturday, January 24th, 1965

Memorandum: I, a fool, did not see the weather was not so good as it seemed. The weather was not so good as it seemed. The weather was not so good as it seemed.

Fair and cool. The weather was not so good as it seemed. The weather was not so good as it seemed. The weather was not so good as it seemed.

I was so happy to find a letter from Lymie in Saturday's post. It goes up without saying I was distressed to learn of little Miss Lee's bout with the distemper but rejoice to learn that she is on the mend. Saturday night's weather report and today's scant reference to the weather suggests that Lymie is again receiving a visitation of snow, sleet and ice. I hold the thought that little Miss Lee is snug inside the house and that fair weather may have returned before she feels the impulse to venture out of doors again. A further heat the bulletin will be on the way shortly, trust, and may indicate a rapid return to normalcy.

I was touched by the reference to "Columbus without Cats" and trust there may be a resumption of columns from one quarter or another before long. Nothing further has been heard from Charles although there may be a further contact about the time this week's issue is to go to press. He has written another letter but wrote to the Walkers in which he said the sale was a perfect transfer in that they got a good price and he got a good paper. He was interested when I learned what Adjutant General Meisner, publisher of several newspapers, had to say about the matter, to wit, that he couldn't see Charles succeeding more than 4 months. I have no doubt his wife would put up the money to stave off bankruptcy on her husband's part. As the Walkers hold a mortgage against the Times, that paper would go along with The Enterprise, should Charles get the walling money. I have no doubt that Cousin Arthur had some things to do about supplying part of the capital for Charles in his initial cash payment, it being felt that Cousin Arthur wants a sales tax and is resentful that

So far the weekend and I had a fine time and was very happy. I had a fine time and was very happy. I had a fine time and was very happy.

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The "Enterprise" defeated the effort to put over a sales tax on the last election. Charles favors a sales tax and perhaps with no editorial opposition to such a policy, the sales tax might win in another try.

Joe passed this way on Saturday morning while I was being shorn on the front gallery. He said he would be back when the barber had gone. I didn't see him after that but the clerk tells me Joe wants to "give" me some kind of a big fan he had installed in his camp. The fact is, I suppose, that Joe wants to get the fan out of the camp which he has given up and "give" would really mean "steal". The clerk says Joe has given up the idea of a camp here and intends purchasing a site nearer town on the river and building a camp there. Then, perhaps, I can "lend" him the fan he now wants to "give" me.

As you may readily imagine, I was mildly surprised this noon when answering a tap on my door, I encountered none other than Carolyn. She was heading for Alexandria for a meeting there on the morrow. She had not had lunch and so I gave her some which she seemed to enjoy. I believe it was about 5 when she departed. She did not get the job to do the Arkansas film but seemed to have many other possibilities in the offing. I was glad Helen had written me about Carolyn's considering going back to a Federal job. She brought up the matter for my advice and I eagerly jumped on Helen's bandwagon urging her to take a Federal job forthwith, although, of course, I was most particular not to mention Helen's letter. She said she mentioned to A. J. Hedges that she thought a film under some such title as "The World of Caroline Dornen" might be interesting both as a floral study and an excellent means of stressing Hedges Gardens but A. J. did not react at all. She says it is pitiful to see his enthusiasm at the moment over the prospect of doing a book about the gardens, a small book that would sell for fifty cents. She is at a loss to understand how a man with so many millions would confine himself to such an insignificant publication as would be inevitable if the thing were hedged in by the figure of half a buck. She has been thrown several times with Eloise Faxon Faxon Thorton and says while she feels Eloise has much enthusiasm, she has played her political cards very badly. Carolyn and Ola Mae have a new friend, Ed. Macdonald, a Texas Parish millionaire, who is fiddling with a big garden idea on his plantation near Newell, Tex., and they want to bring him here for a little call, etc., etc., until 5 o'clock and I believe had not yet attended to her shoes.

So ran the weekend and I held the thought a thaw may have already started in Lyme.....

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Monday, January 25th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy to partly cloudy and 70-ish.

Sister just called from Leesville. She said she had been there since Friday helping her daughter get her apartment in order. Sister said she had to return to Shreveport on the morrow and couldn't pass this way. She wanted to know where J. I was when he was coming home, had he got a new dog. He replied that he is in Florida, that I supposed he would return home next week and that I knew nothing about any dog. Whether she will blow in here on the morrow probably not even Schenck's family temple.

The post brought a note from Hampton Carver and from Miss Kate. The latter's card is for the trashbasket but I thought you might be entertained by the evidence of her inability to squeeze more and more words on a post card. If she keeps following in the same direction, she ought to catch up with that Bronte girl who could write a whole longhand page on a piece of paper the size of a postage stamp.

The artist called me this morning to inquire after my good health, she said, but, if I knew my artist, she had something up her sleeve. I inquired as to the success of her weekend and she said it was alright and that she hadn't seen a soul. I told her the two ladies from Montgomery she had sent on Sunday to see the African House murals were very happy about the pictures they had purchased from her. She had forgotten them, she said. I mentioned the gentleman of color from Milwaukee whom she had sent but she merely said: "Oh, him....."

James dropped in to see me about 12:55 and at 12:56 my phone rang. She asked if Mr. Pipes might be here and when I said indeed he might, she asked to speak with him. Perhaps that was what she was calling about in the morning and then skipped it, only to see him pass this way and so throw out the hooks. Miss Hunter, I believe, is a sight.

I was impressed today by an excerpt from a speech on the radio given by I believe some one of the great ones of the world.

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Russel Long before a group of Chamber of Commerce people in Shreveport this morning. The Senator took Shreveport to task for its news media in general and its newspapers and radio station in particular. He said he supposed it was alright for such news sources to say all manner of things President Johnson while the latter was running for public office but now that the election had been held, it thought it mighty poor taste for the newspapers and radio stations of Shreveport to keep harping on the same mis-leading statements, inferring that President Johnson is a Communist, etc., etc. As the group before which he was speaking was comprised of the leading business men of the community, it must be admitted that the Senator gave them something to think about. Every word Mr. Long said was true but I'm not sure that residents of the area are capable of accepting anything as gospel except what the Shreveport Times and associated radio stations are quite out of their mind when it comes to politics and it is they who create the climate bringing forth the Dallas murder of a year ago. But since they are out of their minds, it seems to me something useless to talk to them as though they were possessed of good sense. Since ing out the errors of his ways to an insane person probably never will be of much use, I must say, however, I did admire the Senator for saying just what he did, and where he did and to whom he did. One thing probably giving him courage to do so is the indifference all the Longs must have for the Shreveport area anyway since no Long ever carried that community in an election so that Russel probably told himself he certainly had nothing to lose.

Circumstances at news time have prevented me from getting commentators' eulogies of Sir Winston. I did hear Chest Huntley mention one of Churchill's first radio addresses, on the American network. It was in 1937 over NBC and Sir Winston warned the listeners of a mounting danger in the Nazi organization. At the time, Huntley reported, William Randolph Hearst made a great noise about "Albion perfidy", demanding and receiving equal time from NBC to answer the Churchill warning. I had not heard of these two broadcasts before. Somebody from London, perhaps David Harsh or some such, mentioned that the Churchill estate was based primarily on earnings from his writings, "about four million" but whether dollars or pounds were meant, wasn't indicated. I think Saturday's funeral will be just grand and I do hope little Miss Lee may catch a glimpse of same.....

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Tuesday, January 26th, 1965.
Memorandum:

Fair and 50.

I. S. Willard called this morning, engaging in a conversation that lasted forever and covered more subjects than I should care to tabulate. But she wasn't half finished when I had to go to dinner and threatened to resume tonight at some late hour. She plans to make use of her round trip jet tickets to Paris in April. I believe she had in mind at one time to forego the pleasure of the trip and to convert the tickets into cash. But it turns out that the tickets are not transferable and must be used before the May rush season. Hence the plan for the April jaunt. I had never given any thought whatsoever to deer prizes and accordingly had never wondered what, if any, strings might be attached to anything like the jet tickets. It is clear enough to me now, however, that the law of averages, under certain restraints, might well give the giver of the deer prize ample publicity without ever costing the giver a cent since it is quite possible, in many instances probable, that the winner of jet tickets simply could not get away within a certain off season limitation and, since the tickets cannot be transferred, they would never be used. There was a lot of talk about Charles, too, for it seems Charles has asked I. S. Willard to plead his case with me for Cane River Memo as a gift to his Enterprise. I. S. Willard is laboring under the misapprehension that I am going to write for the "Charles group" after I have cleared up my desk of other things. This is just as well for the moment but the idea has come to I. S. W. that Charles might do well to insert a notice in The Enterprise that Cane River Memo will begin appearing shortly after its author has attended to some matters that came up for attention at the time of the transfer of the ownership. Then there's the matter of a flock of people attending some kind of a thing at Northwest this Wednesday through Friday and I. S. W. wants to work out some "mutually convenient" time for them to come here. And then there's the matter of the

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de Mesiere family, both in Louisiana and France and that
can speak for hours without either the person speaking or the
one spoken to having but the vaguest notion as to all that
is involved in that. In short, I. S. Willard is mighty
busy at the moment and I shall do what I can to duck whenever I
see her heading in my direction.

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The letter from Robina speaks briefly for itself. I
assume you may already have the clippings she encloses and
accordingly they may be thrown away if you please. I must
knock off about 10:00 tonight for, although I have already
congratulated her in advance of her coronation of today, I think
another message on the day of the doings might make her happy, too.
I hear contradictory statements, both of which I believe,
about Mrs. Walker's present feelings about the paper. She
told me on the phone today she remarked she was mighty
happy she was no longer the editor in view of half a dozen
racial matters in the Parish currently coming to the surface.
A little earlier her mother told me the former editor
cried yesterday in thinking about the papers, the good she
could have done in guiding public reaction to pending
civil matters, and asking why she had ever let her husband
sell the paper. Well, perhaps it will come back to the Walkers anyway
and then they can begin all over again but probably it will not.
Carmen called me bright and early this morning to say
that in late February she is repeating her trip to Washington
as duenna for Miss Merry Christmas when several Louisiana
Queens will be journeying to the Capitol to participate
in the District of Columbia Mardi Gras Ball. Why Carmen at 75 should
feel any urge to go through all the required pulling and hauling for
such a three day outing, I cannot imagine but if she
like it, I imagine it will be a very good thing for her.
I layed in my bed today when a not overly gifted secretary
struggled with a letter from Stephen D. Warner, son of the Stanley Warner
of Lafayette-Cayuga. Stephen D. Warner is a very quite
unfamiliar to the secretary with the result that almost every
third word had to be spelled and we had not proceeded very far through
the three page epistle before both secretary and Lester
had but scant concept of what was going on. S. D. Warner
is somewhere with the Army, based in Germany, I believe, but I
shall have to await another attempt at wading through the
maze when some unsuspecting person with slightly wider
experience with words passes this way.

I held the thought the recent indisposition has departed
and that little Miss Lee is busy taking care of herself.....

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Wednesday, January 27th, 1965.
I am enclosing the obituary of the painter I
mentioned yesterday. Desput whatever, a name I can never
spell. I remember his Indo-China things in the National
Geographic so well, I remember him well enough, too, although
I never could find records of sympathy running in his
personality and mine. It seems to me he did Sister's
portrait but I'm not sure. I suppose he painted portraits
of men but I never saw any. Primarily he was a painter of
women and he liked 16 year girls to paint best.
One grandmother who had him paint her granddaughter explained
that he always preferred doing portraits of young girls
that would include their bare breasts and she let him carry out
such a picture for her daughter's child but---
after he had finished the painting, she had him paint a
shawl or some such over the breasts. She asked me if I
didn't agree she was right in this matter. I told her
I thought she was not right. After all, if he insisted on
going to the trouble to paint the breasts and it is said he really
did do them beautifully, then the breasts should remain since
I didn't approve of destroying anything or a portion of same
a commissioned artist might undertake.

If I read the obituary right, no mention was made of
the painter's wife. A few years ago I heard she had found
life unbearably difficult and had gone away but nobody seemed
to know where and apparently the husband was content with
her absence. So much for Mr. Desput- whatever.
In the local newspaper, swirl, Charles seems to be con-
tinuing his vindictiveness against Mrs. Chopin. The
Walkers had secured the wire services job for her but
Charles has written letters to all the services and to
various newspapers using the wire services, denouncing Mrs.
Chopin to them and asking her contract be broken and a new one
replaced hers be given to him. He is furious because she
refused to work for him and is now determined she shall have no job
anywhere if he can prevent it. Mrs. Chopin chanced to
open the letter advising her of what was going on just as she
entered the lady doctor's office and was so shaken by its contents,

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showed it to her. The lady doctor said she had felt for some time that Charles was on the wacky side but naturally this was proof that he has moved further in that direction.

Umae dropped in this afternoon. He says Kay returns on Monday. He brought me some fruit including a duplicate of a double banana such as he had discovered in the store last week when buying some for himself. I never saw anything quite like it although I have seen double apples and double gourds, etc. This curiosity is perhaps 2 or 3 inches longer than the usual banana, has two stems that are joined and what obviously is two bananas inside the peel but the peel of the one without much indentation, proceeds to spread itself over what usually would be the space between the two separate pieces of fruit. There are two separate tips at the end of the banana but somehow they merely project from the all encompassing peel concealing the individual form of the fruit. It is all very curious and I must preserve it to show to some horticultural people likely to drop in during the next day or so. I again saw the bird in the yard and it seemed to be about the same size as the one I saw in the yard. I spent some time cutting the ribbon grass encircling the sun dial today and in spite of the cold, I was impressed by the number of bees entering and leaving from the top of the white pillar on which the dial rests. I was also impressed at the work of a woodpecker who has tapped into the upper part of the pillar a hole about the circumference of a cricket ball although in spite of his penetration of a hole an inch from which all the wood was removed, he didn't quite penetrate to the inside. If he had done so, it should have landed him right into the midst of the honeycomb. I imagine I am wondering if the bird plans to return or if the bees have long since discouraged him from such intentions. I have never thought about how things would turn if a bird was set upon by a bunch of bees but I guess the feathers covering the balance of this body would give adequate protection. As the tapping done by the bird near the top of the pillar was not more than a few inches from the bee entrance to the column, it seems remarkable that the bird got so far without encountering any violent opposition during the incessant hammering, all of which must have gone on last summer, I assume. I must observe at the doings when the bird resumes but at the same time I shall endeavor to persuade the bird not to attack the pillar in another place to weaken it further.

I hold the thought good health may be obtaining for little Miss Lee in spite of the inclement weather.....

CS481

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Thursday, January 28th, 1965.
Memorandum: I have been thinking about the question that followed, to wit, Did I expect to begin contributions to the new Enterprise shortly. I am sure Charles suggested that approach through her rather than responding to my letter. I said I was still pretty busy on other lines of endeavor and let it drop there. As for Charles, he seems to be stirring up quite a kettle of fish, presumably against Mrs. Chopin but without realizing it, quite a bit against himself perhaps. Perhaps he thought he would finish off the widow lady by writing to the wire services that she was pre-empting his domain in supplying the news to the services inasmuch as he had purchased the Enterprise. It didn't take Mrs. Walker long to phone him to tell him that the connections with the wire services were hers and had nothing to do with the Enterprise and that in purchasing the paper he certainly had no right to assume he was securing her personal news media contacts and that he had accepted that fact in the presence of four witnesses at the signing of the papers although the mention of it mattered not at all since it was her private business arrangements with the services and not the paper's that in no way entered into the Enterprise's transfer and that she could dispose or delegate her connections in anyway she pleased even to Mrs. Chopin and that he ought to be ashamed of himself for having written the letters he has to the wire services and to Mrs. Chopin.

I learned from Mrs. Genung that Mrs. Chopin has contacted lawyer Thomas about starting suit against Charles on several grounds, including invasion of privacy in her business connections and so on and so forth. You may readily see, therefore, that quite

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a dab of dust in blowing.

You have already had an opportunity, perhaps, to glance through the Stephen Warner letter. If you lack time for reading it, however, you will be able to discard it with full assurance you have lost nothing except as a wonderful example, as it is, of what a poor, unsuspecting secretary can counter when confronted by a Warner epistle. One might say in truth about it, so far as the secretary is concerned, what Celeste said about people being used to reading Cane River Memo:

"I know lots of people who love to read it even if they haven't any idea as to what you are talking about." Smile.

Yesterday's papers under a Dallas date line reported that J. H. Williams had been re-elected to the Cotton Council Board. This was a surprise since he had said he was withdrawing, as I understood it. As he was in Florida at the time the Cotton Council was holding its annual convention or whatever, J. H. Williams was delegated to go to Dallas for J. H. Henry and it turned out that although far away on R. E. A. business, J. H. Henry was chosen chairman and J. H. Williams vice-chairman. I don't understand any more about this than I comprehend what is meant on today's radio when it states that the Dahl-Jones average made 900 on today's big board or some such.

One or two people have mentioned the TV film on Tuesday night, styled The French Revolution, the same picture James had mentioned as being so remarkable, especially in that it seemed to cover the whole sorry business with gusto although not a human character appears in the film, only paintings of people, buildings, paintings of events, historic documents, authentic settings, furniture and so on. I believe it was an NBC presentation but that's all I know about it although I should imagine it might have had some attention in movie and TV reports when it was released.

The Churchill funeral will begin at 6 o'clock but time on Saturday morning usually a busy hour for me on the plantation but I'm going to do my best to hear what the radio has to report. If coverage is half as good as the Kennedy funeral, it should be wonderful.

I should write a dozen letters before folding up my head tonight but there have been numerous phone interruptions and I think I shall compromise with my pillow, resolving to be still myself back in the direction of this machine before dawn on the morrow. I trust all is snug and comfortable at Lyme.....

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Friday, January 29th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair, "hoovering" around 70.

I was perfectly delighted to find a letter from Lyme, as of Wednesday, in today's post. It is so good to learn how things have been turning, how the weather has been gumming up things, including travel from the island and all and how little Miss Lee fares.

I am indebted for all the kind things mentioned regarding C. R. Memo, the news about sundry matters by direct quotes and the dozen little particulars about a dozen interesting things, none of which would ever fall within my orbit of information, were it not for little Miss Lee.

The references to points concerning tomorrow's pagentry in London arrived in such a timely fashion and I shall enjoy the radio account of the doings the more, thanks to the points mentioned. I had not realized that Madame Jacques Balsan had been taken from her home on Long Island, following her death, and had been buried at St. Martin's near Blenheim castle where Sir Winston will be laid to rest on the morrow. I have lost all track of the Marlboroughs; oddly enough, for I assume there hasn't been so much written and spoken about them in years as during the past couple of months. I assume the present Duke of Marlborough may be the son of Consuela Vanderbilt Churchill Balsan or perhaps the present duke is her grandson. Which ever may be the case, I am sure it is due to this duke that Mrs. Balsan was taken to St. Martin's. As I recall, the Duke of Marlborough, following the Vanderbilt divorce, was married to a Miss Deacon of Boston and I don't know if she is still living or not. Verily marriages bring about unexpected final resting places for many a soul and such is as true as anywhere in the present instance.

As near as I can figure the time element in tomorrow's festivities in London and the account of same via Telstar and other waves, the program will have its beginnings about 6 o'clock here possibly 5. This suits me just fine for in the winter, I

.....in the winter, I

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usually anticipate arising by a dab of radio along about 4:30 and thus I should be able to catch the first bugle blast an hour or two before dawning. I shall be thinking of little Miss Lee at the same time, holding the thought that either then and there or by some subsequent re-broadcast, she may be keeping up with the parade.

I was surprised when I learned around 5 o'clock this afternoon that the Florida travelers had already arrived. I saw J. H. at supper and he said they got here at 2 o'clock and the clerk said it was 3 and I thought either one was upusually early. They spent last night in Hattiesburg, Miss., driving on to Natchez this morning and looking at old houses, and thence across the Mississippi to Ferriday where they had lunch. I took the opportunity of the proximity of Ferriday to inquire if J. H. knew Ed. MacDonald, just up the river from Ferriday, saying I had noticed on today's radio news that Ed. MacDonald and Gerson Randolph had just been appointed to some State board or other. J. H. said he knows Mr. MacDonald very slightly but understands he is a very wealthy man. I guess I failed to mention just above the Ferriday isn't such a long way from Newellton, as mentioned by Carolyn last Sunday. J. H. was giggling about Baton Rouge gossip, --how and where he picked up that, I don't know, for obviously he did not pass through Baton Rouge retruning home, but, he that as it may, he said that everybody in the Capital is annoyed with Eloise P. Thaxton for her lamentable habit of calling everyone in Baton Rouge, especially the political big wigs, by their first name, --John, for Governor McKeithin, and withal to their respective faces, Russell to Senator Long and so on down the line, just as though she were doing it to play things with them. I look for further number-jumping about Eloise before another month has run its course. I busied myself diligently all morning and part of the afternoon until James dropped in. I was pleased with the trimming, digging up, cutting down and transplanting generally I got done before I had to desert the good earth for the duff. I anticipate getting some more done on the morrow for I believe the weather will be favorable. It seems the deep freeze swept down from Canada as far as Arkansas and at 6 this morning the weather bureau said it would engulf the entire State and pass on out into the Gulf itself but an hour later a revised prediction was issued, to wit, that the cold front had stalled in Arkansas and would probably retreat northward, suiting me perfectly for I wanted to do a lot of gardening stuff.

Lyme And so the weekend started off as a quiet one in reading and all.....

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Memorandum: again to be on hand for the 31st, 1965. Sunday, January 31st, 1965. The latest report says there will be scant frost tonight, -- sent of upper 30's. The stars are gloriously bright.

Unannounced on Saturday afternoon, I. S. Willard appeared bringing Mrs. J. Alphense Prudhomme of Oakland with her. I don't know why the ladies honored me other than for a little social and at home. I. S. W. said she was thinking of going to Paris on her jet winning tickets in April. Power to her. It is somewhere around and if I run across it, I shall enclose it although I didn't find my excuse for it other than to mention the column and ask about bringing somebody or sending somebody down with some Spanish gentleman early in the month. I shall give him a go-ahead noddy return mail on the visitation. This afternoon Blythe and Jean appeared. I don't know why I was surprised to see them but I was. Blythe here many gifts in the food section, -- some wonderful sandwiches, cake, I guess, for I have examined some, a big dish of custard, cigarettes and the Lord Kewns what all. She said she had talked on the phone with daughter, Frances Jack, of Shreveport yesterday. It seems some South Carolina lady, a painter of birds, has been having a Shreveport exhibition and Frances thought Dr. Dorman would be interested in comparing notes with the lady. And so, two

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days after Carrie's coronation, Frances and South Carolina lady journeyed to Briarwood where the painting girls had a wonderful time talking shop. Blythe reported that Frances thought Dr. Dermen looked fine, didn't want to talk about the coronation but had a wonderful time doing birds with the South Carolina lady. Blythe couldn't remember the lady's name I shall ask Aunt Willie who will probably know something about it.

Mrs. Chopin called me last night and chatted from about 8 until 10:30, mostly about the Walker plans, if any, for the future. As she bethought herself as to why on earth they sold The Enterprise since it was obviously making money at a great rate. Somehow I have a feeling that my reaction to the sale was something like the American electorate might feel if President Johnson, after winning the election, turned over his of to Senator Goldwater. Many people in the Parish had grown to feel they had a champion in The Enterprise and then The Enterprise without warning and for no particular reason sold out. Certainly the paper was a privately owned business and yet like so many things strictly private, was nevertheless possessed of something of a quasi-public nature. Starting off at a handicap, the Walkers, like a driller for oil, had given of themselves unstintingly to their job and pushed the thing through to success and just after the gusher began flowing with all the guarantee of an unending and ever more lucrative flow, they sold out which makes little or no sense to me or to Mrs. Chopin or anyone else. I think there are several points that might account for this move, not the least of which is the fact that they had to work devotedly and without any breathing spaces to make a success of the paper and during the thirty years, got so in the habit of being together 24 hours of the day and then during the past 14 years, with their son as a family unit that they have become too tight an entity. To many people this doesn't seem very important but to me it seems such couples too often get insulated from normal social contacts and in the end tend to reach decisions, unaided of the forces in their grasp that should be continued for the public weal and end up by throwing away some thing that is almost a public trust and sometimes to their own personal disadvantage. And now they are talking about a jaunt to Europe, all three of them together, which is lamentable, in my opinion. If husband and wife must go together, well and good, but at least the boy should not go for a summer camp away from home and parents would stand him and them in much better stead and even provide him with some manners which his excellently mannered parents are too blind to provide for.

So much for speculation on subjects about which I don't pretend to know a thing and comes to a close the first month of 1965 which as run its course before I knew where it had gone....

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Monday, February 1st, 1965.
The weather was a bit of a surprise, cloudy by day and cold with a brisk breeze out of the north. Fair tonight and cold with the thermometer skidding into the 20's.

It was today that the last State supported college registered students of color for the impending semester. Northwestern opened its books to 7 applicants and Northeastern to one. It is my understanding that Northwestern registration does not start until Wednesday but in order to avoid incidents, the seven applicants were taken care of today and thus things went smoothly enough for the balance of the week. I believe all applicants were for Graduate work at Northwestern and so there will probably be some difference between the way things are in this area as compared with L.S.U. where there have been graduate school students in attendance for years. I don't think the thought there may be clear sailing straight ahead. Time races along at such a great rate, I may have skipped a mention in yesterday's memo that on Saturday morning I did get to listen to the Churchill funeral and liked everything I heard. It was chilly here but probably not so "air-ish" as in London. The hour was 5, two hours before sun up and I shivered for the throngs described in the broadcasts, vic of the pageantry, stamping their feet to keep circulation going. I remained for an hour in my nice warm bed while waiting for the house to get some of the chill out of the way. Everything I heard to indicate the British were putting on a fine show and certainly no nation has a better gift for such State spectacles. I held the thought that Life may reproduce some of the scenes in full color and perhaps some other publications will reproduce some of the doings in other publications.

I assume the libraries across the country are receiving requests for books about the Marlboroughs these days and it would do me no harm to brush up my own information of the subject. As I recall the Churchill was in command of the forces of the allied powers in Germany during the unending wars with Louis XIV. Although there were no staggering numbers of troops participating around the little town of Blenheim, the defeat of the forces of Louis XIV was the straw that broke the back of French domination began.

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subsiding and that's why Blenheim was important. In consequence of the victory, Queen Anne of Britain bestowed honors on Comman Churchill, including the Dukedom and a palace was built for him and appropriately named Blenheim. If I remember correctly, the battle of Blenheim always figures among the dozen or half great battles of history, along with Waterloo, Yektown and so on because the battle, although not necessarily much of a scuffle as battles go, but simply because some encounters make the end of a trend and usher in another set of forces that will afterward effect the course of history.

Last night, after folding up my beard, I listened for a while to a radio program out of Chicago in which a book, "Another Country", I believe is the title, by James ----- a negro author which had had considerable going over in various reviews. It seems the book was listed among other titles for students studying some literary course in Chicago schools, --not on a required reading list but as an alternate volume if someone preferred it. The program was one of those in which a subject is set forth, after which people are invited to phone in questions or comments. The Chicago T had written an editorial against the book and the "forcing" of students to read it, although, as it turned out, nobody had been compelled to read it. The Board of Aldermen had somehow jockeyed into the controversy and the Board of Education, etc. and representatives from such agencies and the public at large kept the wires busy. I'll bet the author and the publishers were applauding with delight since the book was getting advertising of inestimable value and costing nothing to those most vitally concerned. All the flub-dub reminded me of skirmishes that used to revolve around books by Lawrence or Joyce, all of which eventually found their ways into the bookshelves of more or less forgotten volumes.

You mentioned the fact that the las Cane "iver Memo had to do with Hatcher, and I must say it had occurred to me that this was something interesting about this fact but I hadn't stepped to unravel my impression. I meant to say before this late date the niece of Aunt with whom I mentioned as having pointed out particulars about the Mantua place was old Miss Corinne Hender who was an aunt of Mary Lambdin. I

Today's cold wind made gardening chilly business but because of tonight's impending freeze, I felt impelled to re-set hundreds of bulbs and roots, gouged out by marauding hogs who did lots of work over the Sabbath and early this morning. It was nearly three o'clock this afternoon before I had finished getting things back in order. As I was about to go to bed, I discovered the hogs had returned and undone all my work. Tomorrow I shall line up things for another Blenheim, don't you this so.

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Tuesday, February 2nd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and cold with the thermometer in the 40's all day and in the 20's by night. It seems odd but notice has been forming on the big old iron sugar pots. Perhaps the goldfish may have an opportunity to try out their ice skates tonight.

I couldn't find the new moon tonight on my way home from supper although the sky is cloudless. Perhaps it is still a little early for it to put in its evening appearance. I found Robin's account of Dr. Dorman's doings interesting. I laughed at Miss Kate's impulse to hug me for taking the stand I did concerning contributions to Charles and his paper. The letter from somebody named Olson is of no interest except it demonstrates for the billionth time the quirks of some people about correspondence and I cannot imagine why a person should bother about writing in 1965 if the occasion for so doing took place in June of 1964. It's another of those cases in which the writer seems to go on the theory that he will be remembered anyway although much time and many pilgrims have come and gone since the contact.

I didn't seem my 9 o'clock coffee hour partner today as she had advised me yesterday she would be at the beauty salon this morning. It seems her established appointment for beautification is Thursday but as she needed to get Florida out of her perruque, she was glad to squeeze into the place left open by Madam Beaufort who is spending a few months in the Crescent City.

I saw Irvy Nett tonight for the first time in I know not when. He seemed much as usual, though, and a little heavier. He had been hidden to supper when J. H. was speaking with him about that hour on the phone, Irvy being in town at the time. And so J. H. and the clerk were long since departed from the board when Irvy arrived and thus, as I dwelled over a fried chicken, I could catch up on two gossiping sessions. Irvy felt to me he had many interesting things to tell me about ancient records at the County Clerk's office and he threatens to send me some from time to time, things such as copies of St. Denis' will and so on. He is always very friendly and scarcely realizes, I believe, that I sense he is usually a little

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on the guarded side for although the Walkers no longer publish a paper, the memory that they once did probably hasn't entirely evaporated from his consciousness and it is perfectly natural that he, not knowing me very well, might suppose it would be better not to risk statements that might find their ways to the Editor's ear.

I have often thought how surprised Irvy would be if he ever learned that the Walkers knew he had been a member of the Citizens Council and for that matter, that I should have known it, for he leaned heavily on the cultivation of colored votes along Caney River for his election to the County Clerk job and should people opposed to the Council and their outrageous doings, would never cast a vote for anyone who had belonged to that wacky set. Of course Irvy should never let Irvy suspect that anyone whether Walker or Lester, for there's no point in giving anybody the jitters and jitters it would be every time he might contemplate the future elections when he will be running again for office.

I think I speculated on the possibility of one or another magazine carrying pictures of the Churchill funeral shortly in yesterday's memorandum. Tonight Life magazine on the radio mentions that this week's issue will carry pictures in color. What a speed that magazine takes in getting such material into print, -- into color print, -- in such short order. Like everything else in contemporary scientific and manufacturing, how all this is rushed through so quickly is quite beyond my comprehension. I shouldn't be surprised if people who do understand about printing problems might be just as taken aback by such a miracle, involving the photographing of the material on Saturday in Europe and having it printed in Chicago within a matter of days and into the hands of subscribers across the nation in the following Thursday or Friday. Verily, Henry Luce knows how to get the wheels spinning.

To chat with Mrs. Walker on the phone this evening. They, -- the three of them, plan a European jaunt between the 1st of June and the 1st of August, in a group of 20 people or so in and under the auspices of Cook, -- 3 days in London, 2 days in Paris, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Vienna, Lucerne, Basle, the Rhine and so on. I have never been on a Cook's Tour and can imagine nothing more exhausting and unrewarding. One day's agenda, for example, reads Blois and the Loire Valley, Tours, Chartres, Versailles, palace only, and evening in Paris. That ought to be quite a day's work all by itself.

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Wednesday, February 3rd, 1965.

Memorandum: Mrs. Chopin called me this morning. She said she is wondering about the future and how best she may plan her activities, especially as regards gainful employment. She says her decisions would depend on possible advice she might receive from the Walkers in regard to wire service endeavor but, although she suspects they may plan to be leaving Hatchitoches, she isn't certain and inquiry has brought nothing concrete to guide her in that respect so that she feels somehow suspended in whatever plans she might consider. She asked me if I thought I envisioned any plans or if I thought I might secure some inkling into what thoughts they may have regarding ideas about their next move. Nothing had been mentioned to me but I told her I thought I might gain some notions on the topic. Accordingly I talked with Clara Genung and from her I learned several points of interest on the subject.

Mr. Walker is casting about for a teaching job with several schools of journalism in the northeast, -- Harvard, Columbia, etc., etc. It seems there is the usual shortage of experts on all subjects in the field of pedagogy and one school of journalism in St. Louis was so generous in offering this particular publisher a chair that they even exceeded his hopes in a monetary and in the prospect of securing readily enough a step up in college de rees. Further prospects in other colleges accordingly were initiated for investigation. This would at the same time provide Mrs. Walker with an opportunity to secure a college degree or two at the same time her husband was receiving his.

Clara Genung said she thought it would be so nice if the Walkers should find themselves in the neighborhood of a fine college where their son could attend same and yet live at home. It was certainly inept of me to say that I thought every youth ought to rattle around a little outside the immediate fortress of his family's hearth and become exposed to other influences than the unending approval of his parents. She thought I was wrong about that. I didn't tell her I thought the three members of the family indulging in the European trip together wasn't a very good idea either but

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I must admit that none of my business although it is a matter of business all three of the impending participants should consider

Although there may be lots of reasons for the Walkers divulging none of their plans, I think it would do no great harm if they did, especially to Mrs. Chopin, so long a faithful friend and helper in the vineyard. Mrs. Chopin will call me later tonight and I shall see what I can do to recommend she go ahead with her plans with a view to acting more or less independently of the Walkers, a delicate task, especially as the Walkers themselves seem to be taking it as a matter of course that Mrs. Chopin will keep Clara Genuing under her wing while they are abroad and, for all I know, afterward, too.

James came down this afternoon. He said he was astonished at the growth of the dog during its visit to The Bluff. He said he thought it is almost out of hand already. For it is a friendly dog and playful and came within a nice yard of us setting Kay who, after her feet had been entangled by the dog's chain, she would have been thrown to the ground. Had it not been for the happy presence of a man reading the meter who rescued her from the swiftly advancing accident. One only has to recall her misadventures even the years with her hip to sense what one crash to the ground might entail. When full grown, the dog will probably reach a height about up to the average sized person's waist, representing quite a formidable force, especially for a person of Kay's somewhat fragile frame.

When down Key West way a week ago, the folks visited the Ernest Hemingway house and J. H. brought back some clippings about it. I'm not sure about their interest. Don't bother to save these clippings on my account for I am not interested in them, I think, although I glanced through them but hurriedly. It seems to me that J. S. Willard's son either bought or contemplated buying the property when he was stationed at Key West a few years back. I remember much talk about the pretty tiles in the house. Perhaps the clippings have something to say about these, perhaps not. Celeste says the house is beautifully maintained and several of the installations are interesting such, for example, as a section of Sloppy Joe's bar, etc.

I must crank up the phone and see what I can do for Mrs. Chopin.

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Thursday, February 4th, 1965.

Memorandum: et cetera. Fair and mild in the mid 40's. Today's Shreveport Times carried an editorial about Dr. Dermen. I appreciate having it but regret the name of paper and date was not attached.

And speaking of Dr. Dermen reminds me that Blythe had mentioned on Sunday that Frances Jack had taken somebody from South Carolina, currently exhibiting in Shreveport, to Briarwood. This afternoon Mrs. Jack Fullilove dropped in saying she had just been in Alexandria and had chatted with Blythe on the phone. I told her what Blythe had mentioned on Sunday about the South Carolina artist and asked if she could enlighten me further. La Fullilove said that she had driven Frances Jack and Mrs. Oliver, the artist, to Briarwood and that Mrs. Oliver is from Tryon, North Carolina. She said further that she and her husband had chatted with Dr. Dermen following the Shreveport exhibition and they had asked Dr. Dermen what she thought of the Oliver paintings of our feathered friends and that Dr. Dermen had declared she thought the Olivers were better than the Audubons of renown. And so there are the various accounts of South Carolina, North Carolina, La Oliver and her birds.

I discovered today that something had been chewing on a banana I left in the west room last night. I haven't dared set a trap in the room for fear of catching a pole cat. Such luck would automatically make the house so permeated with scent that I couldn't afford to take the chance. Accordingly at supper time, I put both Tom and Tentem in the room on the theory that they, as cousins of the pole cat, wouldn't start any argument with some and in the event the intruder should turn out to be a rat, they could have an extra course for supper. How they made out, I shall never know for when I stepped out on to the front gallery three hours later to take a gander at the stars, Lo! there were Tom and Tentem on their accustomed perch from which they descended to come over to greet me. As both the cats are full grown and fairly large, I assume the entrance into the West room from the outside

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1965, February 5th, Friday

must be a portal of sufficient dimensions to enable at least a Republican elephant to lumber in and out. Someday I shall make an inspection of the West room to see what is what and what blockage may be effected to keep the world from wandering in and out at leisure. The place is in such a hubbub and disorder that there might be a dozen such entrances and exits,--as of the boy friend's furniture and odds and ends of the ages.

And the mention of the word, Republican, I don't recall if I mentioned that Mrs. Charlton Lyons, wife of last November's Republican gubernatorial candidate for Governor of Louisiana, purchased a Cane River Gebelin a while back at the Fullilove store. Every time I think of it, the Hunter tapestry seems so unRepublican somehow that I cannot restrain a puzzled expression if anyone should be looking at me to notice it.

I suppose I have had a dozen calls since last Saturday's Enterprise appeared bearing the Cane River Memo heading with the suggestion that the column would be resumed shortly. In each instance the inquirers have asked if the implication could be true. In each case I have responded that I doubted it. Oddly enough, in each instance the reaction has been along lines of Miss Kate, something parallel to the hugging business as so quaintly expressed by Miss Kate, everyone seemingly feeling that Charles could afford a somewhat more generous gesture than his two communications have indicated.

Dan was here for supper and withal quite affable. He told me he had been in the hospital since I had seen him last, which was Thursday afternoon of last week. The grapevine reported next morning that on Thursday night somebody from the Pecan Park residence had called down here sometime after dark to inquire if he had been down this way and to ask where he might be at that hour. Nobody knew. On Sunday, J. H. had mentioned on returning from town that he had seen Dan at the hospital. He seems one can rest at home and since the hospital is only around the corner, one can drop in there for a few days and relax. Naturally the family probably wonders where the wandering boy might be but I reckon one gets accustomed eventually to absences for the rest cure.....

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Friday, February 5th, 1965.

Memorandum: Andy's deteriorating condition. He was working in the yard for Celeste today and when I went to supper, he slipped into Yucca, broke open the armoire and lifted two bottles of wine and some secretarial change. Unfortunately for him, supper was a little later than usual and he returned home before either he or I had anticipated. He was just leaving the house when I appeared and, as I have noted over the years in other cases, the culprit seemed filled with holy wrath, not at being caught with the loot but furious at the person owning the stuff with which he was apprehended. Now he has broken into cabinets in the big house, the house across the fence,--thrice in the latter place, and now at Yucca and one wonders how long this merriment may continue. The odd part about the operation is that once having broken into something and been denounced for having done so, he goes right back and does the same over again. It doesn't seem as though this sort of thing could go on forever but in the meantime I am locking my doors when I go out but I hope to eliminate the reason for doing so shortly for I find it a great nuisance to be fiddling with keys all day long.

Aurelia, Andy's sister, who was Miss Cam's. Bessie, another sister, and Andy himself were people on whom one could depend in every respect and accordingly Andy's decline is the more pitiful since his present inclination toward increasing skullduggery and his infatuation for Moonie who simply has to have liquor all the time, seems to be the cause of the moral crack up. I have put up with much from Andy because I have felt sorry for him and how much unpleasantness would result for the balance of his existence, were he to be exiled to the land of his birth,--Gorham, Derry, Flathead or wherever over in the hills, where among other things, he wouldn't enjoy the company of that incredible African Moonie.

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Sister came this noon and her daughter will be here
on the morrow and the prospects for the impending weekend seem
fraught with confusion. Perhaps it was the presence of a familiar
car at the side gate that frightened off the Registers this
afternoon. I had received a note from Kay in the morning, saying
she was trying to catch up on some rest following her recent
visit on the East Coast and that she and James would try to make
a round on Friday but I never saw them. I might have
called Kay during the week but I am utterly at sea as to
how to do it. I leave it to them to do the cranking up of
the phone. I have read and re-read with happiness all the news coming to
hand. I was interested in the reference to Natalie and what
she had to say about matters which she has contented with in times gone
by. From the rare conversations I have had with her during the
past months, I take it her concern revolves around
the providing for an escape hatch from the daily domestic grind and
if that is what is to be desired, the wisdom of establishing some sort
of a part-time employment such as, for instance, a few hours in the morn-
ing or a few hours in the afternoon, perhaps five days a week, perhaps only
three half days a week to guarantee an outside interest
in which she could operate with freedom, attend to correspondence and a
breath of fresh air. I gather there may well be some very pleasant
connections that might be established if one but knew how to establish
same. I can't remember if she mentioned one way of casting about
for such a connection or if Leston merely outlined one such in the form
of an advertisement, costly, no doubt, but perhaps worth the hazard, a
notice in the best newspaper or in something like The New York
friend requires no such transition period but in case one is to be
considered, the days ahead, it seems to me, might be the advantageous
ones to go fishing in a manner of speaking. I think Natalie knows a person, not a resident of Lyme and unfortunately
not possessed of ample funds for compensating one for such services who
would be happy to recommend such a person who would prove an
invaluable aid to a lady or gentleman who might welcome such
such service and be happy to make use of it for merely a few hours
a few times a week. It seems to be a matter which is a matter
of considerable thought on the part of Natalie and Leston.
I have done much speculation of late on how Life could turn out
the Churchill funeral pictures, recently in the hands of a few
of a week ago and have them in the hands of a few days later. I still don't know
their subscribers, sir days later. I still don't know but since Life did not come to hand this week, perhaps
perhaps part of the answer is to be found in the fact that the job of
getting them out took a little more time than had been ex-
pected. I have no doubt they will be to hand on the morrow.
Also in Saturday's post came a 4 by 6 inch picture

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Sunday, February 17th, 1965
It is so pleasant this Sabbath evening to resume our little
chat. I have read and re-read with happiness all the news coming to
hand. I was interested in the reference to Natalie and what
she had to say about matters which she has contented with in times gone
by. From the rare conversations I have had with her during the
past months, I take it her concern revolves around
the providing for an escape hatch from the daily domestic grind and
if that is what is to be desired, the wisdom of establishing some sort
of a part-time employment such as, for instance, a few hours in the morn-
ing or a few hours in the afternoon, perhaps five days a week, perhaps only
three half days a week to guarantee an outside interest
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for such a connection or if Leston merely outlined one such in the form
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notice in the best newspaper or in something like The New York
friend requires no such transition period but in case one is to be
considered, the days ahead, it seems to me, might be the advantageous
ones to go fishing in a manner of speaking. I think Natalie knows a person, not a resident of Lyme and unfortunately
not possessed of ample funds for compensating one for such services who
would be happy to recommend such a person who would prove an
invaluable aid to a lady or gentleman who might welcome such
such service and be happy to make use of it for merely a few hours
a few times a week. It seems to be a matter which is a matter
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getting them out took a little more time than had been ex-
pected. I have no doubt they will be to hand on the morrow.
Also in Saturday's post came a 4 by 6 inch picture

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of Schloss Neuilly without any covering note from auntie. I had mentioned in a letter last autumn of my interest in "vue d'optique" illustrations of the chateau of Marly-le-Roi, from old books that measured perhaps a foot by a foot and a half or some such and perhaps the picture of Neuilly reinded her of Marly and impelled her to send Neuilly along. Be that as it may, I think it very sweet of her to have kept me in mind and, belatedly, I got off a letter to her forthwith.

The weekend was something of a hurly-burly but I am happy to report that Sister got off for Shreveport and daughter for Leesville today and so the climate for peace for everyone has returned although, at times you may have noticed, it sometimes takes a little while for a good climate to re-establish itself in the wake of the bang and clatter of a disturbance. Lest, seemingly, was lucky this weekend since even the storm clouds smiled on him but, like everybody else, he is affected by the racket of the thunderbolts, even if not aimed in his direction. Andy is presenting a problem about which I cannot think of a means of solving. After having broken into things across the fence, at the big house and adjacent buildings in his search for stuff, he finally got around to this residence, to my annoyance. It's not his girl friend's fault but his own because he cannot withstand his impulse to squander more liquor than he can afford on her. As he is white and she is colored, he couldn't very well hope to continue courting her if he had to leave this area and return to his hill billy relatives in Gorum. In sympathy as much for his former family who lagged here, did in part in pity for him, I have studiously played down his depredations but now he is wearing that thread thin old something tells me if I make so much as a murmur in any one of three directions, his goose will be cooked. I assume there's a screw loose in his mental equipment and perhaps nothing can be done to tighten it. It does seem odd enough that Andy, who knows how often I have saved his job should turn right around and put my property on his list as stealable stuff. I. S. Willard phoned last night. She and Kaya attended the annual dinner of the Hysterical Ladies. Celeste at dinner said that both girls looked so pretty and so relaxed. I should probably get a report about domestic doings from James on the morrow. The Walkers were in Shreveport for the Chopin wedding so there will be report from that quarter but I'm sure Carmen will have much to say on the morrow. Celeste said Thelma had something to say about Lest in her speech but didn't say what so I guess it wasn't much.

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Monday, February 8th, 1965. ...

Memorandum: ... Cloudy and sprinkly and sort of 70-ish. ... Overnight, the wite Chinese magnolias unfolded all their blossoms. Each tree looked like a lovely snow-white cloud, detached from on high and anchored of their several places in the gardens. There is an exceptionally beautiful one to the right of the brick walk in front of the big house which I view from two or three different angles and found equally entrancing from each vantage point. A sudden shower broke this morning as I was half way between the front gate and the big house, catching the trash I was carry and exposed to the rain. That impelled me to step up my speed to a gallop and as I arrived at the brick walk, the petals fallen on the pavement, made it slippery and I fell head over heels to the soft carpet of mulch beneath the magnolia, giving me an opportunity to view to "cloud" from below and offering a viewpoint I shouldn't have missed for anything.

I just had a phone call from town from a disgruntled Clara Genung who had accepted without much enthusiasm an invitation to attend a concert given tonight at the college by Al Hirsch and his jazz orchestra. The thing was scheduled to begin at 7:30 and 5,000 people were assembled at the coliseum for the opening blast when it was announced Mr. Hirsch and company were experiencing difficulty in getting their plane on the ground. The plane turned back from Hachiteches and proceeded to Alexandria where the band transferred to automobiles but as they had not arrived at the college as the hour approached 10, some of the audience, tired of waiting, had departed but ...

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it was expected the concert would begin almost any moment. I reckon one gets geared up for a concert at a given time and when the hour comes and goes, even as a dinner scheduled for a particular hour, cannot be held successfully against a 2 or 3 hour interim, so a concert, no matter how entrancing when it gets around to begin, can never be expected to come off the way it might have, had it been on time.

I was delighted to find a note from auntie in today's post. As you will note, she refers to the vue d'optique, Cascade de St. Cloud shall write her that I already have that one. This reminds me I ought to do a column one of these days about St. Cloud. It was at its grandest at the time of Louis Quatorze when it was the place of his brother, Monsieur, and the latter's wife, la Princesse Palatine. Monsieur, duc d'Orleans, left it to his son, the Regent, and it came down through the 18th century in the Orleans family until purchased by Marie Antoinette just before the Revolution. It survived the Revolution and was a popular residence for both the 19th century Bonapartes and later the Bonapartes. Probably few Texans knew it but in the short time Texas was an independent country, its Ambassadors were always sent to "the Court of St. Cloud", just as all American Ambassadors are always sent to England, but the Court of St. James. It was a favorite residence of the Empress Eugenie and was destroyed by fire during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 or 1871. Perhaps you have a collection of Walter Scott poems containing one that begins:

"Soft spreads the southern summer's night
Her darksome veil of blue,
Ten thousand stars combine to light
The terrace of St. Cloud."
James dropped in this afternoon. He says Kay is looking just fine. He reports that the dog is already gaining so much strength that he, himself, can scarcely hold him by a chain.

And speaking of columns, I wanted to say I continue knocking one off weekly so I may have a few extra ones ahead, if and when publication should resume under some other newspaper. I am writing these under the title of Plantation Memo to give it a somewhat wider appeal, while cutting their length in half since most papers limit their columns to less space than the weekly publications do.....

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Tuesday, February 9th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Blustery and upper 60's and with a damp. A triangle of stems have been skipping about from Arkansas south to some place west of here in Texas and thence to Monroe and back to Arkansas all day and thus far into the night. Our winds haven't been extraordinary but the lightning has been severe and a house in Pecan Park was struck, the belt demolishing the house. A third of a town in Arkansas was swept away but nobody was hurt. In short, the current intemperance suggests the arrival of Spring and boisterous breezes may be expected around and about for the ensuing six weeks or so.

I enclose the current Gourd Society Bulletin, carrying a likeness of a Rand arrangement on the front. It's a pretty composition and just the type of thing Blithe attacks with gusto.

I had the good luck to round up the services of a secretary, the weather being such that nobody could labor in the fields. I took the opportunity to extract a lot of addresses from Christmas cards, stems I wanted to acknowledge. Among other things, I found the Christmas letter from auntie which I shall also enclose.

I couldn't catch much news anytime today from the radio, what with the static being so predominant a noise maker. I did, however, get something about that New Orleans bag of a few years back who made such a racket about the white and colored school children and was eventually ex-communicated. According to what little I could decipher from the rattle-t-bang on the ether waves, the same back, --Guyot or whatever, has decided she wants to make a public confession and has put a call through to the Vatican to tell the Pope a thing or two on the morrow when she gets the Pontiff on the wire. Obviously the bag is crazy and simply must keep herself in the papers regardless. After all, if a private in the Army gets into difficulties, there are plenty of officers he may contact without addressing himself to the Commander in Chief but

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that isn't the way the New Orleans Bag would do business. I perhaps mention that Jean O'Brien and Sonny Witt know the bag and declare she is quite a pleasant person so far as her social contacts are concerned. That is merely interesting but out so far as her public performances are concerned. It's wonderful how much confusion a disordered mind of her type can stir up and I think the news media could do better than to play up her highjinks.

Mrs. Genung called me today to say that my friend, Evelyn of 59th Street in Manhattan had written Mrs. Walker, offering the Walkers their apartment while they are in New York en route to Europe in early June. My friend, Evelyn of 59th Street, of course is Esther Lape of 57th Street, which is all the same.

Mrs. Genung also reported that the Walkers are setting out some lovely newly purchased rose bushes at their 1206 Williams Avenue residence.

I believe I was speaking of the planting of rose bushes at the Walkers. I intended to say that such undertakings seem odd if the Walkers are planning to live elsewhere.

A slight interruption just above was occasioned by a call from Mrs. Chopin who wanted to unload many of her problems and although we covered quite a lot, we denied ourselves the luxury of only 2 solid hours for the talking.

I must remember to inquire the family name of Goose Eye. He is a mulatto and is perhaps a Gouti. Be that as it may, Goose Eye borrowed the pick up truck of one of the Wenseses to go somewhere, heading down the Melrose lane toward Montrose where, at the intersection of Highway 1, he did not see a Cadillac heading north and ran right in front of it, demolishing the pick up and sending the Cadillac ladies about J. H. chanced along and sent the ladies to the hospital in his car and Goose Eye must now be trying to squirm his way out of his dilemma which, among other things, is explaining why he has never had a license although he has driven a car for years.....

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Wednesday, February 10th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Rainy, thunder-ish and mild.

It was enchanting to discover a letter from Lyme

in today's post. The mail man for some reason knew only to himself, made his rounds an hour ahead of schedule and accordingly when I arrived at my usual hour at the Post Office, I found he had brought the incoming mail and departed with the out-going. Accordingly I did not deposit my outgoing letters but brought them back home with me and opened the envelope containing the memo for Lyme to attach it to today's.

I am so appreciative of all the information little Miss Lee sent along for all of it was news to me. I had heard nothing of the purchase of the Degas which seems odd in a way, what with all the chatter that went on about the impending purchase from valet and sundry people beginning next door and stre into town. I shall share the news with some of these people who probably haven't seen anything about it in the New Orleans papers although most of my friends call themselves readers of the Times Picayune and other major dailies. I am sure there will be several friends who will want to see the Degas show and I shall make it a point to direct their attention to the date. I have no doubt I. S. Willard may have heard something about all this Degas doings and I assume she will attend the exhibition at the Delgado for I believe she will be back from her sojourn to Paris before the exhibition begins in the Crescent City.

It was so thoughtful of little Miss Lee to set me straight regarding particulars concerning what is a peering in the Enterprise and her own reactions to the personality of the new owner as gained from the correspondence. Charles, in truth, is a bag. Like most self-centered people, he appears to be a figure of such importance that it is probably impossible for him to imagine anyone would not jump crooked just for the sheer honor of being printed in his paper. Well, the failure of Cane River Memo copy to reach him must be giving him quite a turn. One or two of his acquaintances have called me to say that he is wondering what in the world could keep me from withholding copy so long. He might take

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Memorandum:

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the day

the picture interesting. At first glance I thought I was looking at a couple of

I thought I was looking at a couple of nuns but soon

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original letter, and is signed by Abraham Lincoln.

1999-2000

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

1. The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that it is not possible to describe it in terms of a single parameter. The system is a complex one, and it is not possible to describe it in terms of a single parameter.

...

THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

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discovered the error of my initial impression. For some reason, not clear to me, I have not yet
never explored Bayou Rapides on which the ante bellum home, mentioned
in the other clipping, is situated. Perhaps most of the old places
have vanished. I never hear anyone mention them. I believe Bayou Rapi-
des runs east-west just above, that is north of, Alexandria. Maude
Patterson had a place there and Blythe frequently mentions relatives
who lived there. It seems odd nobody ever does anything about
the houses, except tear them down. I have not yet seen the
place. I must say I was shocked, especially by its casual tone, when
Chat Huntley tonight remarked that United Nations is a
dead. The two main causes of the demise seemed to be
A. Big nations like France and Russia refusing
to assume their responsibilities, and
B. Too many non-descript little nations, totally inexperienced,
climbing into the world organization and casting votes
and sponsoring resolutions, the comprehension of which they obviously
neither understood or were capable of acting upon intelligently.
It seems to me United Nations is the best world agency thus far
brought into being for lessening tensions and offering a
promise of some sort of world police force that might eventually
remove the necessity for crushing armaments. Perhaps
the world isn't ready for such a voluntary power as yet and possibly
the world must go through another blood bath or a series of them before
the globe can be properly organized for peace. I hope
Mr. Huntley was over-simplifying the prospect of doom for
the present world organization and that somehow United Nations
will survive.
The phone just rang. The opening sentence, spoken
by Carmen, reminded me of the adage: "Many a slip 'twixt the
cup and the lip." For what Carmen exclaimed was
"Why, I just can't understand it!" She was
just back home from the Chamber of Commerce dinner and it turned out
that in spite of all the backstains, politicos she and Charles had
engineered to get him named Man of the Year, not he but
Henry Deblieux received it. And so there will be no need for
a letter of congratulations to Charles and no copy of same to
be attached herewith. Lucy Strawn was named Woman of the Year, and Lucy
attended the banquet and looked alright, according to Carmen although
a while back Lucy, a cancer patient, was thought to be in a
dying condition for weeks at a time. I shall be hearing further details from her
and I reckon I shall be hearing further details from her
morrow as she and J. H. attended the doings.

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Friday, February 12th, 1965.
Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy and cool in the 40's. I
So gay and so lovely and so beautifully inscribed is
today's Valentine, sitting here on the desk beside me where it will
remain to gladden my heart in the days ahead. And how
equally meaningful is the note accompanying it,
together with the clippings. I love them all
and I call down blessing from on high. May little Miss Lee
have a happy weekend, too.
It has always seemed odd to me that Lincoln's birthday should
not have been made a national holiday years and years ago but
there is no time like the present and perhaps somebody will
push the idea one of these days. It is not
a holiday in this way although some of my acquaintances
of school age told me this afternoon that there was a
program about Lincoln's birthday at St. Mathew's school.
What interests me is the possibility that little Miss Lee may have
had a holiday today. My memory doesn't serve when I try to re-
call about other States having a holiday on the 12th but vaguely
it seems to me other States above the Mason-Dixon Line do.
I so much appreciate every word mentioned in the note accompanying
the Valentine. Thanks, too, for filling me in a little on
the prospect for summer as seen from the present vantage point.
It is so wise to detach one's self from a situation in
which pressure is never relaxed. Having a definite
time limit is so important, too, for somehow it eases things a little
if one can establish a point of limitation toward which one
strives.
There was an interruption at the point where Natalie's plans
for the summer were mentioned. I don't understand the
Scandinavian junk at all but perhaps that's because I
know nothing of Natalie's enthusiasms in that direction. Per-
haps Norway or Sweden offers fishing exploits or some such for her
companion in such a jaunt. The other trip made across
the water was such a hop, skip and jump that I should almost

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suppose there would be a yearning to return to one or another of the places that appealed on the first go-round, Switzerland or some such, for a bit of more concentrated assimilation but perhaps she plans something like that for another and later time.

I had heard nothing, of course, about the demolition of the Brokaw house, the removal from 79th and Fifth leaving another gap in the story that was once millionaire row.

I found something so poignant about the account of the Rodin enthusiast, the account of which re-affirming what is ever present but often forgotten, the astonishing richness of a heritage in personality which are too often lost sight of until they have departed.

At the coffee hour this morning, I was mildly perplexed when I noticed mine hostess was again employing Andy to assist her female house

servant in housecleaning and this in face of the fact that four successive times in the past couple of months, mine hostesses has denounced Andy for prying open and stealing from her armchairs and cabinets. Andy was scheduled to give me a hand at brushing up on Wednesday afternoon but I decided it wasn't fair to Andy, shall I say, that he be subjected to temptations he couldn't resist when one's back was turned.

About 10 o'clock this morning, somebody from Andy's neighborhood below the spillway came to the store to report that Andy's brother was in a highly nervous state approach hysteria because Andy had not shown up during the past 24 hours and the brother after searching the highways last night for Andy, had come to the conclusion something dreadful had happened to him. He was told that Andy was at that moment assisting in housecleaning across the fence and therefore he could relax. One of the neighbors prepared some food for the brother who had had nothing for the past 24 hours as there was no food in the Byng house and Andy had taken the Welfare check, made out for the brother who is nearly blind, for Andy's courtships require more money than Andy can earn plus all of his brother's welfare check. Poorer Andy's brother!

The enclosure from Evan Wood of Wichita, Kansas contains naught of especial interest and accordingly you may toss it into the trash basket if you are pressed for time. The drawings in anticipation of her son's wedding I find illustrative of what can result when the weather gets out of hand.

It's about 32 outside at the moment but the moon is so pretty, I'm bound to take a little turn before bedtime. The mental telepathy machine will be tuned toward Lyma.

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Sunday, February 14th, 1965.

Memorandum: Clear and a little on the air-ish side, mid 40's by day, upper 20's by night and a sprinkling of ice on the smaller pots each morning. I reckon the moon must be about full tonight, it's so big and round and golden. I can readily see I'm going to have to take a turn in the Ghana Garden with Tom and Tomtom before folding up my beard tonight.

And that reminds me, speaking of the beard, that I felt quite at sea this morning when the 30 year old two-edged Gillette razor to which I am so accustomed, folded up on its own account when I started to shave this morning. By some means no clear to me, I barged ahead regardless although the lower of the two braces holding the blade couldn't be put in place. Net result:-- I look like I had just emerged from a barrel in which I had been scuffling with a bear. Not liking gadgetry in the razor section, I'm investing in another old fashioned Gillette razor on the morrow and trust it will stand me in good stead for another 30 years.

On Saturday morning Celeste got out of bed to have coffee with me at 9. She is suffering from a head cold. This morning Giles Millsbaugh called me about the Cape River note paper of which neither he nor I possess a box. He asked about Celeste and remarked that his wife had mentioned the lady had had a cold when playing bridge at Inez Chaplin Saturday afternoon. Celeste remained at home today, saying she spent most of the time in bed. She thinks she will be on the mend by the morrow and says she simply must get well right away since she wants to be at the festivities this weekend when Mildred Cunningham's boy, John, is ordained. She said she felt well enough this afternoon to listen to Meet the Press. She said Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi was the person being interviewed and she sayeth further

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that he was very good. I may catch up with a radio rendition of the program sometime tonight and will be curious to see just how good he really is.

August 14th, 1965

August got out of jail on Saturday and passed this way to see me. He seemed mighty glad to be home again after five days in the town Bastille. He said he shared a cell with three other boys who had shaken trees and gathered 1,100 of pecans on somebody's plantation up the road and were going to Angola for six years. He said it made him feel might good he had been picked up merely for being a little unsteady on his feet. He said the hill billy deputies hang around the honkey-tonk and if a boy gets to feeling pretty good and steps out of the joint a little unsteady on his feet and can't walk all that good in a straight line, they push him into their car and carry him off to jail.

There was merriment at the honkey-tonk last night, too. One of the no-account musicians from Alexandria borrowed somebody's truck and started up the road. He ran into a small European car, drove it with some force and wasn't hurt but it broke the neck of the driver of the small car and, as my informant added, "they had to take the man in the little car to the hospital", which, I must say is quite understandable.

One of the Alexandria musicians is said to be the husband of the artist's granddaughter, Dolores, daughter of Jackie but, as explained to me, the husband lives in Alexandria while Dolores lives up here with Jackie which ought to go far for guaranteeing marital bliss, I suppose.

The latest news regarding the plans for the Walkers is something less than a clear cut picture. Regarding their European plans, they remain intact but will possibly alter arrangements and go with a smaller group of people on a Saandine liner instead of the Queen Mary. When they return, they will decide in early August if they will keep the house or sell it. Mr. Walker will decide if he will accept a job teaching in some graduate school in Illinois while securing his master's degree, after which they are trying to take up residence in Porto Rico. What advantages Porto Rico has to offer by way of a permanent residence for people thinking of going in for pedagogy, I wouldn't know. However, it is said, and one great advantage about which I hadn't thought is the fact, I am told, that nobody there understands English. Did I hear somebody say: "You know the funniest people....."

And now for a turn in the moonlight and thence back of a nice salade withcheese and crackers and Paul Johnson.....

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Monday, February 15th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Clear and 50-ish and tonight's full moon just grand.

I wish you might see the pear trees, pyramids of snowy mess and buzzing withbees, obviously unmindful of the chilly breezes scattering petals about.

James dropped in this afternoon, his first visit in a week and bubbling over with conversation running all the way from doings of the ever expanding energy of the dog to new books about air currents flowing in mighty streams high above this little old earth.

On Saturday, he had driven Kay over to I. S. Willard's with a view to picking Kay up later. But he had stopped at the Willard chalet for half an hour to inspect her smolder of Fort Jean Baptiste which he found amazingly fine. We both pooled our imaginations to discover if we could, and we couldn't, when I. S. W. ever found the time to undertake such a creation, let alone completing same. We concluded that I. S. W. is just as astonishing in the heights sheattains in her creative ability as she is amazingly low in the depths she can touch when staggering around in non-essentials. One thing is beyond question: she seldom gets on a dead level but, on the contrary, is forever up or down to then-th degree.

On Sunday I. S. W. phoned Kay at noon, 12:15-- asking Kay if she wouldn't like to drive out to GrandEcore to take some pictures right away, explaining they would have police escort at Grand Ecore to assist them in reaching where ever likley pictures appeared in the offing. Kay said she would go but asked I. S. W. to give her 15 minutes to put on suitable togs. Twelve thirty arrived but no I. S. W., but eventually somewhere after 3, I. S. W. did arrive, the ladies drove to Grand Ecore where the police, faithful souls, still waited, pictures were secured and that was that.

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I had coffee across the fence this morning. The lady still has a cold but felt sufficiently improved to drive to Alexandria this afternoon.

Thelma called for a little chat. She wanted to know if I might drive down tomorrow to pick me up and accompany each other to a meeting of Colonial Matchiteches being held Tuesday afternoon. She said it would make such a pleasant interlude all around and that she and John would lure me to the President's residence for supper, after which they would bring me home. I told her all that constituted too much sugar for a dime but that I was nominating her as my deputy at the Board meeting.

She thought out a sentence, in reference to the Colonial Matchiteches project. She mentioned several people had given substantial sums during the past couple of years toward the restoration of the fort and that a lawyer, a C.P.A. or a Federal income tax man or some such had called Colonial Matchiteches to inquire about a \$500. or \$1,000. gift by Mrs. Register last year to fill in a point concerning a check, issued from the Foundation Kay had established. I wonder what James knows about the setting up of a Foundation.

Returning to James' visit this afternoon, he mentioned Dr. Dorman had planned to come to 1226 Williams to plant some things on Saturday. Kay's lawyer and somebody else were coming from New Orleans on Saturday and Dr. Dorman asked Kay if Kay minded inviting Studie Laughton for Saturday luncheon; too. Kay called Studie and suggested she and Dr. Dorman come promptly at noon or some such in order Kay might keep her 2 o'clock appointment with the legal boys. Next day Kay receives a card from Dr. Dorman reporting that Studie had phoned her to say Kay was going to New Orleans on Saturday and so Dr. Dorman, on her card, said she would come plant the things at another time, assuming the luncheon was off, what with Kay going to New Orleans. When Studie got the idea about the New Orleans trip, nobody seemed to know, and so the Dorman-Laughton sandage gave way to a contact with I. S. Willard and, as would appear, the girls are all tangled up with their appointments, the luncheon was held, Dr. Dorman's trees were planted and nobody knows what what.

I learned at coffee this morning that J. H. leaves next end for the South American jaunt on the junket sponsored by the State of Louisiana. It seems to me J. H. is chairman of the thing and, as Chairman of the Market Board, will undoubtedly be interested in the trade statistics between the Crescent City and South America. So I must get my pen and ink out some mail before board-folding time.....

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Tuesday, February 16th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and sprinkly all night and all day and again tonight and only about half an inch of rain has come down. Thermometer "hovering" around 50. It's an excellent time for staying indoors but various exercises in the open have beckoned to me all day, mostly chasing hogs that love this dampness that softens the soil and makes perfect conditions for rooting with abandon. I find it wonderful what deep furrows the hogs can make just while one's back is turned. I received two calls, one right after the other that interested me in the difference of reporting a social item. Mrs. Genung and daughter went to Alexandria shopping yesterday. The mother called first this morning what a lovely day Monday had been and what a successful trip she and daughter had experienced. The food at the hotel was wonderful and daughter had found several items for a travel wardrobe that delighted them both. Daughter called shortly after reporting a lousey day on Monday, good, nothing to buy, etc., etc. Perhaps it does make a difference out of which side of the bed one emerges on the day following a shopping jaunt.

A slight interruption of a couple of hours intervenes as between this paragraph and the above. Ann phoned. She wanted to recite to someone her account of her weekend in New Orleans. She goes down frequently as her mother and sister live there but this weekend was different because the latter gave a party of some dimensions for Ann's son and daughter-in-law who were married a week ago. In this jet age one accomplishes so many things in a twinkling that formerly took days. A case in point seems to be in the honeymoon section, too, for although married only a week, the young couple have already spent several days in Mexico and yet found themselves back in the Crescent City for receptions.

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As I turn the page I gather I am indulging in
a Denholme margin on this go-round.
A note from The Village Shop in Alexandria speaks of
an epidemic of influenza in that place. Leutitia Bowman
wrote, asking me to send some tiles, "all the same
design, that of the Baptisin." I didn't know I
had turned out a Baptisin tile but, of course I could
be wrong. As a matter of fact, I have often wondered
how a Baptisin tile could be brought forth, presenting
the figures in the same scale as those in the other tiles so
that all would look harmonious when used together. There
are of necessity so many figures in a Baptisin that they
would have to be made so small that the composition would
look mighty business if placed along side the other ones.
Well, we shall see about that some day but not
in time to satisfy Leutitia's present order.
Three telephone calls this morning around 8 o'clock
reported the peacock in the big road again and I can
see I shall have to talk with him about being so wayward. Like
Chicken-little in the garden when the rose petal dropped
on her tail and she thought the sky was falling, so the
peacock in the big road, if he finds a 6 or 8 ton truck
falling on his tail will get the impression something mightier
than the sky hath descended.
Because of the drizzle today, the plantation wasn't working
this morning. August came to see me. He said he had heard from
Dereatha that because of Andy's recent depredations, my house
had been neglected last week while August was in jail. He
said he would like to have an understanding with me about one
thing, to wit, he wanted to give me a hand at setting the
place to order but "the thing is", "you're always a-helpin us-
and so I want to give you a hand without no thought of money."
I told him I bet we could manage that just fine and so the house
was put back to its previous state and I reckon
I, for one, at least, felt a heap happier.
As James has remarked on occasion, quoting town
home makers speaking of servants:
"Why, my dear, you simply can't get them for love
or money", whereupon somebody upsets the
applecart by asking if the former had ever been tried.
beard and in my eye I think the eye is already old. they sold up m

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Wednesday, February 17th, 1965.

It rained at 3 o'clock this morning but for the balance
of the day it was merely cloudy, the thermometer at 50 and
a brisk breeze out of the northeast.
Juanita A. called me this morning. She asked the date of
Celeste's birthday. I told her Celeste is three days younger than
George Washington, his being on the 22nd, hers on the 25th.

Early this afternoon at the store I saw Pat and Juanita B.
The latter asked me when Celeste's birthday might be and I trotted
out the Founding Father again. I hadn't seen Pat and wife
in I know not when, perhaps last summer or autumn. They appeared
to be fine and reported having been for a swim in their fine new
swimming pool just behind their Pecane Park residence. I gather
the water in the thing must be heated. After all, with the
temperature of the air at 50, it would require a lure of more
warmth than that to entice me into a pool. They both seemed like
fine and threatened to come down before long and pick up some
banana plants, butterfly lily rhysens and such like.

Carmen called to say the Birthday Committee of last
May thinks something must be done to show Charles Cunningham
their appreciation for his contribution to making that occasion
a great success and they had decided some silver goblets would
be just the thing and so they are going to invest in some. Charles
had said he wanted a gold cigarette case but as that costs
five or six hundred dollars, the Committee decided the goblets would be
nicer.

The scuffle between Charles and Ann Chopin continues. Ann
was prevented from getting her unemployment stipend by Charles who went
to Court and signed an affidavit to the effect that Ann did not merit a stipend
because she could have the job he had offered her which she had
refused. Ann counters with a statement that linked to him
the offer Charles made was the stipulation she should see nobody
after office hours who had had anything to do with The Enterprise.
Some sort of a Commissioner is coming up from New Orleans to

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tape record a hearing before him at which time both Charles and Ann will state their positions. Whether Charles wins or loses, he will excite a lot of wonder in the minds of many people in this attempt to deny the widow Chopin the unemployment stipend and some, at least, will think Charles could spend his time to better advantage by concentrating on his newspaper problems than trying out his vindictiveness on Ann.

Carmen never mentions such unpleasanties to me, of course. She did have much to say, however, about her plans for the jaunt to Washington in her role as chaperon of Miss Merry Christmas. I believe they leave here on the 24th, proceeding to New Orleans by train and thence to Washington by jet, returning by the same method on the 28th. I assume there may be something about the Louisiana Mardi Gras ball in the Washington news of the 28th but there's probably a lot of that sort of stuff going on all the time so that the rep will be more in the social than straight news section of the press. I can only marvel at Carmen's enthusiasm for such tomfoolery at her age of 75. Verily there's no accounting for taste.

For the past couple or three mornings, I have been noticing chocolate colored stains on Louella's snowy back each morning but I only got around this afternoon to step into the Unicorn House to see what, if anything, was what. I had put some hay in there a week or two ago and, to my delight, I discovered this afternoon that she had made a fine nest, the whole thing neatly covered with hay, beneath which I found 3 pretty eggs. I'm glad she is beginning to lay now, for it is time, unless she wants to repeat last year's performance of waiting around until the first day of summer to make up her mind about setting. I shall cast a glance in the direction of the nest now and then and begin removing the eggs when she has reached 15 or so which is the most she can possibly cover when the impulse toward motherhood impells her to start setting. I have forgotten the greatest number she has brought forth prior to setting but it seems to me it was something like 42 one year. I have no intention of raising a flock of geese but I should like to raise a few to give some of my local friends. Off hand, the only white people I know who would think of rearing a goose is the Walkers and probably they will not be living in the Parish next autumn at goose time.

A spiffy salade is awaiting me in the ice box, lettuce, tomato, belle pepper, onion, cucumber, together with a dab of Camembert and some sliced crackers and I'm going to have a fine time with same for I am ravish

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Thursday, February 18th, 1965.

Memorandum: I wrote a beautiful but Fair and sent off 60 and much ozone.

I didn't accomplish anything today but had plenty to take up my time. I can't seem to remember about this morning but around noon or 12:30, a 1 un-announced and unexpected, I. S. Willard, of all people, put in an appearance. She could remain for only 5 minutes, meaning that she got away promptly at 3 o'clock and as I handed her to her car, stationed at the side gate, James drove up to the front gate and remained until 4:30. It was all very pleasant but not so conducive to accomplishing much.

I. S. Willard wanted to get some pictures of Lestan for what purpose I haven't the slightest idea and I doubt if she had. Then she wanted to get a notebook full of entries concerning 18th century people and places in the Paris neighborhood so that she may the more readily pursue her research there during April. She had had no lunch, of course, and I could give her as a substitute some sliced bananas in cream and some cake and a dab of salade so she was fortified. She had brought me some cream cheese but gave her none of that, thinking I would, as indeed I did, use the cream cheese as a basis for some vegetable fixin's against tonight's 10 o'clock snack, --tomatoes and such like stirred up in the stuff which is going to be nice, think half an hour hence.

Andy works across the fence on Thursday and Friday and so I latched my front door of the living room and locked when I. S. Willard began her much delayed departure. Picking up James on my return, I was impressed by the fact that while the door remained locked, the latch had been lifted during that five minute absence. I had a few chores to attend to before 5:30 and just before heading out for the big house for supper, I placed a row of glass jars on the bay window sill. On my return to Yucca in 20 minutes, I was

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pressed to discover the window open, the screen having
been removed from the outside of the house by slitting the s
itself, so that hook inside could be pushed out of its socket
Andy and tried without success to pry open the door
from the living room into the west room where liquor is stored
I shall call Andy in on the morrow for a final warning that
if this happens any more, I shall wash my hands of patience
turn the matter over to another agency for handling. During
afternoon he had broken into the kitchen of the big house
and lifted a shaker of pepper. Wine, money and pepper in ab
that order, seems to be his primary impulse to steal and I'm
glad this is so since such items can be eradicated from his
reach without any trouble at all. August and Dereatha
had seen him leaving Yucca during the little time I was
at supper. Of course they should have called me right
then but they didn't and I'm hoping there
will be no other time.
A friend has asked me about the book, noted at
the or on the attached slip, -- Samuel Chamberlain:
Bouquet of France. I think it was published in Kingsport,
Tennessee about 1954, and possibly the publisher
was the Kingsport Press or some such. If you should
encounter such a volume if and when you escape long
enough to have an opportunity to give thought
to such matters, I should be glad if you would
keep same in mind. It's nothing of the vaguest urgency
but merely a thing about which one talks in general conversa
on the subject of cook books as I believe this to be, --
cook book and travel book combined. I don't know
how Mr. Chamberlain spells his name but I assume rather
like that used here.
I was enchanted once more at dawning when having in mind
given the geese an early breakfast, I made a little
round, only to discover Louella already busy on her nest bego
another lovely egg. I backed right out with the
coffee tray and returned later when I heard her and
Low Paul making signs, -- vocal ones, -- of their
readiness for their morning coffee.
I have about disposed of all the pumpkins harvested
last autumn. We had pumpkin pie yesterday and a couple were
sent across the fence to assist the dessert section in that
quarter. I still have a big one in the fireplace
in the living room where it has gladdened the eye all winter.
Altogether there are still a few on the front gallery to give a
golden tone against the pale pink of the mud walls.
Already I find myself thinking about different varieties I sh
be planting this Spring, wondering, as
so often I wonder, why more people in the country don't use
vegetables for decors.....

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Friday, February 19th, 1965.

Memorandum
Fair with temperature around 70 and humidity at
a remarkably low 30. The best way I know in determining
the season be winter or summer is by the Sunshine and
Shadow method, -- if the sunshine feels good, its winter,
if one instinctively withdraws into the shade, it is
summer. Today was summer.
Size rather than quantity dominated today's in-
coming mail which didn't amount to much but there
was a thin but large envelope containing a folio,
printed in color, of Rosedown. As near as I can make out,
is probably a reprint of the article appearing last year i
House Beautiful or whatever the magazine was that printed
the article then. With the folio was a brief note from
Mrs. Stirling, saying she thought I would enjoy seeing
the pictures. She also enclosed some clipping which I
haven't explored as yet although it will not deter me
from acknowledging receipt of the envelope in
the next departing post. I shall ask her if she can't
offer a little news about the Hatcher Butler family, Laure
Hill and so on. It seems remarkable nobody in Hatcher has
found time to set me straight as to whether Pierce, junior
be of the "land of the living". And now that March
is just around the corner, all the Hatcher ladies are bound
to be so tied up in hoop skirts for Pilgrimage that one
may be sure they will never get around to correspondence j
quite a long time.
I am happy to report that last night's salad,
based on cottage cheese in which a flock of pieces of free
tomatoes, peppers, onion, sliced olive and so on suited
me just to a T. I am equally happy to report that
I have a substantial sample left over which I shall attack
later tonight.
This week's issue of Life came on Friday instead
of the following Tuesday as was the case when the funeral
of Sir Winston was featured. I have glanced
through today's issue and somehow get the impression
the publishers are using a different type layout of
the pictures, more resembling the mode used by
Look a few years back and at one time by Saturday
Evening Post. Perhaps it is just my imagination
following a hasty glance. I shall examine it more
carefully on the morrow.
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I heard a radio program early this morning illustrative of the Texan reputation for tall tales. Perhaps you heard it, too. A lady in Amarillo, Texas, was acquainting a guest with phenomena of that Texas panhandle region, citing the fact that a helium plant in the neighborhood is said to be one of the largest in the world. The garden loving friend was impressed, asking if it might be in bloom now. Smile.

According to tonight's broadcasts, Ranger 8 will be hitting the moon at 4:57 tomorrow morning, Eastern Standard Time. I calculate that will be 3:57 local time so I expect when I be-stir myself to get the 5 o'clock news, I may expect to hear something about the business like everything else the world accepts as a matter of course, such as telephone, radio, TV, etc., no part of which I understand, so I, in turn, take the moon shot presciently enough while comprehending nothing about any of billion miracle involved. Inf the scientific boys could only instruct the uninitiated on the method of getting rigged up to hit the gates of Heaven eventually, I should feel we were really getting somewhere but just exactly where I am not prepared to say.

I just stepped out on the gallery to give Tom and Antom a saucer of milk. Sounds of noise or music or some such vibrations were floating across the field from the henkey-tonk. An agent reported the arrival of the band from Alexandria about 3 o'clock this afternoon so they ought to have their pipes pretty well tuned up these 7 hours later. Because of inclement weather earlier in the week, the plantation hasn't been working much this week and as no relief checks were scheduled for this week, excitement shouldn't reach too high a pitch this weekend. I was awakened at 2:20 this morning by a tap on the window. A son of the soil, not quite strong on his feet, reported himself as lost because "here it is Saturday night or maybe Sunday morning and there ain't no lights or music at the henkey-tonk". That gentleman's calendar was in confusion, of course, for Thursday night is one of the slower nights at the local speer man's club and Friday morning is always issued in at midnight with vast silence. It's Friday night that ushers in the real kicking up of heels and Saturday night, or, more precisely the wee hours of the Sabbath morn that witnesses the greatest activity across the way. I mean, even, Saturday night.

As for my own weekend, I am hoping for a quiet one for I have a heap of desk work I should like to attack. I find myself holding the thought that it may be quiet in Lyme, too, and that desk work may be shelved for a peaceful Sabbath.....

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13471

Sunday, February 21st, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and around 50 to 70 but cooling tonight.

Saturday's post brought a Wednesday letter from Lyme, much to my delight. I am forever touched by the sweetness of little Miss Lee and all the things straight from the heart she has to report. Should you chance to encounter her, you might tell her for me just what I had to say. Among the many interesting points she touched upon was the matter preparing for an occasional moment of individual privacy. An elderly plantation lady once said that moments for one's self are the most important segments of time in the whole day. I believe I quoted Lestan in this regard some time back. He somehow found it difficult to express his thoughts clearly on this point but told me only today that he had but one thing in mind when mentioning the matter, not any suggestion that gainful employment should be continued but simply a provision made to guarantee the enjoyment of those precious moments all by one's self and that if an alibi be required, some sort of employment or time devoted to charity a few times a week might offer just what would be required.

Lestan also mentioned auntie, saying he felt quite sure that little Miss Lee never had any doubts about confidences as regard to correspondence with auntie and that he always is guided by the assumption that little Miss Lee and auntie will handle their news items concerning each other between themselves and that Lestan will never touch on such matters when writing to auntie. He felt this was so thoroughly sensed that it was almost unnecessary for him to mention it but that it would do no harm to say as much as a sort of double assurance.

I'm so glad to learn of the little outing and the safe return to home base afterward. I am especially interested in urban travel problems of the moment. I hear about such things but vaguely on the radio and of course have no means of learning precise conditions, except through one or two things mention by Natalie, other than little Miss Lee.

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Saturday afternoon was entirely taken up with people.

Celeste's nephew, Joe Regard, drove up from Baton Rouge with his wife and with Celeste went on to town for the ordination of Johnny Cunningham. Right after noon dinner, the Regards came to bring me a bottle of wine and before they left, a flock of people from Shreveport were sent in by the store. Hard on their heels came a Houston architect and his wife and so the afternoon rocked along until after supper time.

In the evening Celeste gave a party for young couples including Pat and Juanita B. and everything went off in a darling fashion. I learned at today's dinner, which was served earlier than usual so that Celeste to get back to town to attend the first Mass Johnny was to celebrate, followed by a reception at Mildred's, etc.,

At dinner I learned from J. H. that he was leaving shortly after noon for his jaunt to Panama and where ever. I was shocked but controlled my surprise when he remarked that Mexico City would be the first stop. It was in Mexico City and year ago he had to be flown out immediately on arriving because of the altitude. In consequence of that, it seems foolish to me that he should defy experience and chase right back. One never ceases to wonder at the surprising amount of brains and foolishness all wrapped up in a single package.

James phoned me about 5 this afternoon. He said that Kay, the dog and he were at the artist's and asked if I might be available. I might. He said they would await me at the front gate which indeed they did. interruption.....

That was Celeste phoning to say it was supper time and could I come now. I could. On arriving, I found she was entertaining Dee Hertzog, her daughter, Betty, and Hazel Courege, the latter here to spend the night. Having been together the afternoon at the reception, the girls had a great deal to compare notes about and a couple of hour dragged along monotonously. Then came the magical moment for the Hertzog ladies to depart and we all arose and began the endless half hour of chatter that somehow never seems to be taken care of before guests arrive to or arise to depart. And so here I am at long last, bearing a supper tray home with me and happy withal at the quiet and the ability to collapse.....

13473

13473

Monday, February 22nd, 1965..

Memorandum: Fair and 50. The answer to the question: When is a holiday not a holiday, is obviously when it's in Louisiana. There was no postal service, it is true, and I believe the banks were closed but everything else, -- stores, Red Cross, etc., were doing business as on any other day and all the schools were going full blast. I have long since come to the conclusion that either you are or you are not born to take such arrangements as a matter of course, and since I was not, there's no point so far as I am concerned in trying to understand it.

Just as I finished the above paragraph, Carmen called. She mentioned about her busy schedule of the day and among other things, mentioned having to go to the bank about something or other. I asked if the banks had been opened on the Founder's birthday and she said that indeed all of them had been open. The Post Office, according to her, was the only place that observed the holiday. I give up. Carmen I, ve by train tomorrow noon for New Orleans with this year's Miss Merry Christmas. From the Crescent City in a day or two, they fly to Washington, returning on Sunday by air.

I learned today that whatever the group is that is doing Central America at the moment, it is not including South American on its agenda. It seems J. H. and the rest of them flew to Panama on Sunday and will move northward from there--Nicaragua, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Mexico and so back to Louisiana.. The schedule calls for them to get back home a week from this coming Friday. Before leaving, however, J. H. said there was too much time wasted along the way and that he expected to be back early next week.. Like so many of his travels, it appears that the traveling is the important thing and not spending much time absorbing anything along the way. I guess it's a wonder the travel agencies succeed as well as they do when one pauses to consider how differently the impulses of every other pilgrim must be.

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I shall send along in a day or two a letter from Dr. Dorman which came to hand in Saturday's post. It was so typical Dorman-ish, denouncing me for not contributing a column to Charles. I'm wondering how she knew about the matter. As I recall, in her letter, she states I refused, -- believe that is the way refused to write for Charles. I believe she does not subscribe to the Enterprise. Accordingly she must have picked up the news of the absence of the column from someone. As Charles knows Carrie and I are old friends, perhaps he inspired the letter, or at least suggested she write. Be that as it may, it afforded me great pleasure to respond to her letter, ending it up with a suggestion that she come to see me when she can and take home some of Louella's eggs to sit on. Poor Dr. Dorman, forever sticking out her neck so I can chop it.

It is a coincidence that last week I did a column for future use, having to do with some bird or other, wood pecker, I believe. And in Sunday's Shreveport Times there was an article on the same subject by little Dr. Dorman. Although they take the paper across the fence, I never get the Dorman article which monthly I believe, but someone mentioned the fact the other day and I only hope Dr. Dorman doesn't get it. I hope he has not put it into her head that I lifted her subject matter.

Tomorrow is the date set for the New Orleans Commission to hold his hearing in March to hear regarding the charge Charles made that Mrs. Chopin should be refused unemployment compensation since he offered her a job, stipulating she should never see this or that person outside of her working hours, -- primarily the Walkers, I suppose. It will be interesting to see how the thing comes out. In the mean time, people like I. S. Willard have been shocked that Charles should be indulging in such picaresque business. It is said Mr. Walker will accompany Mrs. Chopin to the hearing to lend what weight he can to her side of the case.

The shocking scuffling going on in Harlem, revolving about the Malcolm X murder and allied recuperations in Chicago suggests that even as in gangster days, the divisions in the group busy themselves in fighting each other which is perhaps better that way, having it all within the same race, than widening the racial gap by shooting in that battle line. I think we are lucky in having President Johnson occupying the big chair these days.....

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Tuesday, February 23rd, 1965.

Memorandum: Mrs. Walker called. I was curious to learn how the afternoon's session with the Commissioner turned out in which Mrs. Chopin and Mr. Walker appeared on one side, Charles on the other. It went off smoothly enough, it was reported. Charles stated that he could not remember having admonished Mrs. Chopin that when she began working for him, she must no longer see her former friends, especially the Walkers. Charles seemed considerably shaken but neither contestant lost self control and the Commissioner will take back from whence he came a tape recording of the whole proceedings and the decision in the matter will be forwarded to Watchtowers when the recording has been properly mulled over by which ever Board decides on such points.

Earlier in the day I had talked with Mrs. Genung who reported that Harper has signified interest in the text of the book on Journalism which Mrs. Walker is concentrating and there is some talk about having additional chapters added, the portion by Mrs. Walker on reporting, editing, etc., being added to with chapters by Mr. Walker on publishing. I believe Mrs. Walker's original intention was to turn out a text book for students of Journalism and I should imagine her experience might be of value to college students about to graduate and take a job on a paper. Off hand, however, I should imagine there would be comparatively few students, I should think, who would be much concerned with the publishing end of the study, should that be included. Surely there must be comparatively few college graduates who can hope to get tangled up in publishing very soon after receiving their sheepskin in Journalism.

Mrs. Walker also referred to Plantation Memoirs which I have been sending to her weekly during the past six weeks. In her opinion, and I'm inclined to think she is right, it will probably be easier to get these syndicated if examples are taken from some paper with considerable circulation, sending same to other Editors with the syndication matter in mind. I had envisioned some Saton Rouge paper for New Orleans and so was a little surprised to find that it was not to be.

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Wednesday, February 24th, 1965.

learnshe had sent a few to TheShreveport Times, a paper repres nting strength in circulation although not interested usually in my type of stuff. Mrs. Walker said she called TheShreveport Times this morning, asking the manuscripts be returned since silence pre-supposed a lack of interest. To her surprise, she was asked to let them keep the copies at hand for further study as they were interested in them. They will pay next to nothing for them, probably around 2 or 3 dollars at the most which is what they pay for all syndicated columns by all columnists, as I understand it, which is the reason why columnists naturally like to get as many subscribers as possible. Well, we shall see what we shall see and I shall keep on knocking off copy, and always making carboncopies for the local file, don't know what you think so.

Saturday Lestan told me how touched he was by the thoughtfulness of little Miss Lee in the reference she had made to a matter about Life. He said he had expected to see James at Yucca within a few days and had decided to wait his advent before consulting the sticker on which the address appears on each issue, remembering that a long time back, James had pointed out he was some magazine and Lestan thought it was Life, gave some serial number on each sticker that somehow revealed the expiration date of the subscript. At the time, Lestan said, he thought August was the month noted. Perhaps the attached sticker gives the information regarding my guess as to what James had told Lestan. In any event, there have been no notices received but I shall be on the lookout for same, and should any come to hand, being careful not to assume same to be mine, but throw away mail, advising accordingly.

I did not see my 9 o'clock coffee companion this morning. The clerk told me this noon that she is spending tonight in town with Juanita A. I understood the clerk to say Joe was in Washington last week and for some convention or other where he had had a bout with a gripe or whatever the present variety of influenza is known as. Some State schools have closed because of the threat of an epidemic and the Walker boy is at home with 102 fever. So many people take cold shots now, days but I have wondered about the point of this since the doctor don't seem to know any cure for a cold. It's all in the same class with the Ranger 7 or 8 camera that took 7,000 photographs of the moon in 23 minutes which all fearful and wonderful and quite beyond my comprehension.....

13477

13477

Wednesday, February 24th, 1965.

Memorandum: All the talk today is about the weather. It rained a little over an inch during the night. This morning it was 49 in Alexandria and 29 in Shreveport which indicated the cold front was rolling in this direction. It soon sagged to freezing here and remained that way all day. It began clearing about 5:30 tonight and Shreveport reported it will be cold tonight, 14 degrees there, 25 in Alexandria. The more daring plants that have already put out new leaves will get them nipped a dab tonight. It will be good for the pear trees at least for they always put on more embryonic fruit than they can possibly hold onto without breaking the limbs and so I shall not mind a bit if they lose some of the present beautiful collection of miniature pear promises.

Perhaps it was because of the inclement weather, possibly the clerk told him not to come or just as likely for a half dozen other reasons, Andy didn't show up this Wednesday. He had told the clerk this morning he had never ransacked Celeste's liquor store or money cache, that he had never raided the kitchen of the big house or broken into Yucca, just as he had sworn to me he had never asked money from pilgrims. It is said, however, he is very cross at August for the latter's work at Yucca and in the gardens and the only reason August is given such work is solely because I prefer "niggers" such as August who chances to be a mulatto while Andy is proud to say he is white. Poor Andy! He didn't like it at all when Ida Red stole from his cabin but don't seem to think any us should mind when he steals from us. This afternoon I found the enclosure of the Unicorn House all awash, what with plenty of water ready about from the rain of last night and this morning, re-enforced by a hose going full tilt. It is governed by a faucet in the middle of the Ghana garden which I assume Andy may have turned on in a childish fit of peevishness. I can think of only two or three people knowing where that faucet is situated and I can think of nobody in his right mind turning it on. It got the guineas and pheasants somewhat damper than they had been and they didn't seem to like the flood much but, it goes without saying, Low Paul and Louella just loved it. Unless he mends his ways, he's heading straight for exile, I fear, and although I have done what I over the past several months to try to get him back on the road to safety for his accustomed way of life prior to his

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insistence on teetering on the uncertain edge of disaster, my efforts seem to have come to naught and I receive only brickbats for my efforts. There may be something to the adage that the only real charity one can perform is that which is never appreciated by the one for whom it is intended.

I think I did not mention yesterday when referring to a conversation with Mrs. Walker that she reported just having had a telephone chat with Margaret Dixon who suggested that if the Walkers should decide to make their home in Baton Rouge, Mrs. Walker might do some writing for the Morning Advocate at seven thousand a year if she wanted the job. I gather neither he nor she have the slightest notion which way they are going to turn for a new line of endeavor. One day it's all Illinois, another day it's Massachusetts next thing I hear is Porto Rico then Baton Rouge and tomorrow will be something else. I am impressed by the strange combination of Bohemianism and conservatism and liberalism all neatly rolled into a single ball. And speaking of a ball, Mrs. Chopin tells me that the Walkers have tickets for the Mardi Gras balls, -- Mercury, R and one other. I believe they leave for New Orleans on Friday for at least three nights of such doings which is another surprise since I should imagine one such doings would more than satisfy people of the area state.

I didn't see my 9 o'clock coffee companion this morning. She called me about 5 o'clock this evening, however, inviting me to sup with her. I accepted. She had so many things to tell me going to the beauty parlor early on the morrow, invitations to luncheon and to dinner and more of the same thing on the following day but especially about the morrow, her natal day, of course. Tonight's radio mentions a bit of scuffling going on in Guatemala being some kind of a political thing engineered by Castro-ites, though it is guessed. I wonder if this will supply the merchant planter with an excuse for skipping that country as he moves northward from Panama.

I chanced to be tuned in on a Denver station last night and heard an interesting couple of hours of talk about the late Judge Ben Lindsey who established the world's first Children's Court a long time ago in that place. Some mention was made about a dinner party given for the Judge and his wife and among those present on that occasion was what I understood to be "the unthinkable Mrs. Thomas". Later on there was a reference to the "unthinkable" lady as having saved many people when the Titanic went down and then I wondered if the word might have been "unsinkable". I asked Mrs. Genung today if she had heard of any of these people when I talked with her today. She had known Judge Lindsey and said Mrs. Thomas and Mr. Thomas had extracted lots of silver from the Colorado, about three or four hundred millions, she believed. Eventually Mrs. Thomas made as great a success in society as did Mrs. Potter Palmer, both ladies reaching their American pinnacle via European social triumphs. I must inquire more about Mrs. Thomas....

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Thursday, February 25th, 196

Memorandum:

Sky fair, breeze cold. The sun began softening the frozen ground by noon, however and the breeze diminished by sundown and we are promised fair and gradually warming temperature for the morrow. James dropped in this afternoon and I was glad to see him. He didn't have news in particular but I was glad to range widely in what he had been reading in the newspapers and magazines. He mentioned having seen a book reviewed recently that carried some title like

"Negro Cowboys of the West",

or some such titles.

We have always had plenty of cowboys of color in this region but I have never thought about colored cowboys in the West. James said according to the review, some of them had practiced the art of herding as far North as the Dakotas, a picture which shocks me a little since I can't believe people of color were ever designed to live in snowbank country.

There is something about the sight of colored boys on horseback that has invariably turned my thoughts to the excessive wonder of the Aztec Indians when they first beheld the Spaniards of Cortez time, -- soldiers on horseback. That was the first time the Mexican inhabitants had ever seen horses, I believe, and the Indians, understandably astonished, though they were looking at a single animal that could dis-joint itself and become two separate animals at will, only to unite into a single unit when they felt like it. No wonder it put the red skins into a panic.

It is not this consternation of the Indians, however, that moves me at the sight of local cowboys astride their steeds but simply because there is something about the way a colored boy can airily rise from the ground to sit astride the horse's back with all the agility imaginable and then ride away, with or without saddle, giving the impression readily enough that he and the horse comprise a single entity.

I'm bound to say, too, that the local cowboys have a way of radiating a certain dignity, a sort of grandeur, once astride a horse, that has always filled me with admiration and made me wonder why one or another artist, preferably a sculptor, hasn't caught the rhythm and majesty of

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this entrancing combination and carved it into stone or cast it into marble.

I forgot to ask if the book is illustrated but I assume it is not for, if I recall what was said about it, it consists primarily of references from letters and memoirs three quarters of a century or so ago. James said that from the review, he gathered the consciousness of color faded proportionately to the distance North the colored cowboy traveled. I believe he said one of them attained a judgeship when he grew older, relinquishing the saddle for the bench.

It was only today that I got a round to glance at one or two of the clippings sent some time back by Mrs. Stirling. One carries the likeness of I. S. Willard will speak for itself. The pictures seem large enough for the average newspaper likeness and I suppose I ought to be able to make out one detail better than I can, -- the perruque. Off hand, I should say it suggests dark hair if it isn't a wig. Perhaps it is black hair or some saraphan of new-fangled head gear for although I have noticed I. S. Walters the color of her locks frequently, it seems to me she usually plays around with light brown or white or golden-blond as the whim may strike.

He James laughed about his correspondence of late with the public library in Alexandria. He said he had several hundred dollars worth of books, most of them beautifully illustrated, which he wanted to share with or rather give to the public and accordingly had written the Alexandria Institution offering them. About three weeks later he received a letter saying it would be alright if he wanted to present them. He cast about, finding padded paper for wrapping the individual volumes and spent some effort on getting them properly placed in three boxes and then getting them shipped pre-paid, to the aforesaid library. A little over three weeks afterward, he received a strikingly brief letter of appreciation, something to the effect in a single sentence?

"Thank you for the books."

He said the letter sounded just like some of those penned me by GO Presidents, referring to a local tour made by same.

dashoff a note to her before folding up my beard.....

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13481

Friday, February 26th, 1965.

Memorandum: please see above for details of the above mentioned items. The items are being sold at a public sale on the 1st of June 1960 at the same place as the above mentioned items. The items are being sold at a public sale on the 1st of June 1960 at the same place as the above mentioned items.

The surprise news of the day had to do with Carmen, who had gone to New Orleans, en route to Washington but she didn't get away from the Crescent City. It was on Canal Street in front of D. H. Holmes that she slipped and fell, breaking her pelvis. For some reason, perhaps a shortage of hospital facilities because of the current flu epidemic, she was first taken to her hotel, the Monteleon, and thence to Turco. This must have required some doings for a pelvis patient. She has a couple of cousins in the Crescent City and they were with her right away. Her brother, Payne, of Baton Rouge immediately sent one of his lawyer sons down to see about things and so I reckon she is receiving adequate attention.

The Merry Christmas Queen whom Carmen was to chaperon to Washington, joined the other Queens with their chaperons and departed for Washington and Saturday night's Mardi Gras ball.

From Hatchitoches the lady doctor, --Worsley, --'phoned Turo to see if Carmen might be transferred either to Alexandria or Hatchitoches away in order that Carmen might be nearer her family physician and her relatives but Turo said she could not be moved for at least five days.

At 75, one's bones tend to heal more leisurely than in younger brackets, I suppose, and somehow pelvis and wheelchair seem to associate the one with the other in my mind. But I am not acquainted with the miracles of modern surgery and for all I know, Carmen may be up and swinging out in a surprisingly short time. Let us hold the thought.

The Walkers left for a five or six day visit to New Orleans this morning, departing before learning of Carmen's accident. They plan to attend two or three carnival balls, attend the races and so on. In view of all that has gone before, I should find it interesting if they, on learning as they will, of Carmen's presence at Lure, should chance to be among the earlier callers.

In the mean time, Carmen's sister is in the Hatchitoches hospital, put there by the lady doctor for some tests. Seesill, as one does not spell her the world's prize fuss-budget and always throws a fit whenever Carmen, of Seesill is profoundly jealous, plans to make any trip such as the Washington one. Then, too, Seesill loves to dramatize her own aches a

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pains as being worse than those of anyone else but in the present instance, it would seem as though she would have some difficulty in convincing anyone that there is anything much worse than a broken pelvis. So swirls things around the house of Breazeale.

The ice is gone from the big sugar cane and once more there's a suggestion of spring in the air. The tender green leaves of the pear saplings turned yellow and will fall off to be replaced by new ones. I am impatient to get the kitchen garden ploughed but shall have to wait a day or two of drying out of the soil. In higher places, however, I was able to get a fair amount of spading done today and I shall plant radishes, onions and such like in such places this coming week. I have transplanted some ornamental plants today and have added a couple of rows of day lilies to either side of the brick walk in front of the big house. Tomorrow I shall remove some overgrown alphas and transplant some persimmon trees from the bulb garden to Ghana. Another week will be too late, I fear, for moving persimmon trees for they are among the earlier things to start pumping up sap at this time of year.

I guess I didn't mention yesterday that James brought me a clipping from the Baton Rouge Advocate concerning a statue of the Emperor Hadrian now standing in front of the Building and Loan office in New Iberia. Wouldn't it be interesting to find out how and when a statue of Hadrian found its way to New Iberia? I must re-read that book, "Romance and Villa" that has quite a lot to say about Hadrian just to refresh my mind. The mention of him in the book of New Iberia recalled the presence in Weeks Hall's garden of the statues that were intended for Yucca but got side-tracked in transit. Perhaps I might do a column one day on the matter of these figures in stone.

Quite the home front in the social department. I'm bound to give credit where credit is due. Celeste lied for me when Juquita A. called to invite her and me to dinner on Sunday, Joe being just back from Washington and J. H. being in Central America. Celeste called me right after the conversation to pass along the invitation but said she had told the Joe Henrys she thought I was expecting people. Before she had told me that, I had already told her to count me out as I have no desire to waste 2 or 3 hours chasing to town to break bread in a household so fraught with unhappiness. And so I'm anticipating a quiet weekend and may it be the same in Lyme.

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Sunday, February 28th, 1965.

Memorandum:
Cloudy, humid and 70. Letter to Miss Lee.

It was such a delightful weekend, what with a letter of the 26 from Lyme, no family and only a few pleasant visitors.

I am holding the thought it may have been equally quiet in Lyme and that little Miss Lee found an opportunity to rest a bit and to enjoy some of the things accompanying a season of pure relaxation. I especially hope there was an opportunity to turn through the Chamberlain volume. I was astonished to learn how quickly it had been acquired. I look forward to a re-reading of the letter for I did not, in the first reading, hit on the figure the book cost. As the purchase is being made simply for a friend who has no facility in acquiring such items and quite capable of taking care of such matters, even as in the case of the Chopin volumes, I shall be appreciative if, assuming the figure does not appear in Thursday's letter, it will be passed along in a subsequent communication so remittance may be made promptly.

The discovery of interesting books often strikes me as being somewhat parallel to the discovery of Art objects, be they of ancient and buried vintage or of contemporary times, simply hiding in the shadows awaiting their discovery by some gifted archaeologist like little Miss Lee. Undoubtedly many such treasures remain hidden and some of them may escape discovery in our time but still it is thrilling to sense that such things are forever coming to the surface unexpectedly and will probably continue to do so as long as anyone is interested and anyone has the bright eyes to discover them. May I congratulate little Miss Lee.

I was so interested in every point made by the letter and am so happy to have each point made at the particular source. How glad I am to God for such endless riches.

I. S. Willard called on the phone Saturday morning at 10:15. She said she realized Saturday was a busy day on the plantation and that we dined at 11:30. --I corrected it by jumping up the time to 11:15, guessing a request for a visitation was in the offing. She said her son had just flown in from somewhere and they had to go to the plantation in the afternoon but he was especially anxious to see me again and they came. They could. As a matter of fact, they did come, arriving at 10:45 and departing at 11:25 which was just perfect. I admire D. Willard, Esquire, and was enchanted to chat with him even for such a short time. Naturally I didn't ask any questions.

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about his immediate plans, especially if he would be in Paris in April, for I can learn about that from I. S.W. herself. He wanted to talk about Versailles, remarkable to relate, for it seems his interest in the neighborhood quickened during the last year or two when his mother had written him of my interest in the place and, on getting better acquainted with the domain, he, too, had fallen in love with it. Of course, one never knows about this or that individual's reactions to a place when one recommends it to the attention of another. Quite possibly I have been so steeped in his lore that I find in it, as one finds something very special in an aroma bringing back forgotten yesterdays, that nobody else could be expected to find. Then, too, I should always remember that it grew on me at all seasons of the year and at all times of the day, especially at dawn, at twilight and under a full moon, which gradually builds into one under such circumstances something quite different from an original impression, experienced in the upsurge of scads of tourists, exhaustion, unsuitable garb, tired feet and so on. I suppose Herr Willard may have skipped out with his wife and children at "off-seasons" and "off-tourist hours" and possibly for that very reason while living near by, somehow discovered he was absorbing more than had been his impressions on other occasions.

I found it interesting that I. S. Willard who had been in Hatch since Thursday had not heard of Carmen's accident. Saturday's Enterprise did not come on Saturday but from town I received the report that Saturday's paper mentioned nothing about the matter. This seems exceedingly odd, what with the supposed affinity between Carmen and Charles. Perhaps mention is made of it but my agent didn't chance upon it. The Walkers had not heard of it before they left town for New Orleans on Friday but Mrs. Genung told them on the phone when they called her from New Orleans Friday night. They reported they would call on Carmen at Turo and I wonder what the reaction of both Miss Breazeale and Mrs. Walker will be to that meeting in such a place under such a circumstance.

Celeste had some of her girl friends in for cards this afternoon. She phoned me around 4 to say Sister Edwina from the Church across the river had just driven in with some nuns, hoping they might see the gardens. I took them under my wing and although most nuns enjoy such a turn primarily for the outing and not because of any interest in history, architecture, horticulture or folk lore, this group really did enjoy the fresh air and the chance to stretch their legs, as one may say. But each delight to stretch her legs. The card playing girls were gone by 8:30 and I pressed Bill for a Juliette with Celeste and this was a quiet weekend comes to a close and I hold the thought it was equally peaceful at Lyme.

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Monday, March 1st, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and in the 70's. It rained an inch last night and at this moment is engaged in dropping what appears to be another inch, accompanied by much flashing and crashing around and about.

Before mail time this morning a couple of ladies made their bows. One has an old home in Jefferson, Texas, which is on the annual Spring Pilgrimage there. She is very pleasant spoke of Carolyn and invited me to make a round when in the Jefferson area. I must make a mental note.

The other lady was photographing and making notes for an article for Select magazine. Both ladies seemed to find much of interest in their little go-round. The first lady said she had met a Mrs. Wenk at one of the Jefferson Pilgrimages and had been given to understand that she lived at Melrose and asked if she could be any kin to the late Mrs. C. G. Henry. She was a little puzzled about this since what she had observed of the one and heard about of the other didn't seem to suggest an parallels.

James dropped in this afternoon. He was highly entertaining of subject matter covering Saturday night when the Registers invited the Willards to supper at the Broadmore restaurant. It had been agreed that James would pick up I. S.W. and her son, Dan, at 7 o'clock but James, knowing I. S.W.'s unawareness of time, calculated her would do well to give her at least 20 minutes of additional time, and accordingly arrived at 7:20. But he found the guests were not ready and so it was 8 before they got under sail. Arriving at the restaurant, I. S.W. had a little Japanese camera she wanted to demonstrate before the order was given. In fiddling with the thing, a tiny bulb jumped out of the contraption and flew Heaven knew where. There was quite a commotion tracking it down as everyone crawled under tables in search of it. Other episodes transpire which set the pre-eating period well into the night and nobody got to do much talking, what with all the to-do occasioned by the camera, a left-handed lognette that went fl apart, etc., etc., and after the supper, I. S.W.

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drove her son to Alexandria to catch a ^{plane} for St. Louis or some place. It is thought the son will be in Europe in April but perhaps based in London but will skip over to Paris to spend a weekend with his mother and Ada Jack Carver Shell. But the little old Japanese camera with its booklet of instruction which had to be read to instruct the waiter how to operate it to secure a picture of the group at the table knocked out much opportunity for anybody to have a civilized conversation and I am one who rejoices in not having been present at the hurly-burlg.

The latest news from Carmen is that when she is able to be moved, she will be taken to Baton Rouge where her brother has a pleasant home with ample room for the recuperating patient. It is said the pelvis break is such that pins cannot be used to hold it together and accordingly the bone will have to be supported the pins usually afford I assume this means she is in a cast. How long she will remain in it, I wouldn't know but it seems to me it was several months that Kay was in one when she broke her hip. How much a positive attitude helps in getting bones to knit, I wouldn't know but Carmen has such a positive attitude about most things and perhaps that will assist in this case.

Mrs. Chopin called me about 9 tonight. She had been in New Orleans since Friday, arriving here, that is, back home late this afternoon in time to take Mrs. Genung to dinner.

She said she had seen a few parades, gone to one or two balls and in the afternoon attended the races with a sister or two of her. In regard to the races, she said the girls had pooled their money on various races and had lost some and won some and when the whole business was finally tallied, it was found that each in vester had lost twenty cents which she felt was reasonable enough for an expenditure on an afternoon's entertainment. Mrs. Chopin had been with her sister and mother who live in New Orleans but had seen Walkers several times at the Roosevelt. She had expected to find them more jolly but perhaps they were distracted by her presence, she said. The Walkers intend to remain in New Orleans until Wednesday or Thursday, she said.

As for life on the old plan, I got quite a few things transplanted, --day lilies, persimmons and so on, and tonight's soaking rain is just the proper thing to help the plants forget they have never been moved, so abundance will be the drinking opportunities so soon following their transplanting.

I asked Mrs. M. to knock off a few little letters and call it a day. I suppose the current subscription would expire in August. I suppose notices concerning same may be expected along in early summer and I shall enclose same if and when they come to

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Tuesday, March 2nd, 1965.
Memorandum:

Cloudy and chill in the 30-40 range.
It is said to be air-ish and a little damp side in the Crescent City. This morning rain was predicted for tonight, suggesting some of the night parades might not even come off. Lots of people, from a half to a million visitors are said to be thronging New Orleans and I hold the thought they are finding their visit worth while. I assume it must be a little like Coney Island on Decoration Day or some such. As in most big festivals such as Presidential inaugural parades, Mardi Gras must be best seen, I fancy, by TV.

As excellent an example of people liking punishment is a local family, all old enough to know better, who made up their minds if any around 9 o'clock this morning to drive to New Orleans or as close to the city as they could drive, view whatever parades not rained out that had not already terminated by the time they reached their destination and sometime during the night, to find their car and then drive back home. That is what I should dub a day.

I don't know if any Cane River youngsters put on costumes this afternoon as they sometimes do, each calling himself a Mardi Gras. I had an opportunity to get a dab of help cleaning house this afternoon and so had the place pretty well torn up and much of the furniture on the gallery when August said he thought he saw somebody coming. I gave the approaching group and opportunity to reach the gallery before I stepped out on the gallery, asking as I did so if the group consisted of Mardi Gras-ers. Everybody giggled and it turned out to be Blythe Rand, her daughter-in-law, Virginia wife of Horace Rand, some lady from Chicago and three ladies from Northwestern, I guess.

Blythe said she had tried to reach me on the 'phone during the morning but had had no luck. We sorted out furniture and found a place to collapse. They remained quite a while or so it seemed to me since I was calculating mentally how much cleaning was not getting done as I chatted with the laundress. Everybody was sprightly and pleasant and small talk greased the wheels of cold water in a pan of hot

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Eventually I engineered them all to the front gate and turned with a slight satisfaction that I could pick up tag ends where August and I had left them when three of the ladies wanted to know if they could have some of the gourds from the Yucca gallery. They could and three quarters of an hour later they had made their selection and headed back toward the front gate. He, he, he.

Some friends from town had asked yesterday if a special exception might be made so they could bring friends down tonight at 6:30 and so I hustled up to finish the housecleaning job, yank off my long beard before supper and rush home, after feeding the furred and feathered folk their supper and climb into some clean raiment for the visitors. It is now nearly 10 of the and I have neither seen nor heard from anybody. Shortly I shall bring forth the refreshments I had planned to serve and let them grace my night table for my own delectation.

I just responded to a tapping at my chamber door, to borrow a statement from Poe. It was the cats, pulling back the screen door and letting it bang which is their way of letting me know they could stand a saucer of milk. I am impressed that it is sleeting and I'm asking myself what kind of a March we are heading into this year. Snow was mentioned as a possibility for the area around Shreveport and I hold the thought it may remain there.

The merchant planter was said to have been in Nicaragua today and heading for Guatemala shortly with a chance that the whole party may skip skip Mexico and so get back home within a day or two although the original plans for their journey would not have called for them to return home before this coming weekend.

The other day I checked on the bamboo situation along the river banks and found the growth much to my liking. A few years back I had planted on the east bank between the bridge and the Rand camp and below the bridge. On the west bank, below the church, I also planted several plots of ground near the margin of the river and all of these efforts seem to have flourished, producing big stalks of bamboo. I thinned out the larger stalks in the local hedges around the gardens to discourage the vast herds of blackbirds concentrating on the place and now that it is time to re-build the gourd trellises, I am happy to be able to draw on the fine stands along the river for this material. It may be possible to round up a truck and a couple of men tomorrow if the weather isn't too bitter and in half a day get all the material cut and transported to the gourd gardens and thus effect the new construction before planting time. My intention originally in planting the bamboo long the river was to provide adequate fishing poles for the many who come to fish in the river and the surrounding area.

And now for a d.b. of mail and thence to a d.b. of radio-ing to see what has been going on in the world.....

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Wednesday, March 3rd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and cold. Everybody, in fact, is talking about the weather and some of us are regretting we didn't get any more of it. Shreveport received from 3 to 5 inches of snow and there seems to be a blanket of the stuff stretching from Beaumont on the Gulf running through Shreveport and on northeastward to Maine. Last night's sleet didn't remain on the ground and all morning the stuff was coming down to the north of us, sleet and snow, but by some miracle we just missed it. Tonight the thermometer stands in the 20's but it doesn't seem as cold as it might since it has been "air-ish" all day.

Thelma called me this morning to ask if I would see her this afternoon and I said I would. She arrived about 12:30, bearing a basket with a lot of good things to eat and drink. We sipped a glass of some dry wine and she spoke of Madame Aubin Roque's House.

It seems, --and none of this is clear to me, that Museum Contents, Inc., has been conferring of late and have done much talk about buying the Madame Aubin-Roque house, taking it down and re-building it in town. Although I gave I. S. Willard the painting she made of the house in 1928, --I guess that was a couple of weeks ago, --she did not mention anything about Museum Contents discussing the possibility of buying the place but it seems that as President of the group, R. B. Williams was delegated to write J. H. Henry about it as J. H. is part owner of the property. The letter must be on J. H.'s desk awaiting his return from Central America and it is my understanding he arrives back in New Orleans tonight and will be here on the morrow.

I should like to know where in town the Museum Contents propose building or re-building the place and where the money for a project may be dug up. Thelma did say that Kay has been giving hand-outs to the Shreveport Zoo, of all places, and it would seem such money might be spent to just as much advantage to this area if given to some project centered on Natchitoches. The thing is, as Weeks Hall would

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phrase it, that something is astir to secure the old house and I shall do what I can to push the effort although I should like to know a little about the plans so I can push in the proper places.

Thelma wanted me to show her the old place before a meeting of the Museum board on the morrow. We drove across the bridge and she stopped in front of Celine's old place, having always supposed that the old convent, the Joe Roque place, was what everybody had been talking about, and Thelma didn't know the Madame Aubin Roque place a few miles up the road. We drove up there and got out of the car and inspected the old house as best we could. For some years it has been full of hay. Recently Commander Wells has been buying the hardware, --handmade hinges, etc., etc., from the people living next door to the old house. The long "L" that formerly extended in back of the house has vanished but the main body of the house is intact, --cypress frame as Yucca, and the mud between the framework could be knocked out and the materials in form of sills, etc., could be taken down, after being properly marked for identification and then set up again in town.

I shall try getting a clear picture of what is being proposed by the Museum Contents, --possibly the idea is to get a building to house some of their things, although I should think an ante bellum town house might be secured in its original setting as far less labor but possibly the ladies want to do things the hard way. But if an old plantation house, fast sagging toward obliteration, may be rescued, I'm in favor of that, too, and some see what we shall see. As of the moment, however, I am a little puzzled that R. B., of all people, should have been delegated to go into the matter with J. H. when it would seem apparent enough off hand to all concerned that Lestan is probably as close to J. H. as any one and could more readily and perhaps fully as successfully give things a twist so far as securing the place would be concerned. Well, we shall see what we shall see.

The Walkers returned from New Orleans this evening. Mrs. Walker called about 9 to give a report of festivities there and to read some mail concerning Plantation Memo that had come to hand during her absence. The letters spoke of the Plantation Memo manuscripts favorably, --their historical sense and beauty of expression, seeming to be the points stressed, and requests for additional samples. I must get busy and knock off some more samples although it would seem to me the 6 or 8 samples already in the hands of prospective publishers plus the 300 columns that have already appeared under the title of Cane River Memo ought to be sufficient to give anyone some notion of what kind of stuff is proposed.

In spite of the cold and the Thelma interlude, August, Fugabou and I got a lot of work done in furthering the re-construction of the gourd trellises and in spite of the wintry aspect of things, I'm hoping to push ploughing and other spring preparations on the morrow....

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Memorandum:

Clear and cold, --20 to 40.

You have perhaps seen something in the press or other news media about the explosion in Hatchiteches this morning killing between 15 and 20 people. At 6 o'clock this morning, while my radio was shouting out the news from my boudoir and I was attacking my beard in my bathroom, getting about as far as one usually does when trying to kill two birds with one stone, a jet passed over the house, making its usual racket and shaking things as it usually does. 6:03 the house shook harder and a rumble more like billowing thunder than a jet engine intervened. I stepped, swinging my razor, from bathroom to boudoir and was struck by the sight of fire lighting the northern sky some 15 or more miles away. I didn't know what it was and so returned to my bathroom and my beard. A few minutes later plenty of reports were coming to hand, all to the effect that the big pipe line carrying gas from the Gulf toward Chicago had exploded in town, not far from the Country Club.

For the past year, the Walkers have had a white servant, Mrs. Rond, just before going home last night, had fixed a pretty bouquet for the dining room table and when the Walkers returned from visiting the scene of the disaster, the little bouquet seemed so touching for Mrs. Rond was no more and her husband was no more and their children were no more and their grandchildren were gone, -- all gone in the morning disaster which ignited a whole row of dwellings in a split second, burning everything, including the inhabitants, in the split second it takes an atom bomb to obliterate things. It is said the 17 or 18 corpses were no longer corpses but merely handfuls of ash. The several automobiles parked in adjacent garages were almost instantly converted into white hot metallic pools. The crater where the gas exploded measured 25 yards by 75 yards. Fortunately all human beings within the immediate vicinity must have been cremated almost instantly and never knew that Fate had overtaken them.

Other people were injured as were their homes but by some miracle neither people nor houses others than those obliterated were very seriously battered or burned.

Up to now, there seems to be no explanation about the gas escaping and flowing about the area near the leak. The bang that rattled windows 15 and 20 miles away and the sheets of flame leaping 5 and 6 hundred feet into the sky obviously represented a terrific force, turning the whole town out of bed and momentarily mystifying everyone. Mrs. Rond told me this afternoon that Mrs. Chapin secured some marvelous herstories to the wire services were picked up immediately and broadcast far and wide. I heard Paul Harvey giving the story from Palm

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Spring, California, and, perhaps because he has been in Hatchitoches on occasion, he pronounced the name of the place as it is locally pronounced.

Mrs. Rue who is sitting in at Red Cross for Carmen poned me this afternoon, saying her phone had been in constant use all day, peep calling from such far away places as Florida, Connecticut, Montana and so on, inquiring about relatives living in this area.

And tonight, I suppose, Mrs. Rend's little bouquet still graces the Walker table.

J. H. and associates returned home early this afternoon. Although there were pecan people for supper, which was the first time I saw J. H., I did get to ask a few questions about his travels. He said San Salvador seemed to be about the most prosperous of the Central American countries visited and Honduras the worst. In talking with the President of one of the countries, the President being very proud of his 1951 Cadillac, the President blandly replied in response to some question about political policy that J. H. would have to consult the General heading the army as the President of the country always took his orders from the military. J. H. said he understood that about thirty percent of foreign aid sent to these countries finds its way into the private accounts in Swiss banks. He said that cotton seems to be the largest staple of these countries, followed by coffee and he could recall the third at the moment. He said United Fruit is in the course of relinquishing its interest in the banana crops of Central America which also surprised me. I don't know why I thought South American had a monopoly on the coffee business but it seems Central America is exporting the bean. My initial impression was that J. H. was not at all favorably impressed by his tour so far as economic, social and political matters were concerned. I should like to have lots of other people's impressions, too, but I shall mull over what J. H. has to say until I can get other viewpoints.

Helma called me this afternoon. She said she and John were heading out for Illinois in their little Volkswagen tomorrow. It's difficult to imagine attempting such a trip in such weather in such a car, -- in any car, in fact, and especially so when they both are so accustomed to flying. I know nothing about how small cars perform on ice bound highways but it seems to me they would have scant chance bucking either drifts or bigger cars and trucks. Verily, there's no accounting for taste.

I was happy to get the Ghana garden worked over today. A liberal amount of chemical was spread about first, followed by a plough to turn the fertilizer into the ground by the plough, Fug, then operating the tractor. I shall give the fertilizer a few weeks to become one with the soil and then turn the soil over again before starting to plant in that area. The sun was so pretty but the breeze so cold, I was glad that Fug, then and not I was mounted on the tractor.

My liking for the Ghana garden work on the trellises, too, and that was all to inquire myself in a fine omelette shortly and then call it a day.....

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Re: Plantation House)-CPx

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Friday, March 5th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Clear with a chilly 30 mile an hour breeze all day.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon the lights at the store, across the fence, at the big house and Yucca. The artist and everyone else up and down the Bermuda road plus everybody from the garage down to the bridge has or have electricity and therefore one assumes the break is purely local and what with the President of Valley Electric in touch with the office in town, we shall probably have some service by way of re-establishing things eventually.

James came down this afternoon for a little visit. He said the news media must have given widespread accounts of the Hatchitoches blast if the number of telephone calls coming in from afar at 406 is any indication of inquiries. -- Charleston, Reno, Los Angeles and so on, -- and by golly, I'm happy to report the electricity has just been restored. The Red Cross continues to receive calls from all around the nation from everybody who has friends or relatives in the area.

Ancient recognition of the phenomenon that if Tragedy and Comedy do not actually go hand in hand, the one often treads on the heels of the other comes to the fore in the present calamity. One man surviving yesterday's horror was not at home with his wife and children because he was locked in jail because of non-support of his family. Now that his wife and children were blown into Kingdom Come and he therefore cannot be held for non-supporting people who no longer exist, he is making a great show of grief over his "loss". Furthermore it is said he will collect handsomely on the aforesaid "losses" and perhaps this financial windfall will completely sooth his despair.

It is said today's Times Picayune carries many excellent picture of the scene of the disaster, some of these being films from Mrs. Chopin's camera although evidently some either are not from her camera or, if so, are pictures taken by someone who may have borrowed some momentarily for standing valiantly across the scene in one of these pictures is non-other than the unmistakable figure of photographer, Ann Chopin, in person.

Mrs. Walker called rather late last night, reporting several aspects of the days doings and then, almost as an after-thought,

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stated that the editor of the Alexandria Town Talk had called Mr. Walker last evening to say he wanted Plantation Memo. At the same time, it appears the Shreveport Times has made up its mind it wants it, too, and, as I understand it, each wants his copy two days before the other. This wish doesn't make much difference since all we want to do is to get one Louisiana paper to start publishing the piece in order that the printed copy may be offered as Exhibit A to the Syndicate boys in order to get them properly rigged up to place it in the hands of several papers. I shall mull over the matter this weekend and make a decision or two. It would seem best to me to withhold publication until the end of the month at least. The reason for this possibility is based on the fact that I should like to have two or three months of copy in perfect order so that there will be sufficient unpublished copies ahead so that these will carry the material through the European interlude of the Walkers and thus have enough of the finished product in the file so that things may run along smoothly until my agent, --Mrs. Walker-- may be back in this country to grapple with the Syndicate if and when relations are established in that quarter. I have done all of the copies by myself thus far but I can foresee the necessity of having to check up on some points from more authoritative sources than my own memory and it is better to have the agent to hand if and when such points should arise. I could undoubtedly appeal to Natalie in case the agent should be out of the country and Natalie "inside U.S.A." but as I have no notion as to her summer plans and as I have not talked with her since last mentioned, I am quite hazy about her intentions for the summer months.

As you know, about 98 percent of the Cane River Memo columns lean on my memory for whatever facts are stated, as, for example, in the one about the travels of Mena Lisa and so far as the casual newspaper reader is concerned, it doesn't matter much if errors through faulty memory creep in. My belief in the integrity of such articles, however, makes me want to have them as factually perfect as possible, not only for the contemporary readers but even more for some future generation when someone will cull them for a book and students in 2065 may chance to put a microscope on every word, wondering the while at the quaintness and the errors of some guy back in the 1965's.

In spite of the stiff breeze and chill, we got a lot of work done in the gardens today, transplanting, spading and so on. I hold the thought the impending weekend may be quiet alike in Lyme and 1.

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Sunday, March 7th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair, breezy and cool.

The weekend was pleasant enough, comparatively calm but with a little on the unexpected side.

Sister blew in on Saturday morning about 8:30. Some either hardy or unsuspecting gentleman, a Mr. Clapp, had driven her down in his car. Sister, as often she does, brought too much food including two big pork roasts, ready for serving. I think there was malice in the gift or, to be more generous, though, for she knows J. H. isn't supposed to eat pork and she dumped both of them across the fence. There were half a dozen full blown pineapples, one side of each got cut, the contents removed and all kinds of fruit of the citrus order, big old cherries, shredded coconut and so on inside. She sent me one a out 10 o'clock in the morning and had several on the noon dinner table and she served the contents of the pineapples into side dishes for the several people at the table. I noticed when nearly everyone had departed, she picked up the side dishes still holding juice or bits of fruit and dumped the contents of the aforesaid dishes back into one of the emptier pineapples and I hear her tell the cook to serve same to J. H., the clerk and me for supper. Thank you, but no. At just the time she and her escort arrived from Shreveport, Dotsie Baby blew in unannounced from Leesville. Mother and daughter seemed equally surprised and annoyed at the presence of each other. Fortunately they all went their separate ways sometime after dinner but Sister threatened to honor us with a real visit toward the middle of the week.

In the afternoon, Hilda Simons and a couple of ladies dropped in from Hilda's camp down the river. I declined their invitation to go home with them for fine drinks and a fine supper.

This morning there were only a few interruptions but the afternoon was different. As I was returning from dining across the fence, I encountered a lady coming in the side gate, to Lucca as I was approaching from the gate the big pot. She seemed enchanted to see and said she had

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just arrived and had left her car in front of the gate. I returned her embrace, thinking first it was S. Willard, then concluding it was la Fulllove. The wind was high and the sun dazzling and it wasn't until we got inside the house I realized it was Helen Baldwin. She had been up to the MacDonald plantation, mentioned by Caroline on her last visit. It seems Caroline and Ola Mae were there, too, and quite a few people from around and about. We talked at random on all sorts of subjects. Concerning the President, she feels that no matter what may have gone before when he was asping to the top job, now that he has it, he is taking the business mighty seriously and is determined to leave a good name for himself and his tenure for history.

At supper I learned somebody had awakened the lady across the fence looking for me, some lady from Lafayette, but I never did see her.

About 4 the Walkers who had been spending the day in Alexandria arrived for an unannounced visit. It was all very pleasant while here, we noticed people walking about in front of Yucca but I never moved from my sofa and did not ever learn their identity. The Walkers departed at 5:30, just as J. H. was returning from town and supper came she tly afterward and then J. H. took me for a ride. --Magnolia, Bermuda, Little River, etc., and it was dark by the time we got home.

There was a long news item somewhere tucked in with the regular 15 minute broadcast yesterday over KWKH, Shreveport. It concerned the Lily B. restaurant in Shreveport, a nicely colored place, remarkable to relate is run by Lily B. Her 19 year old nephew was in the place having an argument with a 19 year old acquaintance, Mack. After a bit, Mat said he was going home and to get his gun. He left but returned in a minute or two, saying he was picking up his two guitars on the floor and taking them home. As he leaned over to pick them up, the Lily B. crowned him with a baseball bat. Lily B. in person dashed out from the kitchen, grabbed a revolver from under the counter shooting instantly with the bullet going through her other hand and striking her nephew in the temple and killing him.

At the same moment, Mack jumped up and ran upstairs and jumped out a window. He dashed down the street to his home, cried out that he had been shot and was rushed to the hospital where a thorough examination showed he had been tapped on the head only. And that was one day's work, wrapped up in two minutes, at the Lily B. restaurant.

Well, Lord, now I must get to work in anticipation of a busy day on the morrow. I held the thought all the Lilies B. in Lyme were less boisterous.....

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Monday, March 8th, 1965.

Memorandum: I was delighted to find a letter from Lyme in today's post, together with the Bouquet de France volume.

Fair and mild in the 30 - 60 range.

I appreciate the clippings, too, and I must say I was surprised to learn that both the Daily News and the Times had carried accounts of the explosion on the 4th. Mrs. Chopin is supposed to call me sometime tonight and as she supplied the data for the wire services, she will be especially interested in learning about the New York papers.

I returned through the Chamberlain book immediately on its arrival and was delighted to find so many illustrations, both photographic and pen. If the data turns out to be as instructive and entertaining as James had mentioned, I can well imagine one might find quite a few notations to make regarding names of places one might want to look in on. The postman was ill today and his substitute consumed more time in making his rounds so that I could readily look over the volume, re-wrap it and get it back into the post for delivery to its ultimate destination before the postman completed his swing down the river on the other side and thence back here to pick up the outgoing mail and thus everything as accomplished with neatness and dispatch.

Saturday's Enterprise went forward to you in Monday's post and has arrived by the time this reaches your true hand, you will notice the pictures on the front page which strike me as excellent. Oddly enough and for what reason I can't imagine, the top picture of the flames is attributed to Mr. Walker whereas the picture was taken by Mrs. Chopin. I never did open the paper but understand there are some pictures on page 2, all of them without caption. These seem to be something of an innovation in the printing business and when the Walkers passed this way Sunday, we discussed the idea of writing to the picture magazines, suggesting that the publishers save themselves trouble and expense by simply printing pictures and leaving it to the subscribers to figure out if they can what the illustrations without captions are supposed to be.

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As an example of how news will travel, there is an example in the matter of a Shreveport romance that is striking. Mrs. Chopin's son was married in Shreveport a couple of weeks ago and at the reception there was a man named Cloud who had drunk champagne liberally and unburdened himself to all who would listen about the charms of a divorcee whom he admired extravagantly. He even went on to say how the lady would call him at 3 o'clock in the morning, inviting him to come over to help her secure the solace of companions at a time following her former physician husband's re-marriage etc. From Mrs. Chopin's description of the man, I gained a mental picture of the same gentleman accompanying Sister on Saturday. Perhaps, he, too, knows the rigors of divorce and therefore both parties can provide each other with expert sympathy.

I suppose Mr. Walker left for Carbondale, Illinois today to look over the educational field in that area. Although I saw him and his wife yesterday, it was only today I learned from Mrs. Gennung that aside from the Alexandria Town Talk, both the Shreveport Times and the Shreveport Journal are contending with each other and the Alexandria paper about Plantation Memo, scuffling over such points as exclusivity, or, that being impossible, which particular day of the week all three could agree to publish so it would appear simultaneously, etc., etc. There is some correspondence and long distance telephone conversation going on about the matter at the moment and I am curious to learn eventually how the matter will be settled.

I talked with Mrs. Rue of the Red Cross today. She reports that Carmen's brother has been to New Orleans to see her and has recommended that when she is able to leave New Orleans it would be better for her to be transported directly to Hatcher rather than going first to Baton Rouge for a few days and thence home. This sounds like common sense to me and so I suppose the ambulance will be depositing the patient in town a week hence.

This morning about 10 while August, Fugabeu, Bub and I were scuffling around in the Yana garden, we abruptly suspended spading operations to glance skyward where the honking of a wedge of wild geese, heading northward, called for admiration and wonder. --admiration at the sight of the beautiful geometria design against the blue and utter puzzlement that these birds should be pushing the season with such determination to catapult themselves into the snowbanks of the northern tier of States where winter continues its rough grasp on the landscape. But their flight somehow held the promise of Spring and we all liked that.....

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Tuesday, March 9th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy with a momentary sprinkle in morning. The thermometer "heovers" around 70.

It was a busy day out of doors but fortunately no pilgrims intervened in my labors. I told myself I would catch up on desk work tonight but the telephone has knocked two hours out of that effort and so I think I shall allow myself the luxury of a communion with a kindred spirit and then fold up my hand. The morning's post brought a letter from Mrs. Stirling which I shall send along with in a day or two for I want to re-read it. One bit of information stated that Pierce Butler, jr. died a couple of years ago. It seems so odd the news failed to reach me by radio and press and that somebody in Hatcher, knowing of my relations with everyone at Laurel Hill never passed along the word. Twice I have written Joan since Virginia's death, saying how puzzled I was that there was no reference to Pierce, the only brother Virginia had, as being among those who survived. I am provoked that she didn't at least jot down a line on one of her Hatcher Trace Association form letters. But why I should be provoked instead of being moved to merriment, I can't say, for it certainly is just another instance of a pattern everybody has always known, to wit, that the ladies in Hatcher will forever be too busy setting into or out of or ready to get in or out of costumes to bother about anything else. Why I should start fulminating about people I know well enough for doing just what I know perfectly well may be expected of them is beyond me and I should much better like to talk about the fine tomato, cucumber and egg salads I have waiting for me in the ice box when I finally get around to call it a day. I am rushing the season a little in the ice tea section, I guess, but I'm looking forward to a sip of that and with vast impatience and satisfaction.

Juanita A. called me this morning and I was pleased
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to chat a bit with her. She said the reason she called was to ask if she might look forward to the resumption of a column. I told her I thought she might but that I am quite in the dark as to where and when. I was vaguely surprised the other day when I. S. Willard, asking the same question, said she missed it because she usually had saved it to read it the last thing before folding up her head and that somehow, regardless of the subject touched upon, she discovered it always gave her so much comfort. Verily, there's no accounting for what people will find in the printed word. I have always thought authors and especially poets, would be thunderstruck if they ever came back to earth and discovered what interpretations present day readers were putting into every choice of word, every turn of phrase. I suppose the same thing would apply even to the columnist.

Bub was here to help with some gardening again today and he came to see me right after breakfast that he had just explored Louella's nest and counted ten eggs. I asked him if he could have a little serious chat with Louella and persuade her to be a nice girl and make up her mind to start setting before June 21st. Bub is said to be pretty rough with this or that wife over the years but I think he would be inclined to be more persuasive with Louella.

Another large aerial armada of wild geese passed over head around 10 this morning, --in a northerly direction, of course. I remain as puzzled about them determined to head into the swamps as I am about Thelma and John going by tiny car through snow and ice to Chicago at this time of year. Somehow it reminds me of that old line of Lew Lohr to the effect that "monkeys is the funiest peoples while I wonder if he had ever heard of the wild geese and the Kyseres.

One hears considerable talk, especially at table, about various aspects of potential insurance payments resulting from the explosion in town. The Tennessee Pipe Line or whatever it is called is smart enough to have Cousin Arthur as their local representative and he will save them money and round up lots for himself at the same time. You asked about the property destruction. The houses in the explosion area were consumed utterly and almost in a jiffy. And now for all that salad I was talking about, a dab of Edam cheese and a sip of Tender Leaf and that's it.....

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Wednesday, March 10th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and drizzly this morning. Cloudy without drizzles this afternoon and cloudy tonight. Thermometer in the 60's.

Sometime this afternoon, that is between 3 and 4, the merchant-planter and wife headed out for Florida, --Tallahassee or some such place. --r. White who lends a hand here at peacan time drove them. They will spend the night at Mobile and thence on to their Peacanmeeting which is scheduled for Thursday and Friday and will be back home Saturday. Travel seems to be the staff of life for them and all I can do is marvel

I was sorry Mildred Cunningham's sister had a painful accident yesterday afternoon. She lives in Baton Rouge and was returning home from a check-up at her doctor's, driving her own car, when she and a truck side-swiped each other. I never did hear how the truck fared but Mildred's sister who must have been driving without a seat belt, was thrown through the car door on the opposite from the one by the wheel and among other things, she received a broken collarbone, some broken ribs and Heaven knows what all.

I hear from various sources that one or another Louisiana paper is threatening to run Plantation Memo. Oddly enough I don't seem to get any account of said doing from my agent and accordingly I don't set much store by what I hear from Mrs. Genung who has a tendency to get the names of places all mixed up. I did learn from Mrs. Walker that Lake Charles is angling for the thing and at about the same time, Mrs. Genung mentioned Lafayette. Either the Shreveport Times or the Shreveport Journal or both seem to be casting about for same and what other places seem to be present but I haven't learned their identity and I know not when they will start publishing. I am learning a few things about the complications of running one column a week in papers publishing dailies for there is a great to-do about one paper laying down and hard stipulations about being the right to publish before the others, etc., etc. If quite a few papers publish the thing, it still will not mean much since the big names in the trade, because of the considerable number of subscribers, can afford to let each paper have

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copy at some nominal figure since the sum total of the whole galaxy brings up the figure to something worth bothering about. For instance, I am told that one can obtain the Drew Pierson column for one dollar and since he and his office grind out six or seven columns per week, the sum total of the resulting income is impressive. It will be interesting to see how the present effort turns in the limited field in which it will flourish or fade, I suppose one is lucky if one gets enough papers to enable one to pay for having the copy typed.

At the moment the Walkers are casting about for certain issues of 1964 with a view of entering various aspects of particular dates into some kind of a contest. Why they should go to so much trouble, now that they are no longer connected with the enterprise, I cannot imagine.

I did hear that Mr. Walker has temporarily dropped the idea of driving to Carbondale, Illinois, to look over the situation in the educational field up there but that news comes from Mrs. Genung and accordingly not too trustworthy. According to her in her yesterday's report, Mr. Walker will spend some time representing one or another interest in the Texas legislature at Austin while today it was said he would be devoting some energies to the Louisiana legislature at Baton Rouge. Perhaps nobody has made up his mind as yet and one report merits no more credence than another. Mrs. Genung often refers to something appearing in the Alexandria Advocate which may mean the Alexandria Town Talk or the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate and one guess is as good as another. Last week she mentioned her intention to drive to Shreveport on the following day whereas in the same breath she mentioned looking forward to dining while there at the Hotel Bentley which happens to be in Alexandria. For the most part, such statements don't matter except in rare instances in which one would really like to know if it is Lafayette or Lake Charles or both or what.

I was impressed by the numeric strength in a wedge of wild geese that passed over around 10 o'clock this morning. I had a couple of assistants helping me with some ditching in the rain and I assigned one line of the wedge to one to count and the other arm of the wedge to the other. From what rough total I was able to round up, there must have been about 100 or 125 birds in the formation. When they are flying low and all honking at the same time, they make a profound impression. The migration streams northward day and night, obviously constituting an impressive number of feathered travelers. It seemed to me last night they must have been flying above the low cloud coverage hiding them from view but not muffling their calls. And now I must wedge myself onto my nice soft pillow from Lyme and get a dab of sleep before tomorrow.....

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Thursday, March 11th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and 70-ish. In November one would style it "drear". In March it's the pause before Spring breaks through on the morrow.

It was delightful to find a letter from Lyme in today's post along with the several clippings for which I am deeply appreciative. After I have finished with the clippings about the pipeline explosion, I am passing them on to Mrs. Chopin, having persuaded her that she should put them in the opening pages of a scrapbook in which others will be added when, as in the Hatchiteches story, they carry stories, by the medium of the wire services, the data of which she herself has supplied. She found the idea novel at first but when I asked her if she wouldn't treasure such a scrapbook if it had been compiled by a grandmother concerned with all the data, she said she hadn't thought about her grandchildren and that perhaps they would like to possess such a repository of Grandma's doings, often deeds of kindness, like ripples on the surface of a pool, have a way of traveling far and echoing down the generations and to my way of thinking, those of little Miss Lee are prize examples.

I am always enchanted when mention is made of prospective journeyings and I shall lend an impatient ear to all whispers on this subject, proposed places to be visited, people to be seen and all anticipation of such pilgrimages. I assume it will be another heavy year in tourist travel and it will be interesting to see how much one can float along on the tide with some of the main streams to places avoiding the crowds at popular places if one is able to detach himself from the main stream or at least make the most of early and late hours of the day to catch glimpses in quiet of places one would like to absorb with a measure of quiet.

I haven't and shall not discuss with the Walker anything about their June-July trip under the auspices of Caravan or some such agency. As they have never been abroad, it is perhaps just as well they should make this first effort with a band of people like themselves. Personally I could imagine nothing more wearing on me that going through such an exercise of two months duration encumbered by a flock of people who would completely insulate me against any feeling of being abroad. I think the Kysers do well

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when they buy or rent a little car and drive where they will
lingering or rushing away from any place as inclination
impels. Were they not being herded around and about, I should
recommended little trips around Paris, for example, that might be
achieved on week days, preferably early in the week, thereby avoiding
the crowds. How one goes any place nowadays, I wouldn't know but
a quarter of a century ago, if one were going to Versailles, for
example, one could get a 6 a.m. electric train from Quai d'Orsa or Champ
de Mars station and whiz out for breakfast in 20 minutes, --
the whizzing, not the breakfast, in that time. Then one could walk
in the Park and visit the Grand and Petit Trianon and the Hameau
before the tourists in Paris had awakened. One could do the
same thing around 4 in the afternoon, dining at the Trianon Palace Hotel
or even the little restaurant, Petite Venise, near the
Grand Canal, walking in the gardens until 9, as I recall.
--no and if one had a little car, all such trips could be arranged even
more readily, I suppose. What ladies do we know who drive cars.....
There are so many places of sentimental appeal with no visible
of historic monuments that one would be wasting time spending a day
trying to reach them by electric train, bus or trolley since the
effort might involve a whole day for one single historic spot
of vanished 17th century appeal. If, however, they have renting
by day car service in Europe, one could visit half a dozen
such places in a day and if one didn't happen to have a
chauffeur, I suppose one might contact somebody like mein lieber Sven
and persuade him to recommend a youth to drive the vehicle, who,
starting from Place de la Concorde, might pass through the Bois de
Boulogne, Saint Cloud, Boulogne-sur-Seine, St. Germain-en-Laye,
Levequeiennes, Marly-le-Roi, Versailles, Maintenon and Chartres, all
in one day. There wouldn't be any chance for absorption but it
would offer glimpses that might enrich one's memory in later days. I
suppose, I suppose, could be said for Soeur, Vaux-le-Vicomte which
probably isn't open. Fontainebleau with dinner at L'Aigle Noir
opposite the chateau courtyard and back by way of Soeur-Robinson if
at that place one still may mount the steps into the trees and sup the
Hunter Pierson of Alexandria called me this morning. I can
never get that eloquent lawyer to stop talking and knew when I
heard his voice I would have the same difficulty which I did and
that he would want me to do him a favor which he did. Next
Tuesday he wants to bring Craig Claiborne, descendant of Louisiana's
first governor. Craig Claiborne is today Food Editor of the New York
Times who phoned Hunter he wanted to meet the author of Calico Cooks
which, in his estimation but nobody else's, is "the most interesting
book of its kind he has encountered". Imagine. Hunter wanted to
know if they should come here in the morning and go on to
Briarwood or the other way around. I told him the other way about
would be better. --Carrie's first, because they have a dinner engaged
in Alexandria that night and perhaps Time will favor me and thus keep
them both out of my hair completely.....

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Friday, March 12th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and drizzly. Last night it was 49, today 50 so the thermo
must be taking a rest in anticipation of climbing days ahead.

There were a couple of points touched on in yesterday's
letter from Lyme to which I wanted to refer. The Flower
Show at the old Grand Central Palace in March somehow had a way every
of announcing the arrival of Spring within a short time. Now that
the show has moved over from Lexington to Columbus Circle, I
hope that it took with it the ability to proclaim the advent of
Primavera. I'm thinking of the white peacock on the greensward
and picturing how impressed he must have been in such surroundings.
And the mention of peacocks reminds me how often people
have asked me if these birds have a tendency to fly away and
I always say that usually in this setting they seem to prefer a rather
limited range and only when someone frightens them or they themselves get
mad at the snowy weather do they manifest inclination to go "broadin'".
And then the person inquiring about the matter asks another question:

Why do they keep them in a wire cage at Hedges Gardens.

That is something I cannot answer but shall inquire about it when
I chance to be yonder. With four or five thousand acres for a range,
I should imagine they might well be contented to remain at home.
I have long intended to ask if they are restrained by wire netting at
Sterling Forest.

Another point I wanted to touch on has to do with the mention
of the Times Picayune as a possible vehicle for Plantation
Memo. That would fall within the province of Warren Ogden and
his rejection of material has puzzled everyone in recent years and
nobody seems able to capture any explanation. Several years ago,
perhaps 1958 or 1959, Carolyn twice prepared article
she thought timely and interesting to Picayune readers, supplying illus-
trations with a new photograph of one of the new fangled came-
then revolutionizing newspaper and pictorial fields. She took it
in person to Warren but he, who had published articles by her
a year or two ago, wouldn't accept it.

The following year Carman tried to get him to print a
story about Pilgrimage but he returned that with its
pictures in the same day. Both on Pilgrimage and on
Thelma and John at different times subsequently have re-
commended articles and each time he has rejected them. The Walkers had
known Warren for years and Mrs. Walker did an article

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about Leston with illustrations by Morgan and was astonished at the prompt rejection at the time of the award, especially as Warren knew everyone concerned. Mrs. Walker isn't at all upset by rejections or rejection slips but she was genuinely provoked at Warren in that particular instance. And so it is that many people I know, including the ab enumerated and many others have simply written Warren off their list and never submit anything to him any more.

On the home front, things began turning with increased vigor when Sister arrived about 4. I assume J. H. and Celeste may be journeying through Alabama tonight, heading in this direction I assume they will travel all night or however long it takes to make the trip from Florida. What with rain and drizzle be-clouding the Alabama countryside anyway, there progress will probably be comparatively slow.

Today's post brought a copy of the current issue of Louisiana Magazine or whatever the old Hedges Gardens Magazine may now call itself. I have not had a chance to even cast a glance in its direction and as I should like to acquaint myself with its contents, I shall hold it for a few days before sending it along. I believe Helen or somebody told me that the present issue stresses the MacDonald Dutch Garden project near Newellton, La., and I shall perhaps get some notion as to features of that development through this medium. Evelyn mentioned her wish to bring Mr. MacDonald down here shortly and she mentioned something about Mr. MacDonald wanting me to come and look over this property and the magazine may give me some hint as to what I may expect, --if and when. I was interested in learning from Helen that no charge is made for visitors to the gardens but there is a gift shop on the place which it is felt may serve to make sufficient profit to defray some expenses of the place. It is said the items in the gift shop are all imports, food in the form of cheese and other dairy products, wooden shoes, Delft tiles and so on. From some observations on Charge or No Charge for visiting tourist sites that the public invariably seems more determined to get into a place that charges an entrance fee than accepting something, possibly time more interesting, if there be no charge. But Mr. MacDonald is a smart business man and he will be able to determine about such details readily enough after he has had a little experience in his new enterprise. And now I must knock off a dab of mail and then take a brace of sleep against what will probably be a busy enough weekend.....

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Sunday, March 14th, 1965.

Memorandum:

And so, on Saturday noon, the week's accumulation of clouds gave way to blue sky and dazzling sunshine and so it has been all day today and tonight an enormous golden globe arose from the Eastern horizon and thus, if one had a newspaper and could read, one could be doing some right now by the light of the moon.

I was happily surprised this morning to receive a 'phone call from Natalie, --the first in quite a while. We touched on many subjects including our favorite one and she mentioned having had a letter from that quarter recently and expressed delight with same.

She mentioned several points of interest including the statement that the Scandinavian jaunt is off for this summer and that except for a trip to Michigan or where ever to be present at some religious service having to do with her son plus the possibility of a dab of fishing somewhere around up North, she planned no extensive outing.

She said something that interested me about Plantation Memo and how it might be corrected when Mrs. Walker journeys abroad. I had heard nothing about this and accordingly was interested on two counts, first, that Natalie knew about the possibility there would be a Memo, and, second, that when she was serving at the punch bowl at the Cunningham reception for Father John at Mildreds, Mrs. Walker had confided in her that I might be doing such a Memo this summer and asked her if she would lend me a hand with the script if, as sometimes happens, a thousand interruptions intervened while I was in the midst of things and needed to be advised where a started sentence might be broken and a word or phrase dropped, requiring a dab of tinkering before the manuscript went to the papers. Naturally Natalie said she would be delighted to do so which I think exceedingly kind and characteristic of her but I think Mrs. Walker should have spoken to me about it both before to see if that would be alright with me and secondly, I think she should have told me that she had discussed the matter with Natalie. Undoubtedly this feeling on my part is due to an excess of sensitivity on finer matters and doesn't really matter. As you and I both know, however, Mrs. Walker couldn't possibly have hit on a more perfect person in the Parish for such a request.

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13508

1965, March 14th, 1965

I have several columns ahead now but it is possible that some of them, such as, for example, "A Magnolia for Josephine" may be in the seasonal class, so timed as to appear to better advantage, as in the case of the magnolia, when they appear in print to coincide with the phenomenon related thereto. I reckon it would be easy enough to knock off several a week if one had nothing else on one's agenda but a spade or a hoe or a plethora of pilgrims are forever getting tangled up in my typewriter, thereby knocking out my occasional attempts at increasing output on a Memo.

Our Shreveport visitor was joined this weekend by her daughter from Leesville and, although nothing interesting happened, the merry-go-round did increase in it velocity and everybody else was so busy keeping out from under foot and catching one's breath that little else was accomplished.

I believe I have a clipping somewhere around from today's Shreveport Times mentioning the impending visit of Craig Claiborn to that fair city on the 22nd of the month. I shall enclose it if I run across it. I got quite a kick out of a response from the lady across the fence at dinner time when she remarked upon the news item as she held the paper in her hand. I remarked I had never seen the name in print and couldn't remember just how the name is spelled. She enlightened me by saying:

"Why, since he is a descendant of W. C. Claiborn, it is naturally spelled the same as Louisiana's first Governor..."

"To be sure," I responded and let that potato drop right there and then. Se did, too, by golly, and so the sum total of my already lamentable ability at spelling a proper or improper name increased by zero.

About 5 o'clock, James called from the artist's house, saying Kay and he would love to see me at the front gate if I didn't chance to be bogged down. Mention of the gate meant the dog, Junior, was with them. Kay has been under the weather with some kind of a "flu" but is up and about again. They brought some kind of an ice box pie I shall sample later tonight. J. H. chanced along at the gate and was delighted with the appearance of the dog. Celeste was summoned and she thought Junior darlin'... And eventually the little family departed, and after supper, J. H. took Celeste and me for a drive as far as Perry and thence pretty skies and much sunshine at Lyme.....

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Monday, March 15th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair in the 70's with today's sun and tonight's moon a transcript in brilliance of yesterday's appearance.

Like everybody else in the nation, I hope, I listened to the President's speech on voting privileges when he addressed the joint session of Congress tonight. I had expected he and his speech would be well received but I was surprised at the obvious enthusiasm bubbling up during the business.

I was impressed when the names of the five or six Southern States were singled out by many various commentators prior to the speech as being the ones where negro applicants for the ballot are most frequently denied their rights, --Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, Louisiana and so on. I came to the conclusion in considering Louisiana that the denial must rest in the hands of the Parish politicians rather than in the pressure on a State level. For instance, there is said to be a large negro vote in south Louisiana and almost no negro vote at all in the northern Parishes. It is possible that not so much the entire Parish as the individual wards making up the Parish has the deciding power to grant or withhold the ballot. I base this conclusion on the fact that in this Ward 9 in which citizens cast their ballots, there appears to be little restraint on anyone presenting himself for registration and quite a few of my colored friends casting ballots probably have no more concept so far as their own personal concepts are concerned than do the white hillbillies beyond Montrose. In the ideal Democracy, I suppose, each voter should arrive at his choice for office holder by his own mental processes. But in times such as these and at all times in centers of great population concentration, it is impossible for the average voter to know anything much about the candidates and accordingly the prospective voter looks to the end of this or that candidate by this or that political figure in whom confidence is placed. And thus in the local set-up, many a voter who

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has little or not concept as to the merits of candidates or amendments to be voted on simply takes the opinion of one or another leader and marks the ballot accordingly. In a recent election in this Parish there was the matter of a sales tax. Surely most of the people around here have no notion as to the merits of such a thing but when the votes were cast, about 15 votes were cast in favor and about 85 against, suggesting that the majority of the voters may have been advised by leaders against it. I, myself, was against the tax and probably did a bit of electioneering among my friends but I assume it wasn't my opinion but rather the word of some scarcely recognized local political mentor who really decided for many people whether to vote for or against the measure. So often when thinking of local citizens who know nothing about what for or for whom they are voting, I find a parallel in, say, Manhattan voting where citizens like myself in the old days, capable of reading a newspaper, never heard of many of the lesser candidates running for office in the precinct in which I dwelt. And so the President spoke and I have no doubt the bill for liberalizing voting restrictions will be eased and the legislation will have been achieved in large measure, I believe that all that has been cooking in Selma, Alabama and Mr. John's ability to strike while "the iron is hot".

Carmen is at the Hatcher-Hoches hospital in a room without a telephone, it is said. I was impressed when the Red Cross told me Carmen had come up from Baton Rouge in an ordinary automobile rather than in an ambulance. I have some clippings but got one or another mixed up a think one of the ones had to do with Craig Claiborne going to Carrie's or some such and so I shall jam whatever comes hand in the envelope and as none of them are of interest, they can all be dumped into the trash basket.

Respectfully to the warmth of the sun, the Chinese magnolia leaves are unfolding and the leaf buds of the persimmons are opening. The red bud trees are in flower and clover is above ankle. Writing that word, ankle, reminds me to report a 15 year old youth in town baked a cake for his mother's birthday recently, putting white icing over same and then with chocolate, spelled out "Angel: Give Me Love...thereby giving

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Tuesday, March 16th, 1965.

Memorandum: Cloudy at 70.

I am told the Alexandria Town Talk will begin publishing Plantation Memo this coming Saturday, -- March 20th. So I was informed this noon by Mr. Walker who has carried on the arrangements with one Mr. Laborde of Town Talk.

As for other plans or other papers, the columns printed in the Town Talk will be used to supply other editors with some notion of the type of thing touched on in the column. Both the Walkers and I assume Charles will let out some mighty unpleasant noises but he will be permitted to purchase the column if he so desires which something tells me he will not want to do if money, not matter how insignificant, is involved.

Well, the Hunter Piersons, husband and wife, arrived on schedule at 3, bringing with them Craig Hunter or rather Craig Claiborne.

I had had a busy morning with out of door undertakings and a busy noon hour with secretaries and pushing things around in the house. I had a lot of junk I had intended to put away properly in the last hour before the folks were scheduled to appear but while I was busy at 2 o'clock with men in the garden, James arrived. I accordingly dropped the men and returned to Yucca and simply pushed all the junk out of sight into the bathroom.

James was still here when the Pierson-Claiborne contingent arrived. I stepped out on the gallery to welcome them but before I could utter a word, Hunter Pierson exclaimed:

"Say, why aren't you writing the column for the Enterprise. That's the only region I subscribe to that paper and I simply can't, etc., etc., etc."

I replied, "Well, don't ask me about it. Call Town Talk and ask them why they don't satisfy your wants."

"I am Mr. Laborde's attorney. I shall call him when I get back to Alexandria," volunteered Herr Pierson.

I said I didn't know Mr. Laborde, had never met him but Hunter

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thought that was the thing to do, it was alright with me.

From now on, Hunter, never dreaming the business has already been settled by Mr. Walker with Mr. Laborde, will forever have the pleasure of proclaiming to friends and acquaintances far and wide that he effected the printing of Plantation Memo, thereby pleasing him enormously and not making the slightest difference to me.

I found Craig Claiborne and pleasant, rather short, - quiet man, interested in nothing so much as in cooking. We talked on that and kindred subjects, --cooks of AuntJemima stamp I have known, et ., etc. He made copious notes and may or may not mention his pause in the Cane River country in some future New York Times paragraphs.

The visitors brought me a pretty bouquet from Dr. Dorman and said they had had a fine dinner at Briarwood and that Carrie seemed just fine.

Not quite contented with the extent of my tour or at least the inspection of the living room and boudoir of Yucca, Hunter said if I didn't mind, he would like to show Craig my bathroom. I told him that if they could crawl over the stuff to get in, I didn't care how much they wanted to risk their necks. I can't imagine what was biting Hunter for, as it turned out, neither gentleman wanted to take a bath or anything else except get a neyeful which they most certainly did and I have laughed ever since whenever I thought of their misadventure.

James had departed shortly after the presentations for he didn't want to leave Kay and the dog alone. He said on Sunday evening after reaching my home, Kay had taken some cough medicine that obviously had contained some kind of sedation and accordingly had slept through the night and on and on until 4 o'clock Monday afternoon.

I shall probably have a call from I. S. Willard tonight. James said she arrived from New Orleans last evening and is in quite a flurry about her flight plans with Aunt Snell to Paris. It seems the aviation people now that flight time approaches, declare I. S. Willard should get her tickets from Delgado on their theory that Delgado was promoting the prize to entice people to the Degas dinner while Delgado declares the museum doesn't deal in tickets and that the travel people owe I. S. Willard the tickets because they were trying to get publicity out of the Delgado dinner. I'll bet one thing, both the travel agency and the museum will end up feeling mighty sorry for themselves they took on I. S. Willard and will probably end up by offering her both a plane and a museum if she will only get off their backs. Smile.....

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P.S. The photo on enclosed clipping must have been taken in the Pierson home since portrait on wall is that of Hunter Pierson is a likeness of his mama, Miss Patty Pierson, sister of the late Miss Sally Hertzog of Magnolia.

Wednesday, May 17th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and 75.

Thelma called me this morning to say she and John had decided they simply had to have a column each week from this direction and that she was going to see Charles and tell him he had better get busy and have him publish same after promising me some substantial compensation for such material. I told her I thought that was just fine and, of course, said nothing about the impending Tom Talk release. If and when Charles calls me, I shall refer him to my agent and that will be that.

Roberta Rue who is sitting in for Carmen at Red Cross called me this noon but I was busy and said I would call her back. At 2 o'clock, I dialed according to promise and was conversed with confusion when the response came through and at that split second I realized that instead of dialing 2275, which is Red Cross, I had dialed 2725 which is the number belonging to an elderly lady who always takes a siesta between 1 and 3. If my voice of apology was as red as my face, the disturbed sleeper must have believed my sincerity.

Finally I did get Red Cross and Roberta said she had been to see Carmen, finding her looking a little thin but full of her usual vim and vigor. Roberta said, however, that Carmen's sister, "Seesill" is bound to be wearing Carmen down because "Seesill" never stops talking and most if not all of her chatter is on the negative side of every question. Roberta wanted to discuss one or two Red Cross points pressing for solution but what "Seesill" had to tell about her own aches and pains transcended in importance everything else and even the pending matters of the Red Cross. "Seesill" is bound to be mighty cross with me for never having phoned her during Carmen's absence but if this fact will tend to discourage her from honoring me with visits, which it will not, my silence

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will have paid off handsomely.

Mildred Cunningham's son, Father Johnny, recently ordained, has been appointed to a post in Mansura, La., much to Celeste's delight for she and Mildred are good friends. Johnny went to school with Celeste's nephew, Joe Regard, and Celeste has a flock of friends and relatives in the Mansura area who will like Johnny and whom Johnny will feel he knows better, thanks to the connection with the Regards and the spade work Celeste will perform with members of his congregation.

The Walkers are in Baton Rouge attending some kind of a Forum and are possibly casting about for a house or an apartment for late summer or early autumn. According to the latest word, both Mr. and Mrs. Walker will matriculate at L. S. U. for their Master's Degree while their son will be attending school some place in the area. I believe Mr. Walker will continue to lobby for the Press Association while perhaps Mrs. Walker will do some work for The Morning Advocate. In the old days when I went to kindergarten school was a full time job. Come to think of it, a job in those days, was a job and that was full time, too. But now in these days of "moon" when so many people seem to hold down two jobs or even three all in the 24 hour day, perhaps one can attend school and hold down a job at the same time and think nothing of it.

In the Caney River country, the mildness of the weather has induced the banana plants that started up during the holiday heat wave, only to be flattened by the next freeze, to start putting out new shoots again. I am quite sure we shall have another cold snap or two before Spring is really firmly established but it is pleasant to catch sight of the promises of green emerging on every side.

As for Louella, she continues laying eggs in numbers beyond her capacity to cover and so I am beginning to remove all in excess of 15 as she deposits additions to her collection from day to day. I shall share these with some of my neighbors whose birds may not be so fastidious in laying as Louella. In the mean time, however, I wish Louella herself would stop laying and start setting but every morning she turns out her new egg and then heads out for grass pulling around and about the ardens and invariably ends up in front of the mirror in front of the side of the African House where she inclines to remain observing the pretty bird she sees there during the balance of the day.

And now I must roll up my sleeves and knock off a dab of mail before attacking an avocado salad and a dab of Gruyere and a sip of Te Leaf and a dab of radio-ing to see what turns in the world...

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Thursday, March 11th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and 50 by day with a spanking breeze and the promise of a freeze in the upper 20's tonight. I covered some of the more tender plants with sheets this evening and felt foolish in doing so for it didn't seem possible it could be very cold tonight but now at 9:30, the chill is exerting itself and somehow the appearance of the pale and aged moon just coming up seems to confirm the prediction of a chilly night and I'm glad the young pepper plants and sturdy mock orange plant are all snug under "five o'clock" telephoned me from her home this afternoon. She said she had just arrived from the Hatchitoches hospital and had come over in a car and that she had made the trip last week from New Orleans, sitting up in a car, stopping only 15 minutes in Baton Rouge, en route to the Hatchitoches hospital. What kind of a pelvis she has or how, if indeed, it was broken, I cannot imagine and naturally I did not ask. However that may be, I assume the pelvis was perhaps cracked rather than broken. Be that as it may, she is moving about with the aid of a Walker after three weeks and will go to the office, she says, next week which is the fourth since the time of her accident.

Conversation wasn't as smooth as it might have been, had her sister, "Seesill", been beyond ear-shot. Every sentence or two we were interrupted with "Seesill" instructing Carmen to elaborate on some precise point such as, "not two hours but two hours and fifteen minutes" regarding some insignificant detail. "Seesill" is such a fuss-budget that she would flatten me out in the first half hour, were she "hovering" around me but Carmen is used to her, I guess, and although annoyed by her performances, seems capable of surviving.

Carmen said there were lots of cards and letters while she was in Lure and that she was especially pleased with flowers and a note from Aunt "Illie" whose address she wanted to get with a view to penning her a line. Carmen stated further that one day the floor of the hospital where she was located received sixty four pieces of mail for the various patients and the nurse who delivered her mail to her said that fifty of the pieces were for her. In short, the New Orleans mail shuffle, postal wise, was obviously a great success.

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I was happy to get the parterres of the Ghana garden as disked a second time today and the corners the plough couldn't reach, spaded afresh and three of the five sections chopped up and smoothed off with hoe and rake. I am forever being astonished by the stamina of my helpers under atmospheric conditions that would wreck ordinary workers. There was a spanking breeze out of the northeast that was too chilly for human beings to exist in for very long but Bub, August and Fughe moved steadily along, never stopping to consider the cold and thus a lot was accomplished in that line of endeavor. Finally I had to put my foot down and call a halt to the exposure as they all laughed. I have some smaller plots of ground I am planting with earlier vegetables and as a thousand onion sets were to hand, I put the helpers in the more sheltered places and thus the day played out and everybody seemed as full of vim and vigor at the close of day as at beginning.

There is a gala dinner being held tonight in Shreveport in honor of Chariton Lyons, the oil magnate and republican nominee for Governor in last year's gubernatorial contest, Mr. Lyons being one of the first of seven men to hail Mr. Goldwater as the most desirable candidate for the Presidency. Somehow Louisiana Republicans never give thought to voter psychology but rather are always quick to point with pride to the wealth of their prospective standard bearers. Yesterday and today, for example, the radio has crackled with speech newscast about tonight's dinner "in the crystal ballroom of the Washington-Eurie Hotel", for it seems Shreveport Republicans can never entertain that they cannot resist the attending are going to be in surroundings of super-elegance, obviously forgetting that the great majority of the votes they would like to wangle away from the Democrats are always cast by people not in "the crystal ballroom" brackets. The radio announcements proclaim Mr. Lyons is being honored as the State's outstanding Conservative who believes in rugged individualism, freedom and the worst part of it is, I am told, lies in the fact that Mr. Lyons really is quite a fine man but obviously lost in the crowd of millionaires who seem to think that all their wealth may sooner or later secure the ballots which are cast in the majority by people without money and "the crystal ballroom".

I learned from the Chamber of Commerce today that Pat and Juanita the two children left Wednesday by car for a month's trip to California. Joe will have a fit when he learns of that for he frowns on Pat going places and it does seem that Pat, like J. H., is frequently in the big road. Pat and Juanita have friends in California whom they have visited before and Pat wants the children to see them and get a good idea of the country before they return.

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Friday, March 19th, 1965.

Memorandum: The weather is the thing..... or, as Weeks Hall used to say, "the thing is....."

It turned out to be colder than the Weather Bureau had predicted and there was much ice on the wash pots and around and about this morning.

At 8 this morning it looked as though the clouds that had formed before daylight might break but they didn't and it remained cloudy all day in spite of a 20 mile northeast wind that never stopped blowing. At 5 o'clock this afternoon, the Shreveport Weather Bureau stated that snow flurries would strike that area by 6 p.m. and that the thermometer which never got out of the 30's all day, would sag into the 20's tonight. I don't seem to remember if March "came in like a lamb" but it certainly appears to be putting on airs of a lion for the arrival of Spring tomorrow afternoon. And for no reason at all, that reminds me the Solomon twins, Big Sir and Little King celebrate their birthday on the morrow.

At supper when the clerk and J. H. came in for supper, they announced I had made the front page of the Alexandria Town Talk, where they got hold of today's paper, I didn't ask. Perhaps J. H. was in Alexandria. It was an announcement of the first appearance in tomorrow's issue of Town Talk of Plantation Memo. I shall leave this memo unsealed and if I can find the paper kicking round in the store tomorrow morning before mail time, I shall enclose it. If not, I shall get a copy of the announcement for enclosure Monday so it may preface the ensuing publications.

I am forever harping about the weather at the beginning of each memo and it must contribute little or nothing to the balance of the notes but always in the country and, come to think of it, sometimes in the cities, weather does tend to make some difference in the day's doings or "not-doings". Such was the case today as regards the incoming mail for right on top was an air mail from Lyme which I was impatient to absorb. The extreme cold, however, discouraged all secretaries from venturing abroad and so the mail is tucked away in the armour while the secretaries, by tomorrow more accustomed to the return of winter, will be tapping at my door and in the mean time I am playing at patience and not even convincing myself that I'm satisfied with the way I am handling it.

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In spite of the cold this morning, Fug, Lou and August busted themselves straightening out some things preparatory to gardening next week. I guess the plantation rested this afternoon for I saw nobody after 12 o'clock. When I journeyed over to the Unicorn House at supper time to offer the birds some fine fare, I was distressed to discover that either one of the two gentlemen lending a hand this morning must have turned on a hydrant full tilt to give greater height to the waterline inside the Unicorn House yard for the convenience of Louella and Low Paul, and had forgotten to turn it off. The whole area was awash and the pheasants were up to their knees in frigid floods and the guineas who had ventured within the enclosure on the theory that it was supper time, were stepping high, wide and handsome until they could take flight and reach some bamboo roosts high above the tide. I immediately set to work with a shovel, digging a ditch to drain the ocean and accordingly worked up quite an appetite for myself in the doing.

There's a slight break of an hour between this paragraph and the above, created by a telephone from Mrs. Chopin relating no end of gossip about the day's doings, none of which was of much interest. She reported the Walkers returned from Baton Rouge tonight. I suppose Mrs. Walker may call later tonight since it isn't 10:30 as yet and that seems to be the hour usually reserved for Cane River communications.

Mrs. Chopin said she had seen a copy of today's Town Talk and wanted to congratulate me on the notice appearing therein concerning the column. She didn't ask me how I supposed Mr. Cunningham took the news. Perhaps he is sufficiently engaged in launching tomorrow's Enterprise without reading Town Talk this evening although I shouldn't be surprised if Carmen has seen it and phoned him. I have no doubt I shall be hearing from Carmen or Charles or both on the morrow. I'm laughing in my beard everytime I think of Hunter Pierson and wondering if he was sitting down when he glanced at the evening paper. Verily, Hunter will think his recommendation that the paper publish the Memo must have produced fruit with unusual rapidity.

What little radio listening I have done of late, for sleep is forever catching up with me as soon as I rest my head on my favorite Lyme pillow, I find I encounter little news outside of Southeast Asia and Alabama. I assume the major news-gathering agencies send their representatives to such quarters and then, on the theory that the information gathered must pay for the expenditure in the investment, concentrate on doings in such places, often beyond what interests the average listener. I think what's going on in both places mentioned is important but I think there are other topics that would interest me. And what with a couple of telephone interruptions during the last sentences, I am ready to call it a day and fold.....

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Sunday, March 21st, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and cold with ice Saturday, Fair, melting ice and in the 50's this afternoon with a promise of nothing lower than the 30's for tonight.

"Is you done had the measles," inquired a half-frozen secretary Saturday noon, "cause I done got 'em."

I said I had been through that mill and that the secretary should be home keeping warm but he said he was doing alright.

Naturally, we dove right into the mail and I was enchanted to explore Wednesday's letter from Lyme. I want to re-read it for the sheer pleasure it will afford and I want to make a firmer mental note of the dates appearing therein.

I think it so wise to take the trip that will have all details taken care of by the organizer of the journey. It's the best possible way, allowing one so much freedom for concentrating on new scenes and thus enabling one to determine which places call for later visits by one's self and there's no question at all in my mind that there will be other trips when, if one wishes to do so, one may detach himself from the caravan and linger longer in places that have exerted an appeal in the first general over-all survey the impending Hajira will provide. I am reminded of a lady I once knew who lived in Manhattan who once every year took one of those Manhattan tours, engineered by the rubber-deobeyance starting from Times Square. As she had lived her entire life in Manhattan and knew it quite well, it was impressive to hear her say that what with changes constantly going on and changes in tours from year to year, she always discovered interesting new particulars about the area that somehow had before eluded. Perhaps a caravan trip, covering unfamiliar regions, is like skimming through a fascinating book through which one kangaroos with the added delight of at the same time exploring new material and the added pleasure of knowing that one will be returning to go more thoroughly into passages through which the eye has swept with glee.

Among other things promising pleasure when one is merely casting about with no particular aim in mind is to saunter along the Seine, glancing at the titles in the book stalls, sometimes chance upon something unexpected such as an 18th century volume about 18th century places, an old Baedeker on Russia or some such.

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Natalie called early Saturday morning. She had just read the announcement about Plantation Memo about the impending Saturday contribution to Town Talk. It was the same announcement forwarded to little Miss Lee in Friday's memorandum. Interestingly enough, and indicative of how different people read the same paper and interpret things so differently, she mentioned that the article said the column would appear daily in the Town Talk. I doubt if such a thing was stated but that's what she understood. She seemed fine and I wish our chat might have been longer.

This morning Carmen called about 9. She said I. S. Willard, --remarkable woman, I. S. W., had dropped by her, --Carmen's, house Saturday afternoon while Charles Cunningham was there, I. S. Willard bringing copies of Friday's and Saturday's Town Talk. There must have been some talk about columns and Charles had asked Carmen to call me to say he supposed I knew that all syndicated material had to be printed when sent to newspapers and that as he had been told Plantation Memo was to be syndicated, he wanted her to tell me he would be glad to do this printing for me. I said I thought that very thoughtful of him and to thank him on my behalf. I hastened on to say, however, that I knew nothing about any details regarding the mechanics of syndication and, in view of all the correspondence enailed and arrangements to be made with various papers, I was happy to leave all that labor to my agents, one a former publisher, the other at present being President of the Louisiana Press Women's Association. Carmen said: --"You mean the Walkers, --aren't they in Europe..." I said: --"I mean the Walkers but I doubt if they are in Europe at the moment." --"Naturally I admitted the Walkers immediately. I was not surprised to learn arrangements had already been made for the printing of the column. There were a couple of newspapers in central Louisiana that contacted the Walkers immediately on reading the Town Talk announcement of Friday, each asking for the column. One of these wanted to publish it on Thursdays and I forget which day the other wanted it. This is where the agents' headaches start since newspapers naturally want to carry the column either on the same day as the others or, if possible, a day or two before. I assume Charles would like it for Thursday and thinks if he could get me to let him publish the syndicate copies, he could get it for Thursday and he is quite wrong, don't you think so....."

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Monday, March 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Mild and all gray with the temperature spread from the 50's to the 60's.

Saturday's Alexandria Town Talk goes forward under separate cover. Plantation Memo is difficult to find, I am told, being buried somewhere toward the end of the paper, perhaps the 2nd or 3 page from the back sheet. My agents immediately got busy with the Alexandria publisher to have succeeding columns properly placed and adequately captioned. The agents report that additional inquiries are coming to had from other papers regarding availability of the column.

My day was pleasant enough but I accomplished nothing which tends to spread a shadow on the pleasantness, not unlike the sensation of taking a delightful walk on a tread mill in which satisfactory exercise is experienced but not entirely gone no where.

Celeste entertained the Baudenheims at noon dinner. La Baudenheimer was formerly Mrs. Harry Friedman of Hatchitoches and her son by that marriage, operating a Friedman plantation in Bayou Hachez, was also present. The Baudenheims live in New Orleans and are very pleasant. I used to know the aunt and uncle of Janet Marr Friedman Baudenheimer in Hatchitoches. They lived next to Mrs. Charles Brandon.

At Celeste's and my figuring, we came to the conclusion during the 9 o'clock coffee hour that 1 o'clock would be just the proper moment to engineer a tour for her guests and I was across the fence at 1 o'clock. But we had calculated without J. H. and when I arrived, he had taken Mr. Baudenheimer on a plantation tour which was concluded about 3. During the interim somebody from the store had sent a couple of gentlemen from New Orleans who wanted a garden tour and so that fitted in neatly while J. H. and guest were afield. Of the New Orleans gentlemen, there was one, a Mr. Schmidt or Smith, who used to know Lyle and, being a Lion enthusiast, knew all about the

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father and son portrait in my boudoir and was impatient to see it. Mr. Schmidt has a rather interesting collection of Jules Lion lithographs in his New Orleans home and talked animatedly about that artist. I reckon we shall be hearing from him one of these days.

There were other people during both morning and afternoon, including some people from the Department of Agriculture and there were people for noon dinner, mostly gentlemen who didn't seem to like Dr. Martin Luther King, junior, and I was interested to listen to their expressions of opinions and I encouraged the flow of talk by frequent "Ahs" and "Ohs", welcoming the opportunity to hear the hill-billy point of view on matters currently in progress in Alabama. It appears to me that the education, culture and moderation of Dr. King infuriates the hill-billies, puzzled as the latter are by the manifestations of such qualities far beyond their own endowments and therefore like barbarians the world around and all down the ages, they experience an impulse to destroy everything they cannot understand. Like political leaders in general and religious leaders in particular, Dr. King runs a great risk of being murdered, I suppose and I have no doubt he would be among the first of his contemporaries to recognize this possibility. In these revolutionary times it is terribly important that leaders like Dr. King should have the strength of purpose and the moderation in the crusade that will tend to get society from falling apart as it is in motion and I hold the thought the world may not be deprived of such pilots and especially at a time when things are in such a state of fermentation.

It was first dark this evening before I could turn to my desk and by that hour all the secretaries who had passed in and out during the afternoon were long since gone and the several letters in today's post had to be tucked away in the armoire against the morrow.

Mrs. Chopin called to tell me of her delight with the new Polaroid camera Mrs. Walker had given her and Mrs. Walker called me to touch on several newspaper points, their plans for attending the Press Association in Hamond, La., in May and June 1st departure for Kansas City, Chicago and New York whence they sail on the 6th.

I believe it's tomorrow or Wednesday Celeste drives to New Orleans for a few days. On her way back, she will stop at Baton Rouge to pick up a new dog, a boxer, which the General reported by phone as having just acquired. Poor dog. Let's hope he may have the inclinations of a hermit and not mind being himself much of the time.

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STO YEN. Tuesday, March 23rd, 1965.

Memorandum:
Sprinkley cloud coverage with the thermometer "hovering" around 70, remaining thus at 9:30 tonight in spite of the warning from the Weather Bureau that it will fall to 30 before morning.

It was so pleasant to look forward to secretarial time today and thus explore the contents of Friday's letter from Lyme. I am enchanted that mail continues coming to hand smoothly and on schedule. You may be sure I shall be delighted to have a copy of the literary in all good time. I reckon it will be better to have it for my own enjoyment, enabling me as it will to travel day by day in thought rather than attempting communication along the way, each day's memo being held aside until home base has once more been achieved.

And may I say how appreciative I am of the transcript from Chamberlain concerning Vatel. It quickened a memory that somehow had become clouded and out of line, due in large measure to a novel I once read concerning Vatel's demise which was depicted in the story, no doubt to enhance the dramatic effect, in having that sad event take place at Vaux-le-Vicomte whereas I should have long since eradicated this detail and restored the event to Chantilly.

I suppose the present chateau of Chantilly is a 19th century mansion, replacing the 17th century one of the Grand Conde which was probably destroyed during the Revolution or one or another of the incessant wars that have been sweeping over that neighborhood during the past 300 years. I recall Mrs. Roosevelt mentioned the present chateau which she visited after the last war, I guess. I recall she mentioned that the library numbered among its treasures one of the volumes from Jean de France's collection of Les Tres Riches Heures.

interruption.....
A phone call by the Schmidts of Michigan, who are in
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town and want to come down for a visit tomorrow morning. They are en route home from their winter place in Florida. I talked with them both and learned that in February La Schmidt's brother, Superintendent of Schools in Michigan, had died in February. It was thought I had heard about it, perhaps through friends of theirs who might have told Celeste. Hummmmm.

I spent too much time this afternoon giggling in my beard every time I thought of a wonderful business letter from the circulation department of the Alexandria Town Talk from some gentleman named Rylee, --and does one pronounce it as in English or in French, she wonders. Be that as it may Herr Rylee was writing me to explain why TownTalk could not send me two copies of each Saturday's issue of that paper although the paper had sent two copies that arrived on Monday, one for little Miss Lee's file and one for the local file. But that can't be done again, it appears and the question is put to me as to why I don't subscribe for the paper, issued six times a week, although Melrose already has one subscription which somehow never reaches me. There seem to be several reasons why one cannot order a couple of copies of the Saturday thing is because the man in charge of distribution in Natchitoches Parish would probably forget to supply merely a Saturday issue whereas he would remember well enough if two copies were supplied every day. The letter is such a prize as to what can happen if one simply wants to purchase a newspaper that I'm bound to send it along eventually for your delectation. In the mean time, I shall secure the same clippings from some other publication that will be handling the column and not worry Herr Rylee further.

In spite of too many pilgrims and things, I did find time to do some work with August and Agathe, "lacing up" panterres in the Ghana garden and being well pleased at the close of day with the progress made. It is really time to plant, so far as the calendar points the way, but I guess there's no great rush about doing so if the thermometer is going to stand at 30 on the morrow.

I shall write Georgia Spinks tonight for I had promised to let her know if the column ever came into print again. It seems to me she must have been pretty busy during the winter months or do I merely imagine her letters are less frequent. You have had all that have come to hand and it does seem as though they have not been very numerous. Perhaps, like the rest of us, she has had to say grace over without getting bogged down in correspondence and I, for one, am glad she has the good sense to conserve her energies. Although I must say I always enjoy her breezy epistles.

So much more I should like to chatter about but I must fold against a busy morrow.....

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Wednesday, March 24th, 1965.

Memorandum: The East-West cold front has remained stationary all day between Shreveport and Natchitoches. To the North of the line, the thermometer has remained around 50 all day while to the South of the line it has maintained an average of 85 which is just another way of saying that the 30 degree dip, predicted for last night, did not materialize in this area.

For little Miss Lee's information a small package went forward today and accordingly should reach her true and about the time this memo does.

The Schmidts of Lansing came down from town to see me this morning. As our appointment was for 9 or 9:30, I am happy to report they arrived promptly at 10:30 which certainly didn't give us as much time to chat as I should have enjoyed.

I hadn't realize it before but they seem to be in that group of people, --and there seems to be quite a number of such people, who become utterly bewildered, once they step inside the front gate. I had told Doreatha at breakfast, I should be expecting the Schmidts. Accordingly she wasn't surprised when they knocked on the door on the gallery of the big house, asking her if she could direct them to Yucca where they have been many and many a time. Doreatha gave them directions by word of mouth and wave of hand and off they started, ending up, not at Yucca, but in little Miss Albert's house to the right rather than to the left of the Greensward in front of the African House. I often wonder how people of this persuasion ever get anywhere as they travel annually from their home in Lansing to their summer place on the Michigan peninsula and thence to their winter home in Florida, journeys infinitely more difficult, I should suppose, than from the big house to Yucca.

Carmen telephoned this morning. I had not heard from

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Memorandum

heruesday or Monday, in fact, and I figured she had been disappointed over her Sunday chat with me when I did not snap at the bait dangled in front of me in the form of the suggestion by Charles through her that I let him handle the syndication matter for me. But she seemed pleasant enough this morning and we didn't mention newspapers.

I talked with Roberta Rue this afternoon. She is continuing to keep the Red Cross office open during Carmen's absence from that office. Roberta remarked that she found Carmen didn't seem to manifest her usual vitality and we, of course, attributed that fact to the natural consequence of her paltry business.

Both yesterday and today, circumstances conspired to prevent me from getting within reach of the radio at times when I wanted to hear direct broadcast, yesterday when those two gentlemen arrived off Turk Island after encircling the globe for three times and today when I had hoped to be tuned in when the rocket with the camera gadgets landed on the moon. But I caught up with the globe-encircling gentlemen on a re-broadcast last night and I have no doubt I shall catch up with the moon photographs tonight. Of course I understand nothing as regards what is involved in all these remarkable doings but I am interested in keeping abreast with the physical achievements even though how the tricks are turned leaves me as much in the dark as trying to understand the mysteries of how a telephone works or a radio or a TV.

My old friend, Father Calahan of the Church of the Children of Strangers is in an Alexandria hospital. He will undergo surgery on the morrow for cancer. Any kind of an operation at his age, -- 87, -- should be quite as difficult as Carmen's adventures at 75, it would seem.

Mrs. Chopin goes forward with her services for AP and UPI. On Monday she made the front page with an uncut account of a little girl drowning in town, the story appearing in the New Orleans Times Picayune, Baton Rouge Morning Advocate and Alexandria Town Talk. Reporters like to make the front pages with wire service for it seems that reporters receive an extra bonus when their stories make page 1.

So things turn and so I am thinking of a certain natal day and holding the thought it may be just grand.....

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Thursday, March 25th, 1965

Memorandum: Pure March weather. The heavens have been hanging away most of the day and the racket has been increasing all evening. Whatever happened to the Alabama protest and whether anybody ever saw the Governor, I wouldn't know, what with static so constant I can get nothing out of the radio. If the elements calm down between now and midnight, perhaps I shall get caught up on world doings in some five minute summary during the night.

Two hours have elapsed between this paragraph and the above and it is still hanging both out of doors and inside the house on the telephone wires which have enlivened the conversation with I. S. Willard who called to say she is leaving on April 7th, going directly to Paris and returning on the 27th through London. She and Ada Jack will meet in New Orleans, flying at 2 in the afternoon from there and then stopping at Atlanta for 50 minutes and thence to Washington for 30 minutes of stop over where I. S. W. hopes to catch a glimpse of her grandchildren whom she hopes will be brought to the airport to see their grandma. There appear to be no stops between Washington and Paris which seems a little odd but I don't pretend to keep up with new modes in travel.

I. S. W. has been digging in the Court House records and among other things, discovered a purchase of land by one Juan de Lion. She didn't jot down the date but thinks the notation was in Book No. 1, which is in the 1700 brackets, and we speculated if Juan or Jean de Lion could be any kin to Jules Lion for at that time as even since there weren't too many lions abroad in Louisiana. Juan or Jean de Lion seems to have been a white man, since there was no letters following his name indicating the presence of color and one wonders if he had a child of color, one Jules, by some Hatchiteches lady from the Dark continent since we knew Jules was a mulatto.

We moved from Lion to de Meziere, son-in-law of old St. Denis, and spoke at some length about de Meziere's sister and her influence in the household of the Duke of Orleans, Phillipe Egalite, Louis Phillipe and so on. I. S. W. has never visited the Palais Royal, hard by the Louvre and I recommended

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she explore the place during her April visit, especially the
arcades within the enclosure where 25 years ago there used to be such
delightful little curios shops on all four sides of its extensive central
greensward. If memory serves, Palais Royal was built by Cardinal Richelieu
and passed to the Orleans during the reign of Quatorze Assuming the Orleans
cousins of Louis XVI cooked up the Revolution there,
it seemingly should have had more attention over the years than it has.
Richelieu's successor in the Prime Ministership, Cardinal Mazarin built
his house on the opposite side of the Seine, which ultimately became the
of l'Academie Francaise. This reminds me to mention Musée Carnavalet, the
town house of Madame de Sevigne, which holds worlds of documents and
souvenirs of the Revolutionary era and little or nothing about Madame
de Sevigne but it is a mighty interesting place to explore if one
chances to find one's self in the neighborhood. I should think it would
be good to take a cab there for it isn't near the center of things but not
very far, perhaps 10 or 15 blocks. I remember particularly a pair
of striped blue and white linen slippers that had belonged to Marie
Antoinette at Carnavalet and some documents of great interest and I'm
still jolted a little every time I think of the home of la Marquise
de Sevigne being transformed into a Revolutionary museum.

And while I think of it, I am bound to mention the little
shop, Chocolat a la Marquise de Sevigne on the south side of Boulevard
des Italiens, across the street from and just up the block a little
from la Madeleine. If it is still there, one enters the shop, seeing
candies, --the shop that is not the one entering, and going straight
back, goes through a door and on into the lovely salon in the
Quatorze manner, where chocolate is served exquisitely. But what one
sits in the engages for is not so much the chocolate, --the best I ever tasted, but the
magnificent murals by Leleux.

Yesterday I enclosed an announcement of the Kleiser show somewhere
in Manhattan. I shouldn't make great effort to attend but if you
should chance to be in the neighborhood and drop in, ask for Mrs.
Kleiser, --Constance is her first name, and mention the name of our
or your mutual friend and I think you might enjoy a little chat.

I. S. Willard also mentioned in tonight's conversation that
in the April issue of Readers Digest there is an interesting condensation
of some kind of a book having to do with some Nazi
official in Paris during the Second World War. The report on
this item was so garbled, I couldn't make anything more out of what was
said than indicate above but I thought I would mention it regardless in
you should run across the magazine.

Be so forgiving the hedge-podge of points touched on in this memo. My
mind wanders so constantly these days of little Miss Lee's itinerary. A
few minutes to make so delightful little jam pots, some figurines of marble
and porcelain all kinds of leather things from boxes to folios... I
wonder if one could dump such things in Sven's lap and get him to
forward same to lighten one's luggage.....

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Friday, March 26th, 1965.

Memorandum:

An inch of rain accompanied our thunder storm
that kept hanging around all night, quieting down around 9:30
this morning. Cloud coverage remained after the rain ceased
and the thermometer "hovered" around 40 all day and will sag
into the 30's tonight.

Thirty billion ways of expressing delight would not suffice
to express my enchantment in finding the letter from Lyme of the 23rd
instant in today's post. Verily the handsome credit in favor of
will take care of plenty of columns and I shall see to it
they will keep moving along in the proper direction. I
shall secure clipped columns for the moment and then
switch to whatever paper of the weekly persuasion carrying
it besides the Town Talk since all papers will carry the identical
pieces. I must say it still strikes me as
incredible that one cannot secure by mail a weekly delivery of
one day's issue but such seems to be the case, due to news-
paper contracts with distributors who don't seem capable of
making the effort. I am so glad little Miss Lee, in spite of all
the other demands on her time, still finds time to bother
with the Plantation Memo.

I am delighted to have the clipping and look forward to finishing
the piece at tomorrow's secretarial sitting as an interruption in
in the midst of today's pursuit of same.

I like to keep abreast of things and how they turn in the
business world. It is easily understandable that demands
on one's strength and patience will continue throughout the
ensuing twelve weeks. I held the thought that with the
promise of relaxation and peace at the end of that stint may give
the required vigor to carry things through and I can well imagine
the realization of less that is going to increase in the minds of
or another associate when Fini is written at the end of
the commercial page and little Miss Lee takes off to the "wide blue
yonder".

I had forgotten about the plates for Auntie. If little Miss
felt half as noble and relieved in getting them rolling, --half as
noble and relieved as Leston felt for her, the sensations must
have been inspiring.

Until the matter was mentioned, the TV showing of the globe-
girdling adventure on a screen in the 908 setting was quite unimag-
as a fact, sponsored, I assume, by the Department in whose lobby it
was presented. How nice to have glimpsed the beginning of the doc-
and how nice to know it all came out so successfully.

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Last night at 11:30, the telephone, as demonstrated by I. S. Willard et al, was going great guns but some unknown lightning bolt hit some vital point in the system for the entire Cane River circuit was dead this morning and has remained speechless all day. The ensuing quiet has been just grand and as I was expecting calls from nobody, I rejoiced at the ante bellum distances that had suddenly sprung up between my desk and every other place on earth. Sometimes it happens that the 'phones at Yucca and across the fence go out of commission and in such instances we can report the matter to the town exchange via the direct line in the store. But today it was different because all the 'phones, including the store, were silent. Somebody sent word to the Southern Bell office in town regarding our situation. Whether that excited enough interest in town to move anyone to do anything about it, I wouldn't know. All I know is the fact that the telephones remain silent tonight and since there's a quaint old Southern custom on the Parish system for the linemen to do no work after 5 p.m., quiet may be counted upon for another night at least and perhaps through the ensuing week since linemen never seem to be employed either on Saturday or Sunday.

I am happy to report that in matters effecting electricity, the Valley Electric maintains crews around the clock so that no matter what hour of the day or which day of the week, if current fails, linemen are busy at once working to get things going again. Southern Bell, however, is in quite a different category and category a d service is non-existent and appears no worry few people either in the subscriber or operator brackets. I shudder at the thought of what would result if the phone company should try to get away with the leisureliness that is the practice in the country if there should be a phone failure in some urban center.

I am happy to learn from a traveler from Alexandria that Father Calahan has had his operation and is reportedly coming along "just fine". I hope so but that somehow seems a little optimistic for a 87 year old patient undergoing major surgery.

I assume, as does J. H., that Celestewill be coming in from New Orleans sometime tonight, bringing the new boxer with her. Well, power to all concerned on that front and now I must get busy and do some mail.....

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Sunday, March 28th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and clammy and more like the last of winter than the first of Spring. Today the sun almost broke through the gray haze but not quite. Still it warmed to almost 80. Tonight's low will be 60, it is said and tomorrow there will be rain over 60 percent of the area, whatever the area may be as between southwest Oklahoma to the Gulf, thereby giving the rain maker quite a lot of space to operate or not operate in.

It was a quiet weekend with just enough interruptions at the wrong time to knock out any sustained effort to get very far. I was in the midst of something or other on this machine on Saturday afternoon when I saw a couple of figures coming on the back gallery, open the chapel doors and enter. I stepped out to see what was what and discovered Dootsie Baby was what and she introduced a gentleman whom she had brought over from Leesville whom she introduced as Mr. Jones. I spelled out the name and said I had heard of it before and of Anthony Armstrong Jones, Earl of Snowden, husband of Princess Margaret and accordingly brother-in-law of Queen Elizabeth. Besides, I added we have some excellent neighbor also named Jones. The man jumped right into the spirit of the thing by saying he didn't know what I was talking about. I'm not sure that I did since it was obvious Mr. Jones wasn't getting the approach and I let that drop. Dootsie Baby wanted her boy friend to see the house. That was a sight that was lost on both of them. She said she thought they would stay for supper and asked if Doreatha was going to give it. I said I didn't know. Doreatha didn't and Dootsie Baby and Mr. Jones disappeared before J. H., Dan, the clerk and I had meat pies.

On Saturday morning at the coffee hour, I asked if I was to be presented to the new hound but was told that the "rorer" was too exhausted following his trip up from Baton Rouge and that he might be receiving on Sunday, as, indeed, he was, a cute little weeks old puppy whose mama is bound to have thought him pretty. I'm sure he and I will get better acquainted when he starts in on the peacock, geese, guineas and so on. For the present he remains indoors and is said to be just darlin'.

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I thought I might knock off a column Saturday night but just as I got the sheet inserted in this machine, local youths, tangled up in some kind of a difficulty, came to ask advice and before they were gone Mrs. Chopin called and I promised to call her back. I did so and she had many things to relate, saying that among other things, she and her son had skipped down to Alexandria yesterday to do a little shopping. She had picked up a Town Talk for me and some pastries she thought I might enjoy but did not remember to turn off at Montrose and was nearly in town before she remembered them, and she asked if she might drop around with them Sunday morning at 10. She might. And she did.

Her husband has been in a Veterans Hospital in Little Rock for years with one or two releases during that long stretch when he has been permitted to come home during which interval everything was put into a tail spin causing no end of unhappiness, financial stresses and Heaven knows what all. Saturday she received a letter saying he is coming home again in a long and naturally that depresses her, and I was glad if by talking she could think things out a little and she really seemed sayer when she departed an hour later.

We ate supper tonight two or three hours later than usual and so I didn't have much opportunity to sample my Sunday night programs but I am hoping to catch up with one or another on re-broadcasts later tonight. I am especially to catch up with Meet the Press for, if memory serves, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was scheduled to be today's guest.

Sometime yesterday Mrs. Walker called about a column and I took the opportunity to ask her to run through a portion of their European itinerary. Their tour takes them through England, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Venice, Boulogne, Florence, Naples, Pompeii, Capri, Rome, Genoa, Nice, Marseilles and thence across Spain and Portugal and then back across Northern Spain, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Poitiers, Blois, Tours, Chartres, Versailles and Paris, with 14 of places I skipped such as Nîmes, Carcassonne, etc., en route to Spain. I take it this must in the Latin section, France and Italy, especially, be the reverse of the one planned by little Miss Lee. I think they get back in July and as both crossings are by boat and they leave Manhattan on June 6th, it must involve many hops, skips and jumps.

One paragraph above there was an interruption when the brother of George Harris appeared at my door. He is just out of prison, following a session there for murder. I had never seen this brother before and wonder how he found his way behind the bamboo hedge. strange and unexpected shades the night tide brings in.....

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Monday, March 29th, 1965.

Memorandum:

A cloudy and warm all day with a promise of rain tonight. I got some extra work done at the evening hour when I am usually devoting myself to listening to the news. Tonight there is such an electric disturbance in the offing that all one can hear on the radio is scratching, thus in this instance for me proving that there's no great loss without some small gain.

Today's mail was rather heavier than usual and I was enchanted to find a letter from Lyme enclosing the Times sheet having to do with Craig Claiborne's "progressive dinner party" which took place on the evening of the day he dined at Briarwood and spent the afternoon at Melrose. I had read the letter from Lyme first, fortunately, for Joe Henry put in an unannounced visit just as the letter was concluded and so the secretary vanished and I shall await the pleasure of the Claiborne article and the other mail on the morrow.

I'm glad the TownTalk announcement regarding Plantation Memo struck you as alright and how nice that you are sharing it with Auntie. I suppose she may be ploughing through The Greek Way these days and I hope she doesn't find it too slow going. If she finds the Hamilton book excites her curiosity to explore some other path leading to classical Greece, it will provide her with a degree of satisfaction and possibly she will feel the impulse to take upon Schliemann's books about excavating for lost Greek and Trojan treasures and perhaps these items may prove entertaining.

You may be sure I shall be on the lookout for the new ribbon as touched upon in today's letter. I had, of course, heard nothing of this new use of a material other than cotton for the purpose mentioned and I am told this machine is beginning to show signs of requiring something brighter before long and thus the gift itself will be arriving at a most timely moment.

Carmen called me from her office today. I believe she said it was on the 24th of February she had her fall. Surely her recovery has been the speediest thing I ever heard of in the wake of such an accident.

Often she calls me on Monday to ask for help in ..

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doing a cross-word puzzle. Today she had figured out all the words
save one. The description read:

"Often of prime concern in certain Latin-American relations."
She had been ble to get only one letter and that didn't
seem to help. She said there were two blank spaces for letters
and then the letter, m, followed by another blank space and then the
two letters, a and s.

I laughed and said I could tell her and at that
moment the connection was out and the line was out of order for the
balance of the day. She will call me in the morning and when
I pick up the instrument, instead of saying Hello, I shall say Pampas.

I regretted being unable to get news today because I
was especially interested in how things turned in Jonesboro, La., follow-
ing Governor McKeithin's visit to that town on Saturday.

The arrival of Syracuse University students to lend a hand in
re-building the two burned out churches in the neighborhood may
have had some adverse effect on the Governor's gesture to
restore calm in that fitful community. I know nothing of the
merits in the case but I assume things aren't much different

there than in other communities of its size in this general
area. Roberta Rue's daughter works in a Jonesboro bank and
Eve Wood's son is a dentist in Jonesboro.

I should prefer others than Mesdames Rue and Wood to supply me
with information. As I understand it, Jonesboro and the paper mill town
of Hodges, named after you know whom, run into each other and paper
mill invariably means poor white trash and that in itself is
sufficient to get things going without any outside pushing. I hope
things do settle down for it would seem things will be better for
everyone all around if the current confusion is permitted
to subside a little to examine what has been gained before
starting another rumpus, should thing tend to stand still again or
slip backward.

At supper tonight, J. H. remarked that in the local family set-up,
it is lucky that all of them never seem to get mad at the same time
even though one or another is always in that state. Joe complained to
me that Pat is making altogether too much money too fast. I said
laughingly I could see why him the time that he would be singing
about his son if the latter weren't making it fast enough. Sometimes
I am floored by the things people can conjure up to make themselves
feel unhappy.

It's pouring rain now and I'm hoping the electricity
will eventually go away so I can get some news. In the mean time, I'm
going to have a little party. I'll have some cheese melted on
slices of bread, a little butter, a little sugar, a glass
of ice tea and that will be it.....

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Tuesday, March 30th, 1965.

Memorandum: If moisture hastens Spring, Spring cannot be far in the
offing. The Heavens banged and clattered all night and
a couple of inches of rain descended. It kept right on
raining with the dawn and kept sprinkling all day, bringing a total
of approximately 4 inches on the rain gage. It's in the 40's now and
the promise is for rain tonight and tomorrow.

Naturally my thoughts have been in Lyme all day and I hope
the promise of Spring has been expressed by sunshine. But rain
or sunshine, the important thing is that the observance of
natal day was happy and that lots of things turned to make it ever
so happy. I shall be awaiting a report concerning the doings. Local
the observance began with a candlelight service in the little
chapel before daylight. A sweet bowl of late blooming hyacinthes
graced the chapel and another made a bouquet out of my desk top where
still part and fragrant, they continue giving joy tonight. When I
have finished working at my desk, there's a little birthday supper
awaiting me, including roast beef, a tomato salad with a grand little
cake from the Alexandria pastery shop, buttressed by some glace-ed ch.
and a dab of ice cream and a tall glass of tender leaf tea. I
hope little Miss Lee is going to like the birthday supper as much as
I am eagerly waiting to begin.

Interruption.....two hours of consultation by
Mrs. Chopin, balancing the idea of getting a divorce
and I forgetting what I had been saying when the 'phone rang.

But I do want to report that the new ribbon arrived safely by
today's post and I am impatient to have a try at it.
Eventually little Miss Lee will have an opportunity to
observe for herself how it is going to work.

I welcomed the opportunity this afternoon to
attend to some mail, including the article on
from the lines regarding the progressive dinner in Alexandria on the
afternoon or rather the evening of the Claiborne visit to
Br. Woodward and Melrose. I am acquainted with the people mentioned
in the article and one of those appearing in a picture
illustrating the article may have been mentioned in various Memoranda
in years gone by. According to my secretary of the day, the
lady is named Mrs. Sidney Scott. I cannot imagine how
the first name got such spelling for she and everyone else by like no
I ever knew spell the name Sidonie. Be that as it may, I perhaps had
mentioned her mama, Madame Prevosti, and especially her sister,

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er rather sister-in-law, Natalie Scott who wrote the
cook book with Bill Spratling at Melrose and then
took up residence in Mexico. It was Sidonie's husband,
Herman Scott who in the depths of the depression had his life insure
with double indemnity for accidental death, who went home
one evening shortly afterward, tossed his personal effects, such as
pocketbook, revolver, etc., into the dresser draw and when the revelu
struck the bottom of the dresser draw, it exploded, killing Herman,
where upon Sidonie Prevosti Scott and her mama immediately
took off for Europe. Well, Natalie Scott is gone
and so is mama Prevosti, I suppose, but obviously Sidonie is still
going strong and starting off Claiborne on progressive dinners.

I was trying to get a weather report at 5 o'clock tonight when
somebody tapped at my door. On responding I didn't recog-
nize the visitor who turned out to be, of all people, Beth
Williams Cloutier, chatelaine of Beaufort. I didn't
have any idea she had returned from her winter in New Orleans.
She was all affability and plunked herself down on the sofa
as though intent on spending the summer, a hoe I knew she would
never realize as it was already my supper time. We chatted for
a while and then she finally got around to the point of
her visit, -- to ask me if I would let her bring some of her fine
feathered New Orleans friends for a tour on Saturday, --
Admiral de la Houssaye, the Fortiers and so on and so forth. I would
She volunteered the information that she had recently been through
some clinic and was pronounced in perfect physical condition except
for some difficulty at the end of her spine which impelled
her Crescent City physicians to advise her against
driving her own car too much and not to think
of going to town more than once a day. I was tempted to recommend
that she and Carmen get together to compare notes about their
backbone or at least their back difficulties but I was in too
much of a hurry to get rid of her to bother bringing up that.
Beth can exude vast charm when she is seeking a favor and
today she had all the faucets turned on full tilt. Something tells
me it's about time for Shreveport to honor Melrose with a
visit, come Saturday, and it ought to work out perfectly
if she and Sister collide on Saturday afternoon since each of them
is something of a carbon copy of the other mentally and
I can observe the encounter, if any, with extreme de-
tachment.

There was a party across the fence today, -- noon luncheon, foll-
owed by two tables of bridge. I take it 8 people were invited which
is remarkable to relate still left a place for the hostess at one table
since one of those hidden to dine at high noon, -- Dan's wife, June,
does not play cards, leaving a place open for the hostess to round
out as one participant in the games. My agents report that June
remained after dinner, assisted the servant in preparing drinks and
desserts. Why she was invited, I cannot imagine, or why she

And now for my birthday supper and may the one in Lyme
been as gay as mine.....

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Wednesday, March 31st, 1965.

Memorandum: I was told I should appear to the public

Through a filter of gauze, the sun shone today. The thermometer
ranged from the 40's by night to the 60's by day.

All day I have been holding the thought that the
festivities in Lyme came off as delightfully as those in this area.
The natal day supper was a great success, especially the cake
and ice cream and I never felt so much like Ludwig, de Baviere, en-
tertaining at dinner his imaginary guests in the 19th century, featuring
such table companions as Marie Antoinette, Louis Quatorze, etc. I
shall be eager to have a report regarding little Miss Lee's celebration
in Lyme, for, in my own thoughts, it was almost as though
she must have been in two places at the same time, -- Lyme in
person and Yucca in spirit.

I. S. Willard just called. She is in a bit of a
quandary, wondering if the commercial plane navigators who
struck tonight over a labor contract, will be operating the plane
scheduled to take her to Paris on April 7th.

According to this morning's radio, J. H. and a couple of
other planters intended flying to Washington this weekend to
see about increasing or at least maintaining the Louisiana
Pecan Experiment station. Their plans, of course, would naturally
be concerned with plane service but at supper I learned the
trip had been called off because whatever it was they were up to has
already been settled.

From I. S. Willard I received news regarding the Registers.
They are solving their problem about having a Siberian husky without
a mate by ordering another dog of the same type but of the
opposite sex. This ought to promise many things to keep them
busy and they ought to establish some kind of a record in kennel
history by raising Arctic animals in Louisiana.

I. S. W. reports further that the Registers have
a spiffy new station wagon, white of body and red of upholstery. She
says they both are looking fine and that Kay seems to be
enjoying domestic chores and obviously is thriving on the
exercise.

.....tune

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And speaking of domestic chores, I must say I find myself confronted with a few of same which will be taken care of within the next 12 hours although I'm not sure just how I shall achieve some within the time span. It seems Hatchiteches is giving a series of parties for a prospective St. Louis bride now visiting in town. The girl is engaged to one of the Hill boys and the boy's father, Sam Hill, is a brother of Mildred Cunningham and everybody in the town's social whirl are contending for time to entertain the aforesaid young lady. Celeste has invited them here for the morrow and while have Fugabou and August to put the big house in proper order before tomorrow afternoon's tour. I shall be busy tomorrow morning but somehow shall have Yucca ready for the visitation although as of this moment I haven't the slightest idea as to how that will be done. The important thing is that Celeste should be pleased with the appearance of the lower floor of the big house. As for Yucca how much the furniture shines and the windows glisten doesn't matter so much since people probably visit Yucca less for gleam and glitter than for sheer relaxation. There's another advantage for me in not getting things "spruced up" before the Thursday visitation and that is to be found in the fact that if I wait until Friday to give the place a going-over, it will look a little better on Saturday when La Beaufort ushers in her fine friends from New Orleans.

Thelma called me this morning before going to the Hill party in town. She is just back at Northwestern, following a couple of weeks in south Louisiana, attending to family property there, looking after her ailing brother and attending the funeral of one of the Dupont ladies in that area. A school girl companion with whom relations all down the years has remained very close. She said the point of her phone call was to talk about the column, the publication of which beyond the confines of the Parish seemed to please her. She said she and John would be coming down to pay me a long visit one of these afternoons but she wanted to say Hey today without awaiting an opportunity to desert the halls of learning to spend a pleasant hour in the country.

She reports that Dr. Dermen's book, originally planned for Harper and Brother, is now about to be published in Baton Rouge by Leater's press which, hell ve isn't in the same bracket with Harper but which will at least see the manuscript transformed into print.....

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Thursday, April 1st, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair with the thermometer's high, according to the the report Weather Bureau, at 70, seemingly an under estimate when one considers the 90 degree mark on the Post Office thermometer.

There were two comments about last Saturday's Plantation Memo. I found interesting. At the coffee hour this morning Celeste said she had received a letter from her sister, Celine, of Mansura or Marksaville or where ever, remarking that Town Talk did not carry Plantation Memo on Saturday, that she had combed the paper with care and it simply wasn't there and she was disappointed. Celeste asked me if I knew why it didn't appear and I told her it did appear.

James dropped in this afternoon unannounced. He said on Saturday night he had gone through Town Talk carefully and remarked to Kay he was sorry Plantation Memo had not been printed. Kay told him she had read the paper an hour earlier and that the column was there when she explored its pages. James made another careful search, eventually finding it on next to the last page. I suppose Town Talk will not bury future ones so successfully when they eventually get around to give it its usual caption and possibly put it in some other place in the paper.

A note from Lucille Conchan suggests that she was luckier than Celine and James since she mentions it in her note. I must take up the matter of the first two unsuccessful searchers when I speak with my agents next time.

My day was in the nature of a hop, skip and a jump and tonight I feel as though I could begin a day's work with gusto in spite of the frittering away of energy this morning and afternoon with little to show for my own expenditures of energy although frustration takes its toll of energy just as though anything worth while had been undertaken.

August and Fugabou appeared on my gallery at 6 this morning, asking if there was anything they could do for half an hour until the lady from across the fence arrived at the big house to

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supervise their cleaning in anticipation of a visitation of friends wanting a tour this afternoon. I did. I caught up with them at 11 and we did a little work before dinner. I, too, wanted to do a dab of brushing up since, after all, the same people who would be passing through the big house would be lingering longer at Yucca.

Came dinner and the noon plantation bell and I put Fug, Bou, Bub and August to "lacing up" a couple of parterres in the Ghana garden, hastening back to Yucca to do a few things before the 3:30 guests arrived, only to discover James had arrived and he remained until 3:30. The only guests to arrive were the Hill boy and his fiancée from St. Louis. I was glad there were no more. As it should be, the Hill boy and Irene are in love and interested in only one person, the Hill boy in Irene and Irene in Irene. There's nothing unique about such a set-up and I wondered who had cooked up the tour in the first place. One thing about it, I find it quite easy to guide such tours to a quick and successful conclusion since such a pair invariably is primarily interested in pursuing their own gossamer and understandingly enough not much concerned about what they say or what they hear just so long as what they see provides a setting for their romance and what they hear is an expression of affection on the part of each other.

James said Kay has been awake several nights of late and accordingly slept during the day. This tended to keep James busy doing baby sitting with the dog, now weighing 65 pounds. It is felt by the dog's mistress the animal should have companionship of another dog and so to solve the problem of one dog that is nearly unmanageable, a second one of the same breed will be acquired. As this type of dog usually begets about 10 or a dozen puppies at a single visit of the stork, the Arctic atmosphere ought to be visible if not felt along Cane River before long. I assume in one way or another most people make life the more difficult by doing things the hard way and solving the dog problem by getting a mate who in due season will produce a dozen more at the first effort strikes me as one way not to solve such a problem.

It's not only the temperature that suggests the arrival of summer but sounds as well and this afternoon the whir of the lawn mowers reminds one we have turned the corner leaving winter behind. The copious dews and damps of late have brought up the clover at a great rate and some of the more luxuriant weeds are thriving wonderfully. The artist's grandson, C. C. E. Davis, Jr., along with T-Gar have been galloping around behind the power mowers like young colts just turned out to grass and may the good Lord save the flowering plants from the same fate awaiting the weeds.....

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Friday, April 2nd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and in the mild 70's.

I was enchanted to find a letter from Lyme in today's post, giving some notion as to how things turned on the natal day and particulars about additional plans that interested me much.

I am sorry that apparently no greeting came to hand from it is direction. I had thought the little greeting might arrive right on the dot but perhaps the postman dilly-dallies along the way a bit. There were so many things claiming attention today that I am impatient to re-read little Miss Lee's letter over again for it contained many a piece of information I want to dwell on over and over again.

I do not remember having heard of the hotel mentioned but the boulevard named in honor of Baron Haussmannis, naturally, familiar enough. Its proximity to the church and the theatre named provides easy access to familiar centers and subway and bus stops and especially starts that should provide convenient transportation in every direction. I suppose the department store of Printemps, a couple of blocks behind the Opera, will provide a handy place to do shopping for odds and ends and the section that store used to have given over to artificial flowers, berries, festoons of seeds and things to decorate my lady's costumes still specializes in these exquisite items, I trust. There used to be one or two little shops just a block or two further along the avenue devoted to the same charming bits of merchandise and a shop devoted to religious items, too, crucifixes and so on that once were as fine as one was likely to encounter.

Near the cathedral of our lady, there used to be some little shops selling trinkets where occasionally, especially in winter, one could find one interesting plaster casts, especially of gargoyles which I didn't like because they frightened me, but I do recall a strikingly impressive face with closed eyes, a Bishop's hat rising high above the forehead, with a hand, --just the hand, giving support below the right jaw, as I recall, and the other hand near the top of the hat, --an artist's concept of St. Denis who, according to legend, following his decapitation, picked up his head, skulks with his hat on it, and walked over the Mount of Martyrs and into the valley beyond where the Cathedral of St. Denis was later built on the spot where he finally came to rest. I have no doubt such things

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have long since vanished but other strikingly individualistic creations may possibly have emerged along inexpensive but parallel lines, I hope, although one never knows what one is likely to encounter or never discover during rush seasons.

I am glad for the information regarding Trianon-Palace hotel. It must be confusing to some travelers in that it isn't too far from the Grand Trianon of Quatorze. And while on the Versailles subject, let me repeat for the billionth time that when I recommend that domains to anyone whom I which of as being interested in the whole set-up, and they are mighty rare, I always ask them to remember there are four separate entities worth visiting there, --the big Palace, the Grand Trianon, the Petit Trianon and the little Farm.. If time is limited by appointments or weather conditions, I suppose if one had to skip one or another of these four entities, one might let the big palace go and simply take a cab from any place in town, such as the station or in front of the big palace, driving directly to the Grand Trianon and after walking around it, walk on to the Petit Trianon, only a few steps away and once there, right on to the Hameau which adjoins.. If one has the time and energy to walk a mile, one can enter the gardens through the courtyard in front of the big palace and once in the gardens, stroll through the gardens down to the beginning of the Grand Canal and thence to the right for half a mile by a direct avenue and thus reach the Grand Trianon on foot.

Heaven knows how things are arranged now but in the old days the terminus of the electric train most convenient, it seemed to me, was across the Seine from Place de la Concorde and just about one block to the right. There were trains from Gare St. Lazare nearer Hausmann but they used to be stuffy and took much longer.

I am especially indebted for the reference to the various topics in Life and I always appreciate any reference to them. I have been so busy going around in circles of late that I have saved the past six or eight issues, awaiting one of those rare moments when time and a secretary converged so I might enjoy them more completely. I am making a mental note about the Hermitage and all and shall go after them with gusto shortly.

As for local doings, I haven't much to report. I believe there's a swing-out going on at the honkey-tonk tonight. Doreatha at supper time told me she expected one of her sons over from Houston before morning and in anticipation of his arrival and his return home on the morrow, she was hurrying home to butcher some hogs. August and Robert were going to lend her and Ezra a hand, the children of hot water was already simmering so the bristles could be scraped off and so I assume things are moving at a pretty pace in that direction. Probably J. H. is in town for Celeste left for a Catholic retreat near Pineville today, planning to return Sunday evening. And now I must do some mail and then call it a day except for dreams of the itinerary.....

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Memorandum: Fair Saturday, cloudy Sunday with the temperature suggesting summer may have arrived, -- sort of 70 by night and 80 by day with afternoon climbs to the 90's.

It was so wonderful to find a letter of April 31 in Saturday post of April 3rd. Again I would voice my regret that the natal day greeting arrived a couple of days behind time but it is good to know that the package proved to be alright in spite of its dawdling along the way. I found it such a happy coincidence that only a few days earlier, there had been a reference in a letter from little Miss Lee regarding Les Tres Riches Heures for the former book of Jean de France was already traveling in the direction of Lyme. I goes without saying, of course, that I am enchanted with the script of the article and I want to go into that further at a subsequent future sitting.

I want to take this opportunity to refer to another point in a former letter, the matter of the friend who remains at home while another member of that family undertakes a vacation abroad. I think the lady is so right in reaching the decision made regarding that matter and there is always a chance, of course, that at some later date she may find an opportunity to make a vacation in the direction mentioned when there will undoubtedly be a better opportunity to spend the time in fully as happier or even happier surroundings.

The weekend was busy-busy but withal pleasant. I had anticipated having someone or other to give me a hand on Saturday morning but as things didn't turn out that way, I exerted much energy in getting things rigged up prettily for the afternoon reception of Mr. Beaufort's guests. I was quite drip with dirt and sweat by noon but as I had a couple of hours between then and the appointment, -- I thought, -- I calculated I would have ample time for a dip and the putting on of fresh raiment before anyone appeared.

Just about 12:45 when I turned for a plunge in my sea shell, I heard someone's voice calling from the direction of the big pot. It was Eli Mahiers, her sister, brother and wife. Eli was being taken from Baton Rouge to Norman Oklahoma by the

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folks and they had decided to stop off here. In spite of my
gore, we all embraced mightily and made a little tour and chatted
like magpies. They called Kay from here to say they were going
to drop in to see the Registers on reaching town.

I took a quick splash as soon as they left and put on
some fresh garments when another knock came at the door. It
was one of the men who did some of the house painting here a couple
of years back. He had brought his wife, children and sister-in-law
who were waiting at the front gate but the man very considerably
as they all could come later if the present moment wasn't
propitious. I always feel such people should have precedence
over the Beauforts and the fine feathered New Orleans folk and
so in 7 minutes I gave the family a tour of
the big house and Yucca and then turned them loose to make the
balance of the tour by themselves and everybody seem pleased.
The Beaufort contingent arrived on time and everything went
off smoothly, --perhaps too pleasing for both who
had what I might style nerve, it seemed to me, when on getting
ready to depart, she informed me that she was expecting to entertain
the Louisiana State Landmark Society on May 1st and would
I promise her that she might bring the Society for a perfect
duplicate of the tour just closing. I said it was premature
to discuss such matters at the moment and that she and
I could discuss that later.

I learned from one of the afternoon guests that she had dined
with Warren and Frances Ogden last week, that Warren was alright
again following a heart attack a few months back and that Warren
and Frances are leaving this week for a vacation in Europe.
What with Celeste in retreat down Pineville way, J. H. invite
me for Sunday breakfast, --a novelty for me as I seldom
have a go at that particular meal of the week. Then
we dined together at noon and had ample opportunity
to chat about dozens of matters of general interest which
I usually get side-tracked if we are three.

At 5:25 this afternoon, James called from the artist's house,
saying Kay and he and junior were out for a ride, had stopped
at the artist's, had heard some shooting and thought
it better to be on their way and asked if I should
care to swing on the front gate at Melrose with them. I
would. They reported that just before calling me, there
was a dash of commotion at Jackie's house across the road from
the artist's house and the artist's daughter was engaged
in taking pot shots at her "helper" Paul Metoyer. Later
tonight I learned Paul had to be taken to the hospital but it
was thought "he ain't hurt all that much". So passeth the
weekend and may it have been quieter in Lyme.....

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Monday, April 5th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and mild in the 70 - 85 brackets.
I don't recall if I mentioned in yesterday's memo that
when Kay and James paused for five minutes at the front gate,
Sunday evening, they mentioned a shooting across the road
from the artist's house while they were calling on I Hunter.
It was the artist's daughter, Jackie, who was handling the fire-
arms. Her "helper" Paul Metoyer, had been "helping" another
lady in town and Jackie took up her rifle when Paul started to come
the house, hitting him in the groin. Jackie journeyed to
town to spend a day or two in jail while Paul was taken
to Alexandria where it was found the bullet had by some
miracle avoided hitting any leader or artery and lodged somewhere
inside his lower torso. It was decided it would do no harm
for the bullet to remain there permanently and so it wasn't
removed. I had supposed it was always well if, indeed, not
imperative, to take out metal of this type when coming to rest
in the body but far be it from me to question
the medical authorities. And so Jackie will be
coming home from the Hatchiteches jail in a day or two and
Paul will be back again in all good time and the merry-go-round
and start turning again.

In view of the immense popularity of the primitive paintings
by the mother of the lady who shot the gun, the wire services
called for particulars regarding the incident but when they
learned that white people were not involved in the shooting, they
weren't interested in carrying the story. I suggested that if
it requires white and color in such a fracas to create a story, possi-
I might slip over to the artist's house and get her
daughter to take a pot shot at me in some place
that would merely result in a slight flesh wound in order
the services might have something to write about. Smile.

Celeste had a wonderful time at the three day retreat near
Pineville. There was, however, one painful incident. She
described at some length the layout of the out-of-door
stations of the cross, arranged among the pines along
the crest of a ridge within the Mary Hill confines. She

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was making the go-round by herself when she was startled by the sight of a snake near the 7th station. She summoned some youths employed in the kitchen of the retreat buildings and after they had provided themselves with a hoe, she directed them from afar as to just where the thing could be found. They did indeed find it and had no trouble dispatching it. It was a King snake, of course, a true guardian to ward off visitations by poisonous snakes, just another Mr. McGrew whose presence, naturally, should have been protected and cultivated as a protection for the area.

On the newspaper front, someone remarked that on the first page of the second section of the Enterprise of Saturday, there is a reference to Lestan in one of the columns by Charles in which he expressed the hope that Lestan's column will be appearing again when Lestan's "obligations" have been discharged. I assume Charles thought somebody would point this out to Lestan. It illustrates his indirection at conveying messages the hard way when picking up a 'phone would seemingly be the easier.

The warmth and humidity combine to pull banana plants and ribbon grass out of the ground at a great rate and the ribbon grass is especially appealing in its snowy whiteness. There were lots of things I wanted to concentrate on the garden side today but too many pilgrims were sent to me and so I accomplished nothing with a hoe. Then, after supper, there were people who needed letters written for them and other little matters attended to, especially in regard to my barber's stepson whose body is being brought from California for burial. The youth was once a secretary, active of brain but stoney of heart. That his girl friend on the west coast should have dumped him off doesn't seem too surprising.

And so the Oscar awards were beginning when my last visitor had departed and I concentrated on that program although most of the people mentioned were merely names and I knew nothing about the pictures mentioned although I felt I was slightly acquainted with the Fair Lady matter, what with the lovely recording of its music I have enjoyed over the years, the familiarity of the story of Pygmalion and so on. I thought Bob Hope did a good job as Master of Ceremonies. I imagine it must have been an interesting spectacle, especially the gowns, for those across the nation who viewed the program on TV.

And now I must fold, withal happy with the thought that perhaps tonight's telepathy program may have flowed freely in the direct stream. Love, while little Miss Lee and I were enjoying the

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Tuesday, April 6th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, humidity at 100, temperature around 80.

Somewhere around 7:30 tonight, J. H. 'phoned me from the store. He said a peahen and some pheasants were at the store having just arrived. He had run across an advertisement in the Market Bulletin, listing peacocks and peahens and had told me the other day he would try and track down a peahen. He didn't mention the pheasants at that time. The Valley Electric operates in the Leesville area and a couple of the workmen had at his direction brought the peahen and some pheasants. All are now in their traveling boxes, resting in the African House until dawning when I shall let them step out of their boxes in the Unicorn House.

I don't pretend to be an expert on peafowls but unless I am mistaken, the peafowl is not a rooster, a hen but a reoster. I come to this conclusion primarily because the breast as viewed in artificial light, only a few feathers to be seen through the slats of the box, appear to be peacock blue and the hen, so far as I know, never has such brilliant plumage. It is true that the tail is short as are all peahens but I have a hunch either the seller didn't know his birds or, --and prish the thought, -- perhaps he did know his birds, wanted to make a sale and having only peacocks to hand, plucked the tail feathers from one and sent off the bird as a hen. Well, we shall see "by the dawn's early light".

From what little I can make out, the pheasants appear to be of the golden variety and might pretty but I shall know more about that on the morrow, too. The Unicorn House is going to be mighty busy tomorrow, what with the newly arrived peafowl, Law Pau and Louella in the white geese section and the golden pheasants. I cannot house the golden pheasants with the Lady Amherst one because Lord Lady Amherst is a killer and would as he has done before I knew about his inclinations, knock out the golden pheasants in a jiffy.

If, as seems likely, the new peafowl turns out to be a rooster and since we already have another peacock, perhaps J. H. will react the way Kay is reacting to the presence of her male dog, solving the problem of not knowing what to do with same by getting another and thus, if J. H. comes through in like manner, his problem will now be augmented to getting a couple more peahens to put the present number of males in balance.

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Along about 3:30 this afternoon, Blythe and Jean appeared. Blythe said she had tried to call me about a dozen times since my contributions had begun running in Town Talk but could never get me. She said last Saturday, April 3rd, her son, Ed Rand, had called his mother to ask her why she supposed there was no Plantation Memo in Saturday's paper. He said he had searched the paper diligently and it simply wasn't there. She told him she hadn't searched it and it certainly was there for she had already read it. In this morning's post had come a card from Miss Kate of Monroe reporting Bertha and Hope Haupt had not been able to find Plantation Memo in the March 27th issue. I chanced to have an extra one of that date and sent it along to her. Verily, Town Talk is quite successful in burying the column.

Jean broke in, saying she had something funny to tell regarding initial announcement on a Friday in Town Talk that the column would be started the following day. Jean explained that she had picked up that Friday paper, caught sight of my likeness and exclaimed:

"Oh, my God, Lestan is dead....."

and then, when she got around to read the printed word, discovered Lestan wasn't having an obituary printed, but himself. Truly, the news provides more fun. Smile.

While Blythe was here, the artist called. She reported that Jackie is still in jail and that she, the artist, was "studyin' about" seeing Mr. Pipes to have him get Jackie out of the jail. I told her I thought that was just fine. I didn't know until today that Paul had been flirting with some Hatchitoches lady on Sunday afternoon when he and Jackie were at the honkey-tonk together. Jackie promptly headed for home to get her gun and Paul arrived just behind her. According to my informants, "she done shot him through the window" and then 'phoned his papa, Amadee to come get him and Jackie was holding him up against the fence to keep him from falling down and then when Paul was placed in his papa's car, Jackie got into the car to go along to the hospital but Amadee made her get out. Later the Sheriff came and gave Jackie a free ride to the tow jail and not to the hospital, as Jackie had assumed was her destination. One of my field hand friends is quoted as saying at the time: "Mr. Lestan could write all this here rigamarole in a book but it ain't nobody what's goin' to believe it....."

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Wednesday, April 7th, 1965.

Memorandum: Cloudy, 80 and humid.

The in-coming post was heavy but it all had to go into the armour against the morrow, what with pil rims and secretaries managing to converge on Yucca at the same time.

Much of the talk around and about has been about peacocks today, when a peacock is a peahen and the other way around and the general conclusion seems to be that nobody knows much about the subject. The newly arrived bird when permitted to step out of his crate into the enclosure at the Unicorn House, turned out to be a fine looking bird and like all the peacocks I ever saw with or possessed of a fine vest of strikingly colorful feathers. If it's a peahen, it's the largest one I ever saw. If it's a peacock, it looks odd in such a role since it has scant tail feathers just like those of all peahens.

To my surprise, when I enticed the big old peacock down from his accustomed morning perch atop the big oak in back of the house, luring him toward the Unicorn House, I thought that of course he would take a definite stand at the sight of the bird on the other side of the wire netting. Apparently nothing could have interested him less, no emotion stirred within his heart if the new creature might be a peahen and no pugilistic inclinations in case new arrival turned out to be a peacock like himself. He just remained on his high perch and never did get down and around to extend welcome or to denounce the new member of the feathered residents.

There were a couple of Federal men to dine this noon and they had to inspect the bird and name his sex before they broke bread. Neither one of them could come to a decision and J. H. remarked that it would be extraordinary when I said so.

It turned out to be a composite of Hermes and Aphrodite. And so tonight we find ourselves right where we were 24 hours ago only we would be nice if it were a hen, not only to serve as a companion for the big peacock but also as a possible mother for his potential offspring. But it's a beautiful bird which ever sex it happens to be and it's pleasant to have an excuse, in case it's a male, for J. H. to buy a companion for both.

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The pheasants turned out to be the golden variety and although small, they are mighty pretty. The first thing the male did was to find a place in the wire netting separating one section of the Unicorn House where Louella lays her eggs from the other section occupied by the Lady Amstersts. I did some fancy footwork and arm waving to separate the golden male from the danger of death, unrealized by himself, and fortunately got the two birds separated and the barrier repaired before the killer had killed

And after all this chatter about birds, I might take a minute out to remark upon some other topic. To my surprise, I actually got around to hear a radio program without interruption. As all stations seemed to be carrying the President's speech at Johns Hopkins, I could fish around in a wide choice of stations and stay on one that was the clearest. The lengthening of the daylight hours is clipping off some of the stations I get accustomed to during the longer nights. There were tornado warnings to the north of us, especially in the Oklahoma area and these disturbances tended to gum up reception on broadcasts from that direction but New Orleans came in as clear as a bell. I thought the Johnson speech one although I must say I'm not sure the people in southeast Asia for whom we are expending lives and treasure have much of a concept as to what all the fighting is about. As I understand it, our purpose in being there is to enable the people of that region to have a Government of their own selection. My guess is that these people have always been under non-democratic rule and probably have little or no understanding about any kind of Government. In Hatchitchee Parish I can think of lots of white people living in the hills and colored people living in the river bottoms who undoubtedly would respond with the same word to the same question. For instance, they might be asked if they preferred to live under a Democratic or Republican Administration and all of them would probably reply: "Yes".

At St. Mathew's on Sunday they will bury a former secretary whose name I never knew although he was the step-son of my barber, J. C. I. The boy had been living in Los Angeles for several years. On Sunday night he had had a spat with a girl friend and leaving her house, started running down the street when the aforesaid girl friend fired a shot and the boy dropped dead. An examination of the gun and the bullet, however, revealed the projectile was fired from some other gun which was very confusing. That, however, is a job for California authorities to unravel and, come Sunday, the youth will be buried at St. Mathew's and that will be that.....

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Thursday, April 18th, 1965.

Memorandum: Sun thought daze, humidity in the 90's, warmth in the 80's. Tonight's waning moon is lovely and the milky white ribbon grass, now knee high, shimmers in a heavy splash of dew.

It was so very pleasant to find a letter from Lyne in yesterday's post that could be absorbed today, along with the two clippings, both of which interested me exceedingly.

Somehow I didn't find myself surprised at the report concerning how things are not going in the replacement department. From experience in former absences on the part of little Miss Lee, it would seem the powers that be ought to have realized a long time ago that finding someone to take over the manipulation of things was not going to be easy and something tells me that before another couple of months have run out, the fact will be impressed even more firmly on the organization. It certainly will be interesting to learn as time flies along just how things do turn.

I'm so glad to be kept advised as to the progress of the Central Park thin progresses. The mention of it reminds me of the cafeteria at the Zoo and I find myself wondering if it continues functioning as formerly. When it began I thought it grand. In memory it will always remain as a pleasant little island of delight and quiet in a metropolis humming with other qualities.

And thanks for the obituary covering Helene Rubenstein. I thought it exceptionally well turned and contained many a point in her remarkable career I had not heard about. It never occurred to me before that she operated on such a wide flung front around the world. I'm wondering if she had salons in major American cities other than New York and I don't seem to remember any of her places in Europe although it is possible she merely manufactured and sold her products abroad rather than operating beauty shops. In a way it seems strange I can think of no major or minor beauticians in Europe, no Elizabeth Ardens, no Helena Rubensteins although there may have been plenty of such institutions. Come to think of it, it does seem a little odd that some of the Grands Courtisiers who did so much about perfumes didn't take the next logical step and go in for beauty shops generally. After all, Europe went in for lady hair dressers before the United States was born and although I know nothing about such details, I assume the gentleman who dressed my lady's hair and powdered her wig must have given a few touches to her beauty patches, her rouge, eyebrows and such like and that rigging up my lady generally would seem to have been such a logical extension from all the other efforts exerted in beautifying her. We must go into all this eventually.

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On the home front the beauty of vegetation seems to require no experts but proceedeth under its own steam. The wisteria is hanging out its purple and its white lanterns at a great rate and the German iris and unfolding their banners to every passing breeze.

Celeste takes off for Shreveport about some religious thing on the morrow and remain until early in the week and Dan goes tomorrow to Dallas to attend one of the opening baseball games in the new stadium there. There is much talk in town about his domestic doings for he is said to have driven out his wife and three daughters from their pecan park home. His wife's son who was gunned out. Some family named Sanderson in the Pecan Park area is delighted to have the boy stay with the and J. H. is paying the bills. How often I have heard people remark how strange it is J. H. never had a family. If they only knew the family cares he has always looked after, they would be asking how he takes on such a numerous brood.

I happily can remark that the new feathered friends are doing just fine. The golden pheasants eat out of my hand as though we had been playing things together all our lives. As for the peafowl, I believe it is a hen, but larger than I have ever seen and much more brilliantly colored. She remained in the netting enclosure all day and apparently well contented. About 4 o'clock this afternoon when the big old male was strutting his stuff near the gate to the enclosure, I opened the gate and out out some food. The hen descended from her perch and came out for a bite, disdained, --both food and hen, by the big male. After the hen had eaten, she turned around and went back into the enclosure and resumed her perch. But later Low Paul came along, making a great racket within the enclosure, and so the hen came out again and the big male escorted her over to the African House to observe their likenesses in the mirror. That act in itself, of course, anchored the newly arrived bird to this area and for the balance of the evening, the pair of them spent the twilight hours regarding themselves with vast satisfaction. Getting petused to a place seems so easy if one simply lets them explore their new surroundings by themselves and the present case of the taken see to confirm the statement.

The Walkers left for New Orleans today to attend the Presses Association convention. They will remain until tomorrow afternoon when they will drive up to Baton Rouge for the Gridiron dinner Friday night. I believe the Vice President is to attend that dinner, following his speech for a convention of A.F.O.L. in the morning and the conferring of an LLD deg on him in the afternoon by L. S. U., from which he received his Master's de years ago. So things turn and so I must turn to my downy pillow....

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Friday, April 9th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, humid and 90.

The peacock, always a late riser, he-stirred himself from his tree-top perch ahead of schedule this morning for at 6 o'clock I noticed the colorful figures of both him and his bride, outlined against the sky from atop the African House, --an astonishing place for him so early in the morning.

They never came down for their breakfast and they were hiding somewhere all day until about 4:30 when they put in an appearance at the Unicorn House. About 6 o'clock this evening, they were both awaiting me on the Yucca gallery when I returned from supper. I handed them some mighty nice warm biscuits which the husband adores but which the wife finds only second best to corn bread. I take it the family is definitely established and let us hold the thought they-be-get some fine children.

Next door a fine enclosed garden was enclosed in fancy wire netting for the new dog. It is more or less square, one side being Celeste's garage, the end of the building has an apartment incorporated in the building and facing the newly created dog garden and withal mighty fine for the aforesaid animal. It wasn't clear to me or to her two servants that before taking off for her impending three days in Shreveport, Celeste gave strict orders that as soon as the new dog domain was completed, the aforesaid animal should be placed there immediately but, --and this was underlined, when it began getting dark, the dog should be transferred from his fine new abode and placed on the back gallery of her house and the screen door locked so the dog would stay there all night and that next morning the first thing the servants should do, after transferring the aforesaid dog back into his new pen, was to scrub the floor of the back gallery for the dog has not been housebroken. I still can't figure that one out but one doesn't have to since J. H. counter-manded the order, telling the servants to leave the dog right where he was in his new and more comfortable surroundings.

The servants came to me, somewhat upset about disobeying Celeste's orders and wondering what she might have to say on her return early week. I assured them their business was to carry out the orders of the master when the mistress wasn't in residence and that that.

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I was as busy as a hen a-settin' this morning about 9:30 when Beth Williams Cloutier de Beaufort appeared on my gallery, bearing a jar of figs from last season's canning. Obviously the purpose of her visit was to sew me up as regards the entertaining of her fine New Orleans friends among the multitude of people she has endeavored to get up this way, primarily, I believe, with a view to paying off some social debts contracted during the winter while she was in residence in the Crescent City and making the most of the opportunity she envisioned in getting me to provide some of the divertissement. She was especially anxious for me to give her either a mornin' or an afternoon either on April 30th, May 1st, 2nd or 3rd. I would do nothing of the kind, stating that at this time and even until the last moment, I could not anticipate whether I could have any of her friends at all if members of the family suddenly jumped in unannounced. Naturally, because they are so much alike in the mental uncertainties, I couldn't explain that because Sister and she are just alike, I was confronted with a double problem, -- as to whether Sister would be here and at the same time, whether Beth herself would be "all here" at any date in the future. While I fiddled to get her gently pushed out of the place so I could accomplish some of the things that simply had to be done then and there, she droned along gaily about all her interests, how she will not spend next winter in New Orleans, how the boards in the floor of her front gallery at Beaufort are puckering, requiring a new floor that will cost at least a thousand dollars and how nice it would be to take some little cruise for that amount, et., et., etc. I'm sure she must have plenty of acquaintances in the Parish, unpressed for time, who would listen to her and I wish she would concentrate on them. What with the weather so warm, Doreatha moved us from the winter to the summer dining room, a place I always enjoy especially because I never find myself there that I do not think of little Miss Lee having been there, too, and how pleasant the proximity of vegetation, birds and squirrels always make the setting just beyond the screen ne

I am putting this week's Leesville Leader in the mail with this memo but under separate cover. I had requested they send 1 week's issue, too, but they didn't and I'll see what I can effect by writing them again. I hold the thought that all goes well on the island this impending weekend and that a measure of leisure may be experienced.....

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Sunday, April 11th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, humid and 80-ish.

Saturday was a hammer day at the Post Office, what with both a letter and a package from Lyme. I had to wait to read the letter and the Claiborne clipping until mid afternoon but there was nothing to restrain me from opening the surprise package as soon as I had marched back from the Post Office and did I love what I discovered therein, -- the package, not the Post Office. I just love the midnight snack, accoutrements and, needless to say, put them right to work before midnight arrived.

I had never seen any of the Franco-Asian Earthenware pieces before and find them entrancing and in perfect harmony with their Yucca surroundings. I like the material, the tint of the coloring, and remarkable design and harmony of its shading with the basic color of the dishes themselves and best of all, I love them because in using them every day as I shall straight ahead, I shall feel the presence of little Miss Lee at each sight and touch of them.

I inaugurated their use Saturday night in using them for strawberries and cream and a slab of pound cake and the whole gathering together of such happy combination made me as happy as a clam. I have already prepared an avocado salad for tonight, -- at present chilling in the icemaker, together with some sandwiches made of raisin bread and filled with hila elphia cream cheese into which pecans, olives and pimentos have been chopped and I know the spirit of the donor as well as the person of recipient are going to love all that.

The weekend was busy, rather tiring but with all pleasant. There were pilgrims but I forget the appearance and identity of the people. I was a little annoyed when three people appeared on the gallery about sundown on Saturday evening. I was in the midst of a column about The Egg and God and didn't want a break but a break I got and that was that. It was Mr. Hatch who operates El Caminon Real in town, bringing a couple from San Antonio. The couple turned out to be charming people and we interspersed discussions on Greek civilization of 500 B.C. with local manifestations of life in the 20th century. It was dark before they left and then I had to attend to several little chores before I could finish the column which, having gone stale, didn't amount to much.

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What with Celeste in Shreveport for the weekend, J. H. and I had breakfast and dinner together and that is always pleasant. I had gone to town in the morning and went back again after dinner. Too many people came between dinner and dark, including Deetsie Baby who passed this way, staying only a minute, explaining as she did that she had simply come to borrow my key to the gas pump for she wanted to fill up her car. Typical of that branch of the family, she had stopped next door, opened the new dog enclosure, extracted the hound and brought him here. The door wasn't lock but that wouldn't have matter if the girl wanted to extract the dog. It was returned to its original dwelling in all good time but the nerve of getting into other people's property always amazes me.

Later in the afternoon, Frances and Jarred Pratt dropped in, bringing Zee-zee trees for me. Already possessed of enormous zee-zee trees, why I want more, I cannot imagine. I shall give them to some of my friends.

The Walkers called from Baton Rouge, asking if they might drop in around 4:30 on their way home to Natchitoches. They brought with them a walnut, oval of arms shaped business, slaps in the middle of which is set a tile, the size and shape of the Hunter primitive tile. Fried into the tile in yellows and browns is a legend stating that the Louisiana Press Association award for the best column of 1964 was bestowed on Lestan. I thought it kind of them to accept the award on behalf of the Enter rise and to offer to bring it to me, especially as Charles and wife were right up in front at the gathering of the convention. The Walkers had their camera with them, something about the size of a cigar and snapped several picture of Lestan, standing with plaque in hand in front of Grandpere's portrait, seated at his desk, the plaque along side and so on. I shall try to obtain a likeness and send same along eventually.

They reported several newspapers in south Louisiana have asked for the column, Litcher, Opelousas and so on and that they would give me a list should I told several of the State newspapers will carry an account of the column award and this, in turn, will probably bring other papers for the

And now I must do some mail and then turn to the salad and more important the earthenware which will bring so much delight to the close of this happy weekend.....

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Monday, April 12, 1965
Even as all last week, it seems, --cloudy, humid and 80-ish.

As you will already have noticed, the new ribbon is in use. I hold my breath until the reversal point has been reached, holding then thought that it will turn about without any ado. If a vacuum should suddenly develop, however, you will understand that the machine has not properly "logged up". This is the first use I have made of the gift from Lyme and it does seem as though interruption.....

That was Thelma's two hours of solid talk, all of which interested me.

She went heating on Sunday afternoon and parked her heat at the Walker place about dusk and so found them at home, not too long after they had left here en route North from Baton Rouge and New Orleans. I had told her about the Press Association meeting and she called to congratulate the Cane-Rive. Memo scribe.

She reported a busy day on the 12th of April. A couple of groups, --D. A. R. and some other association, had agreed to put up a marker indicating the site of one of the Natchitoches Indian villages and Thelma was asked to join some Indian experts to point out a site of a village which would be convenient to pilgrims to visit. They decided on a spot near town, not far from the Town House, south of Cane River bridge on Highway 66 and east of the highway, not far from the State of I guess Federal Fish Hatchery. The festivities of dedication are planned for May 8th and one reason for selecting a site where they did was based on the rigmarole involved in getting Government permission to erect a monument on marker for it seems that such finer points always involve an endless amount of red tape extending over months. The place chosen was one which I. S. Willard had hit upon following much Indian research and Thelma asked me if I would write I. S. Willard in Paris to give her the May 8th date for she is being put on the dedication program and they naturally want her here for the doings. I said I would write.

I asked Thelma about her day at Briarwood. She said it was just a good day. Thelma had expected some full bloom, including for dinner the night before but when the leg of lamb was just right for

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serving, the expected guests 'phoned to say they could reach Hatchiteches until the following morning and so Thelma chunked the lamb into the picnic basket; along with the other food and everybody made out just fine the next noon at Carrie's. The people from Lafayette or where ever had brought seeds of rare iris rhizoms from the bogs and Carrie was naturally delighted to have a gift of this particular type of plant so dear to her heart. She said Carrie looked just fine but still has to restrain herself from climbing trees and things because of her hip accident years back.

Thelma said she expects Kay Register and she will run up to Briarwood again, --they have been there together before, but Thelma says she never knows how to establish contact with the Register since she hesitates to phone, never knowing when they're out and she doesn't like to write, in unannounced. She said she tried 'phoning Sunday afternoon but obviously the receiver was off the hook since she never could get anything but busy signals.

Thelma says her own plans are uncertain from day to day because her brother in south Louisiana is dying of cancer and she makes no firm plans to go, never knowing when she will be called down there. She'd want to formulate tentative plans with me to run over to Hedges Gardens to see the roses, but that will be sometime next month, what with this year's season being so far behind schedule.

Thelma said she is curious to see how Charles will handle the Press Association awards in this week's paper. He received a honorable mention for an editorial about the Ku Klux Klan. -- running out of town the colored band the high school kids had employed for their prom dance last May. Mrs. M. had established national Walker was crowned for having written the best editorial the three in the State, awarded a ring from lat. and and honorable mention and whether he will mention her or not is problematical since he's not awarded as higher than his. And then there is the matter of the Cane River Memo thing. Well, if we survive the present week, we shall see what we shall see.

Mrs. Walker's piece on the plantation Memo did not appear in Saturday's paper. The staff was reduced because of the New Orleans convention and the person left in charge of some details forgot to include the column. The telephone jangled when the paper hit the street and accordingly the Saturday piece was published in today's issue. When the Walker's got home Sunday evening they found Mrs. Chopin had baked a big roast, vegetables, etc. at her home and taken some and placed in the Walker's store just before they arrived which was certainly lovely of Mrs. Chopin and a delightful surprise to the returning travelers.

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13560

Shreveport yesterday, a husband of somebody or other in her family, and Madam General drove on with a BatenRouge brother of hers to Shreveport and the General joins them there for the funeral on the morrow. I shall probably be honored with a visit tomorrow morning or perhaps tomorrow evening if they return to Ba via this bend in the river.

The wife of Representative Bezman of Hatchitches called this morning to confirm an early appointment made through J. H. that she was bringing Jimmy Davis' sister-in-law this afternoon. La Bezman, indeed, arrived and brought both Mrs. Townsend and a Mrs. Townsend and which was the Davis connection and which was not. I still don't know. Both ladies bearing such similar names turned out to be very pleasant and, of course, want to come back next year.

As they were leaving, I saw Joe Henry heading toward Yucca. I joined him and learned something so typical of his and another gentleman's doings, I am bound to remark upon it. Joe said he knew I would be surprised to learn that he had encountered Charles Cunningham in town and that they had decided, - imagine, - that the enterprise ought to carry Cane River Memo and that he and Charles had decided that Joe would take up the matter with me. I gather Charles must have thought the way to getting very far with Cane River as an intermediary and had sampled another. Why Charles wouldn't try his own hand at touching on a subject which, after all, is nobody's business his and mine, I have no notion. It occurs to me I just spelled business oddly in the last sentence. Well, I told Joe I had no message for Charles through Joe's good offices, but that if he, Joe, wanted to get deeper into the matter on behalf of Charles, he could simply tell Charles that my agents are handling the column details and Charles can consult the aforesaid agents any time he pleases. I have never inquired of my agents, the Walkers, as to what arrangements they are making with the Alexandria Town Talk but I can well imagine they may have some pointed out what is true, that Natohiteches people, formerly subscribers to the enterprise, are subscribing to Town Talk to get the column and if something along that line entered into the arrangements, it will turn out that Charles cannot get Plantation Memo anyway which among other things, simply goes to show that he wanted to pursue the columnist when he purchased the paper, apparently laboring under the incredible illusion that he was also getting both the Ursula Walker editorials and the Kenneth "It May Be So" column, not to mention the Cane River thing. I have never understood the mental gymnastics of either party in this latest move and, fortunately, I'm not at all concerned with how together they intend feasting at Chickadee's joint effort in essence to Louella's doing, who isn't. There rests the thing, objects in the pursuit of truth and living together with the rest of the world...

13561

Wednesday, April 14th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Pure summer, sunny by day, moony by night
and the temperature 80.

As between daylight and dark, or a little after dark, I was reminded of the danger of remarks to Dost one afternoon and under the big oak.

"You know, the longer I live, the longer I live," he said.

Today's post brought a longhand letter from Charles, with
congratulations on the Canoe River award by the Louisiana Book
Press Association. Somehow this suggested the idea I had been
was still fishing for a column. I responded with my thanks and
passed along my congratulations to him. In having received
the honorable mention in the contest, I had been greatly
pleased. About 9:30 tonight, I had a phone call from the Williams
Walkers. To my surprise, in a casual tone, I was asked
asked what I thought about letting Charles run a column in
in The Enterprise. With seeming equal casualness, I said
that such a matter lay entirely beyond my province, that
I had assigned all matters pertaining to publication of
the column in Louisiana newspapers to my agent,
the Walkers and that, so far as I was concerned, that was that.

Added, however, that had I had the slightest inkling that The Enterprise would be considered as a publisher of Plantation News, I most certainly it advised friends around the country that The Enterprise would no longer publish the column, suggesting that this information was passed along in order that out of State subscribers might let their subscriptions lapse if the column had been the sole point in subscribing to the paper. Neither should have subscribers for the Leesville Leader had I dreamed that the local paper would be carrying the column. This reminds me of assurances by the publishers of The Enterprise in late December and early January that the paper would not be in the 1d and the news on the 6th of January that it had been sold.

13562

Менделеев:

On the home front, it was pleasant to breakfast this morning with the General. Everybody thinks he looks so much better than the last few times he was here and he seemed as animated as usual. He departed for somebody's funeral in Shreveport after breakfast and said he and his wife would be back tonight but not for a supper as they would arrive until 7 or 8 o'clock.

And so when they arrived long before supper time, nobody was greatly surprised. I did not see the wife who went directly back across the fence and supped yonder. I shall see her at 8 1/2 am breakfast on the morrow. The General, however, dined with us at the big house and afterward he gathered up a handful of fishbait and went with me to feed the birds and I was pleased when the smaller ones took food from his hand, especially when I glad because he had seemed a little interested when the peacocks, frightened by his white shirt, I think, did not, but came round to seek one side to have a bite from a figure in kiki. 100

that, before we buried them, you talked to me. He said he thought Sister whom he had seen at the funeral, behaved worse than usual, was loud talk and making an effort to attract attention. She had told him she would drive down here this afternoon with him in order that they might have sometime to talk while en route but he told her he did not want her to come as he expected to go right on to Baton Rouge if a phone call there indicated he was needed at the office and he did not want to be late.

This morning I had a couple of calls from town, one or another friend speaking of a painting of Uncle Israel. It was a portrait executed by Dr. Dorman years ago and given by her to Northwestern where we understand it, it is currently on display. It seems the residents had that Uncle Israel had once been a resident of Success House, later the home of Elye Saxon, and one of the residents of Stanton. It was a very good painting.

What the radio didn't say, I suppose, was the fact that Carrie had painted the picture here by command and had been turned over to Lyle and that he kept it hung over my desk as Lyle had wanted me to have it. On returning from a trip to Hatchez, I noticed Uncle Israel's picture had been removed during my abs. nce. Miss Cam explained Carrie had been here, begged for the painting and Miss Cam had done so. I thought it should have always graced this house since Uncle Israel had lived and died here but if it had to hang elsewhere, it is just as well it is at the college.....

13563

Thursday, April 15th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Summery and bright and especially tonight
under a full moon.

My family and I were delighted to discover the Easter greetings in today's post, greetings from little Miss Lee that we so charming.

I rejoice to learn that the ailing one is all well again and therefore the plans for the holiday may go forward as originally planned. It sounds like a busy time but I hold the thought it may have measures of pleasures along the way.

How things will turn here, I have no idea. This morning the General and his wife went to town to look over the new automobile designs. Always trying to be thoughtful, they announced to everyone including Dereatha that they would be dining at noon in town and urged that no preparations be made for them here as they would not return until mid afternoon. This thoughtfulness, as in the past, seems to take such an unexpected twist for in reality, they returned before dinner and although this latter thing was none of their doings, they were joined by the Shoreport lady whom they had seen there yesterday.

Celeste had to go have her hair frized right after dinner. The General had to go some place, --any place I guess by way of getting out of the hubbub. His wife came to see me and she was followed by Sister and my afternoon was worthless so far as accomplishing anything.

At supper it was said the Bates Range contingent will leave right after breakfast on the morrow. As was the case this morning, I assume we may not expect them for dinner. Sister recalled her daughter in Leesville and the latter couldn't make up her mind if she would come here on the morrow or go directly to the report. There will be further talks about making up their minds on the morrow.

By some miracle I did have a cup of 9 o'clock coffee with my usual hostess without anyone else being present. Great is the delight across the fence, what with news from New Iberia that on May 8th there is going to be some kind of a representation in one of the churches there of the visions of the Blessed Virgin as witnessed by the

13564

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little girls at Lourdes in the 19th century, and of course my neighbor wouldn't miss that for anything. I haven't the slightest idea when May 8th rolls round but assume it probably may be on a weekend, what with the religious story being the subject of the representation. When the thing comes off doesn't matter, just so long as one has the pleasure of getting into the big read and the religious, not to mention the social doings that will high point the visitation.

From a tender growing out of the office of the Enterprise, I learn the present owner gave instructions to the person in charge of getting out the paper that nothing was to be mentioned in this Saturday's issue about the awards made in New Orleans last week end because, if the Cane River Men is mentioned in print as having received 1st prize, it will only set off another stream of letters from discontented subscribers asking why they are receiving the aforesaid column in their papers. I am wondering if since then any approach, as referred to in yesterday's memo, may have been made regarding publication and if, on the strength of that, some reference will be made.

I want to say again how much I appreciate the quotation from Grits Freshman's column about the armadillo family. The fact that each batch of offspring is made up exclusively either of male or female children is remarkable. Now I find myself wondering if the gender alternates in each successive accouchement or if one lady armadillo always begets children of the same sex, either male or female or how that point pans out.

I'm glad to know about how the aviary operates in the Forest. I find it interesting that the peacocks seem to enjoy the wooded places. Perhaps they do tree-sitting there by preference even as does the local pair who sail up into the big oak a dozen times a day. By the way, the new husband and wife seem to have been made for each other and the mirror and are just as happy as newly weds should be. It was such a pleasant encounter to discover the card giving particulars regarding the situation in the garden whence came the card. I hold the thought Primavera may easily have made up her mind.....

13565

Good Friday, April 16th, 1965.

Fair and cool. Last night it slipped down to 62 and this afternoon it climbed back into the mid-70's. Tonight the Moon is really - somewhere between 8 and 9 and the world is silent, save for the honky-tonk and deliciously cool and stimulating.

The General and his lady departed after breakfast. They were going to pause at Pineville, at the asylum and take Robert for a outing. They nearly left yesterday noon for nobody was happy to have the Shreveport contingent arrive. Sister came to see me this morning and to ask about if she might see the plaque about which she had heard S. G. and J. H. speak. She might. As I handed it to her, it dropped on the gallery's brick pavement, breaking the tile bearing the inscription into three or four parts. She said she would take it home with her and have it glued back together. She departed after dinner and everyone seemed to rejoice. We were promised another visitation this coming week.

ed ref, mid taced small package goes forward to Lyne at the same time
this memo heads out. Receipt of the package will exert
profound puzzlement and a measure of laughter on the part of
little Miss Lee and I shouldn't be surprised if she
concluded on opening it that Lestah has lost
his mind, so almost but not quite identically does it echo
a birthday greeting a couple of weeks back. The truth
is that this second package contains exactly the thing
I wanted to send last time but which could not be rounded
up at that time. The latest issue of the Hodges Magazine or
whatever it is called is also enclosed in the package. I
thought the picture of the Macdonald development, -- windmill,
tulips et al about which Helen had spoken might be of
interest. I assumed Camryn snapped the pictures and
I must say the scene of the mill is repellent. Only a
millionaire like Mr. Macdonald can afford tulips in Louisiana, he
and Mr. Hodges, for tulips require more cold in dormancy
than they get in this region, requiring laminal replacements. I have
always thought the Netherlands needed a better Department of
Public Relations, for they must have other things than tulips
to export to the Western World and lots of architectural
treasures quite beyond the conventional windmill and

13568

I had hoped for a d.b of assistance in the Ghana garden on Saturday morning where the grass is taking over the rows where vegetables should be growing but got nobody. From 9 until 12 o'clock I was hogged down the State Agriculture people's office.

time
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13569

Memorandum;

I have a bowl of weak oranges or syrings disease on my
 dash before me. I wish I might blow a breath of them in the direction
 little Miss Lee

13570

Monday, April 19th, 1965.

plants, the setting out of which represented quite a chore since I had to find means to indicate where one plant was placed before setting the next since I couldn't see the young plants, once they were in the ground.

About 5 o'clock I returned to the Yucca to get another instrument or the phone rang. --Suddie Laughto or Lawton or however Carrie's friend spells her name. She reported Mr. Watson who did the interior of Fort Jessup, had called her from Mansfield at all that day and asked her when he and two friends from London reached her house in the Bermuda area, to bring them to Merrose for a tour. It was with immense pleasure I put my foot down on that idea for the people hadn't reached at my house yet and I wasn't dreaming of leaving my job, all of a sudden and accompanying Suddie to tell her they could come tomorrow morning if they wanted as it was not between 5 o'clock, supper and dark. She called back about 7:15 to say the Watson contingent were just leaving her house and would stop on the Merrose road places, and perhaps come back this way tomorrow night. I began to feel a bit nervous and I thought I should write her enclosing a covering for Carrie and Uncle Israel speaks for himself. I need not recall it if I have mentioned this transaction or not. There is a like picture in the present Enterprise. I shall do a column about it although shall not report that the picture, painted by command of Miss Gamble was given to Lyle who in turn gave it to me because Uncle Israel. I had been absent a week and I lived and died in this house in this room in fact, and Lyle and I thought this was the logical place for it. But, as happened afterwards when I would stop even to the toilet, I would return and find things missing, sometimes it was my wearing apparel, sent to her the Carolina to some of Miss Gam's folks, sometimes other things, and on this one occasion a whole Israel and likeness, never my desk was missing as Carrie had been here and Miss Gam had given it to her. One element of humor which I shall not touch on in my column in reference to Uncle Israel is the statement in the press that Carrie gave the picture in memory of Cousin Eugene Watson which, to me, is the new and hilarious side since Uncle Israel was an old slave and Cousin Eugene was well known for being a tractable sort of sort and was Director of the Library, was even refusing to order books for that institution if the books had anything about people of color. And so Uncle Israel will hang there in Cousin Eugene's memory. I am wondering how you find the new type writer ribbon. It appears to be working just fine and I am under the impression, although pounded unmercifully since it has been stalled, it seems to be strong and diminishing in intensity very little, if at all.

I have a bowl of mock oranges or syringa blossoms on my desk before me. I wish I might blow a breath of them in the direction little Miss Lee.....

13571

[illegible]

Early this morning I ran through three columns from the Canoe River Memo collection, cutting them down to Plantation Memo size and mighty pleased to extend the span of it as it was, between June and September during the absence of the Walker. All these columns, prepared now, will be printed in sheets by the Colfax Chronicle properly annotated with dates, placed in envelopes and thus be made ready for mailing at the proper spaced intervals during the summer. I am hoping to reduce original columns between now and June which, added to re-furnished ones from former Canoe River Memo copies that I have, will not be called upon during that interim. After the columns are transcribed, the typist has to transcribe them into perfect copy.

13572

The Alexandria Town Talk has finally got around to put Plans
Memoranda, find a shape as I think I have a copy and if so, will
send along examples of other papers running the thing. --Shreveport Journal and so
on. There's no point in saving these random sheets which
are sent along merely to give an idea of the final pattern
the column is assuming. Later all the papers carrying
the column can be rounded up on a particular day, covering
the same column, and clamped together to give some notion as
to the various types of publications covering
dispersed geographical sections of the State.

It's wonderful how the banana plants, now up to
 as high as my shoulder, and the butterfly lilies up to my waist, are
 both now giving us a good crop. These plants, fooled by the
 82 degree heat at Christmas time and again late in January, start
 up and each time were knocked down by the return of Jack Frost. A
 while ago they were making their third attempt and obviously are flourishing
 today. I ought to breathe of honey suckle and al-
 though I didn't follow my nose and catch up with the blossoms,
 the year ago I have so often seen my first humming bird of
 the spring on the same day I have caught sight of the first honey
 blossom. I shall perhaps encounter both of the merrow
 if I slow down enough to come in contact with one or the
 other. And so things go along and so I must knock off
 some mail and then call it a day.....

13573

I had a heavy fog that lasted all day, following the
 message of the thermometer down into the 50's during the
 night. But it climbed up to almost 90 during the after-
 noon and tonight it is around 75 and withal as clear as a bell.
 I have had a complete fumigation of the garden on
 Sunday August 1st, this morning
 and we transplanted sweet corn, tomatoes, etc. at a great rate of
 which should be done in late afternoon but I was advised I would
 have the best results only this morning and so I did what one
 can in the limited time allowed. Actually they returned at
 11 o'clock and we got a lot of seeds into the ground although
 the good earth is too dry for them to sprout until we have
 had a rain which we are half-heartedly promised for the weekend.

There was quite a fair amount of work done about her whereabouts in Louisiana a few days before she left. She gave the address of three places in Baton Rouge where she might be located and Kay

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Wednesday, April 21st, 1965.

tried all three without any success. Then there was a final day prior to departure, --the Milton Motel at the New Orleans air port but 'phone calls there turned up nothing. Then SM by some inspiration, Kay called Miriam Carver in Hatchiteches who reported she had just hung the 'phone, following a conversation with SM S. Willard somewhere in the Crescent City but Miriam didn't know whence SM S. W. had called. That's our Irma

The Registers spend their nights at 406 but each evening the dog is taken to 1226. I imagine the neighbors are well aware of the dog's presence, which leaves residence 1206 happens to be inhabiting. I might ask the walkers at 1206 which is only two houses from 1226 how often with barks and whines their neighborhood is but I never mention the Registers to the walkers and the other way around. There is something to that old paper, but letting sleeping dogs lie is not for you and it has been said.

of the small vegetable gardens near Yucca, -- west end of
mustard greens, and the lettuce from these early smaller gardens
begin spread insecticides across the landscape and while
I have no doubt the poison is well eliminated by washing before
reaching the table, I am sure the mustard and lettuce has a
been washed and the green leafy vegetables thoroughly.
had him put up a little barcade in the Unicorn Hotel
enclosure. It is so designed as to permit the Golden Pheasants
to enter and leave at will but the doorway is too small
for Low Paul and Louella to effect entrance.
And so the pheasants may now get hold of food and eat it
leisurely without having to worry about the geese gobbling
it up ahead of them.

Circumstances were such that I did not have an opportunity to run through the Harper article this afternoon but James took it home with him and will mark the salient paragraphs and get it back to me on the morrow. I am impatient to absorb the whole article by heart but want to have a digest of anything possibly obtaining to mulate references with a view to possibly formulating a column on the subject, using the Harper's article as a peg on which to hang the column.....

13575

Thursday, April 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum:
Summer day, hot in the 90's and the soil
trying for water, but wonderfully pleasant by night with the
thermometer around 50, and just grand for sleeping.

My morning was more or less a repeat of last Saturday. I had a couple of men to help me and I put one of them to help before sun up and the other I loaned to help me turn the house upside down for a be-lated cleaning. We worked like Terjans and had the inside of the place in fairly good order before 8:30 when Claude Claude

Samuel Davis appeared at the gallery. He said J. W. had a man from California, an inventor of tree-shaking devices, and if I was not too busy, the wife was accompanying the husband, and he could be given a little tour. Of course Thursday was always a busy morning anyway but this one seemed to be going unusually early. And so I gave the lady a tour, made a clock office appointment and conferred with Mr. [unclear].

secretary who had to leave early and so, by then, the gentleman from California was free and his wife wanted him to have a tour and after that was dinner to which they remained and so unruffled the morning. I think I shall have to formulate some sort of a code stating that if a husband and wife are bound to make a tour in the same morning, they had better make up their minds to do so at the same time and not separately to start with, followed by a tour by both husband and wife later.

On the column front, I corrected one about Uncle Israel the phone tonight around 10 o'clock. Mrs. Walker made the notation and afterwards chatted a little about Eu plans and that was that. As I returned the receiver to the phone, the bell rang, - Mrs. Chopin. She asked me if I had heard from the Walkers and I

said I had just hung up after doing a column. Mrs. Chopin
 said she merely wanted a congratulatory note on having
 some Arkansas and some Oklahoma paper taking Plantation
 Memo. I said I knew nothing about it. It seems
 she had had tea at the Walkers and they had mentioned the abou
 It seems odd that nothing was said about it to me but
 that is one of the peculiarities of the personality. It

getting its share of whatever is educational to
Linnæan Societies.
noting that such a thing is going on, the
the Christian Scientist year has already come and gone but
of new Orleans and three quarters of Louisiana for crowds. I feel
to give me in the entertainment I need without taking on half
that project. The number of days to day incidents are sufficient

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turns out, too, according to Mrs. Chopin, that the Shreveport Times wanted to column but two members of the staff had misgivings about a continuity of the column because the Walkers were planning to spend the summer in Europe and, knowing of the vision handicap on my part, they were afraid there might be no column forthcoming if the were away and therefore it would be better to put off running it until autumn. In the mean time, the Shreveport Journal, having learned the column was on the market and seeing this opportunity to grab it, did just that and so the thing will appear in that paper. I shall wait until the Walkers mention the Arkansas-Oklahoma matter for I don't want to let them know information is available through another source. I assume the Arkansas paper may be the Elderado one but I can't imagine what Oklahoma one may have taken the plantation thing although it may be Oklahoma City. It seems to me anyone in the Walker position would have mentioned the matter naturally enough but their mine husband may have mentioned it, the wife assumes the matter. Mrs. Chopin missed along another bit of information regarding Charles Cunningham that was of no importance at all but which I illustrated of how his mind works. Last week he had instructed the person who sets up the enterprise that nothing was to be mentioned in that paper about the awards given by L.P. A. exam of him and so forth. Accordingly, the person was surprised last week when Charles said that he had to mention it because reversal, Charles said that he had to mention it because of a clear sky. Leston had written him such a kind letter of congratulation on Charles having received honorable mention. On hearing this, Mrs. Chopin said to the person that it was Charles who had written the letter of congratulation to Leston and that Leston had merely returned the courtesy by way of acknowledgement. The person was amazed to learn this because Charles had put out the word that only one letter had been written in regard to the awards and that was the one from Leston. Charles's next weekend that La Beaumont hopes to engineer the Louisiana Landmark Association pilgrimage down here. I am surprised she hasn't been bouncing in on me to get at some sort of a promise from me that I shall have the crowd. But something tells me she is going to have rough going on that project. The number of day to day invaders are sufficient to give me all the entertainment I need without taking on half of New Orleans and three quarters of Louisiana for crowds. I believe the Chalreston plantation tour has already come and gone but nothing is said about Aunt Willie coming down this way. But with everybody on wheels right now, perhaps the bluff is getting its share of whatever is equivalent to Landmark Societies.....

13577

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Friday, April 23rd, 1965.

It was such a delightful plaisir to discover a Wednesday message from Lyme in today's post, guaranteeing me happiness all week. I am so impressed by the remark, "blow away the contact with the Kleiser marriage was a second one for both. It seems to me he had a child on two somewhere up the Hudson. I never heard her say anything about any children of her own but she did tell me that she and Mr. Kleiser chanced to meet at some time or some such and after they had chatted a little they realized then and there that they were made for each other and he immediately lent her a hand in engineering her divorce. There was something about her personality as I knew it here that somehow vaguely reminded me of Madam Jonda, artist in her own right and also married to an artist. It would be interesting to see the two ladies together. They probably wouldn't appear alike at all in close proximity of a drawing room. I was delighted you mentioned our feathered friends to the lady across the fence. It was prove again, -- as though proof were needed, -- that little Miss Lee, busy as a bee in Lyme, knows more about what goes on at this bend of the river than the lady across the way. That is certainly an understatement if ever I made one, for when I think of the grasp little Miss Lee has of everything and the lack of knowledge obtaining on the part of the party of my own I the other part, I am more impressed than ever at the knowledge of the one, the ignorance of the other. Day before yesterday at coffee the from Lyme was mentioned and I was asked about the feathered friends. I was vaguely surprised that she didn't know all about them but altogether enchanted that she had learned about them at all. Last of course she is up at all interested in such matters and never impelled to take a look at same. But as a matter of habit, she can ask all sorts of questions about a point that would never occur to me to inquire about and about which I shouldn't feel the slightest interest. Who got them? I don't know. How were the originally located? What delivered them?

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Little is Lee most certainly did not upset my applecart and I was glad to mention the birds although nobody was lending an ear to what I had to say, so little interest in such matters is concerned.

Mr. Walker called me this morning to say that the Lake Charles, La., paper had subscribed to Plantation Memo, thereby giving coverage from North to South in the State. It will be interesting to see if Baton Rouge and New Orleans eventually fall into line. Mr. Walker pointed out that it is the only column written by a Louisiana resident that appears in the several papers in the State that it does and solely on the appeal of the column itself. It seems that Grits Gresham has a few appearing in different papers in the State now and then but all the Gresham columns are paid for by one commercial house or another by way of advertising their products and Mr. Gresham has to secure these sponsors and that the newspapers pay nothing themselves for his column. I had never thought about any of this before and accordingly was interested to hear the Walker elaboration on the points.

Tonight I had the unusual experience of some one taking a bath on my front gallery. For some reason, still unknown to me, the water failed to drain from the bathtub last night. Clemence or rather Clement, from whom I had scant enthusiasm was delegated to diagnose the cause. He disconnected the three drains in the bathroom, basin, commode and tub, the two former ones still draining perfectly, and decided then and there a larger cesspool was needed. He had to take up the bathroom floor to come to such a conclusion and spent the afternoon directing four workmen to dig the pool but did not re-connect the drains. He said it wouldn't do any harm if the drains ran free under the house for one night. I had other notions and so at first dark I bathed with abundance from a hose on a hydrant at the front gallery and it was cool water but it felt like an improvised post-shower, and I feel as scrubbed as Venus on her sea shell. I hold the thought things may be ship-shape in the functioning of the bathroom on the morrow even though I still don't know what cause the tub and not the other drains cease functioning.

On the social side, Celeste spent the day with the girl friends at Hodges Gardens, so I ate with us at the big house. I always like that. In town tonight, the Walkers are dining with Theima and John at Northwestern's President's residence. Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, the Walkers, husband and wife, together with the I share taking examinations in Shreveport which must be passed if they are to enter L.S.U. graduate schools in September. I have never heard of such a thing before since it was taken for granted by educational institutions of higher learning that if a student could graduate from college, he was prepared to take a whole graduate's work. Mr. Walker claims to be poor in spelling and his wife is arithmetic. I recommended they take their examinations jointly, thus making the examinations a great success. And now for a salad in the Franconian bowl which I love and thence to my nice soft Lyme pillow.

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It was a quiet weekendy praised and there were people but they did not matter and those who did put in an appearance were of no interest. Natalie called me this morning and we had quite a nice chat. She mentioned having written you in St. Louis getting around to drop it in the post only after she got home. I found her account of the bumpy flight in a small plane over the upper Mississippi River rather way to visit her son quite fascinating. She was lucky making the last plane out of Rochester before the runway was engulfed by the advancing flood.

I was also impressed by her account of the bigger plane, carrying a son 200 passengers, from Chicago to Dallas. That flight, I believe she said, consumed something less than 2 hours, indicating it travels, the plane, something in excess of six hundred miles an hour. I say so not the world to turn. We laughed when she said she had to be skipping along to Church where she sings. She said when she attended the Presbyterian Church, she had to both play the organ and sing too, but now that she attends the Catholic Church, she has to do it all. Mrs. Chopin called me last night. She had had a busy day, photographing something or other at the college in the morning, a flower show held at some bank at noon and in the afternoon she had been to the college in the morning. She rattled off an account of the feed that sounded impressive, 7 hams, a hundred chickens or some such and all the rest. I think about 200 people attended.

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tried to nail down Mrs. Chopin for next weekend when Beth will entertain the Louisiana Landmark Society but Mrs. Chopin demurred as she will be attending the Louisiana Press Women's Association which is meeting in Hammond, La. I was some such place.

I also talked with the Walkers briefly on Saturday night. They reported a fine dinner at the President's residence. The Walker boy had gone to a dance that evening and the Walkers rejoiced that, in the wake of a prolonged dinner when John and Thelma were getting their European movies rigged up for a showing, the Walker boy called his parents to say the dance was over and as they had promised to pick him up, they were thus able to get away before the movies started and it seems neither of them wanted to see European scenes such a short time before they will view some of the scenes in person. This seems to contribute to my feeling of long-standing that people read more travel books after rather than before visiting some place. And saying that, I am reminded that Robert Payne in his Splendors of France, had a little something to say about Carcassonne. I personally found that section of the book the least interesting and off hand, I can't think of any account of that place I ever read that was interestingly presented. Somebody must have written interestingly about one or another of the medieval castles scattered about Europe but none of them seemed to me to compare with the Henry Adams account of Mont Saint Michel which was primarily a religious structure.

Because the Register knew we usually supersede the office at 5:30, they came down the river later than usual this evening, and I had not received a call from that direction as yet. Just as we got comfortably placed, two figures appeared near the high spot approaching the gallery. From the size of one, it was undoubtedly Jean Frantz. I thought her companion was getting plump and young and looking for Jean is always with Blithe. But it turned out to be neither, Mrs. Genung, the small one and Mrs. Chopin the bigger around lady. Both knew better than to come without calling and the hour was all wrong to boot. And so we all chatted and gaily the phone rang, telling me to supper.

So turneth the weekend and I rejoice the plumbing work has been completed so that I may be there as I did last night in the tub there and not on the front gallery with a garden hose and cats milling about my bare legs in a torrent of water and soap suds.

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13581

Monday, April 26th, 1965.

Memorandum: continued --
The much heralded cool front with rain arrived this morning at 6:45. Some sections got half an inch of rain but I only got a sprinkle so that Bub and I who were plantingokra, went straight ahead and neither of us nor the go earth got enough dampness to make any difference. It remained cool for the balance of the day under partly cloudy skies and hardening went forward at a great rate.
Celeste had made an appointment for some people from Homer, La., under the guidance of Mrs. Rider whose husband has something to do with the hospital, -director of some such. The ladies came at 10 by appointment and turned out to be typical North Louisiana types, -Prussians in Bavaria, not to mention hide-bound, but racial matters. I thought one lady was going to faint when I pointed out a pretty cypress tree, looking like an ultra modern negro friends. "By whom did you say," the lady gasped. And I poured on racial things a little stronger.
They were having coffee across the fence as soon as the to be concluded and as we approached the side gate, one of the ladies, -the same lady in fact, as mentioned above, remarked that I had not shown them the upper floor of the big house and said she would like to explore it then and there. I explained to her that the tour was concluded but we never wanted any visitors for whom special pilgrimages had been arranged to leave disappointed and therefore if she felt she had been cheated by the omission of the upper floor, she could lodge her complaint at the ticket office and get her money back. She expressed surprise and said she didn't know there was a ticket office. I confessed I didn't know it either, in fact, I didn't know any charge for a tour was made but I still didn't want her to feel she had been cheated. I must do a column someday about a goat that clambered over, through around about everything, comprehended nothing and then complained about having been denied more. I shall give you
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13381, 13582, 13583

Three hours of the afternoon were taken up with
pleasanter people, --Louisiana Light and Power
officials out of New Orleans and two couples from Houston who
still believed everything they saw and couldn't believe such
a plantation still existed. J. H. and I had supper
at the Garden Club had called just before supper, asking
if the Club could visit Melrose tomorrow
afternoon. At 2:00 He said he had told them the place
the houses weren't open and then, to me,
said he would send a couple
of people to tidy up the big house early tomorrow morning.
Why the house should be tidied up since the houses were
opened under ordinary circumstances would seem a little
baffling, especially as the house had already been tidied up on
Saturday. He said Celeste was to be away tomorrow so she
wouldn't be about, but he would tell her the Club was coming.
I suggested the committee mention it to her since she
might feel impelled to make some special effort at cleaning or
something but he said he would tell her anyway, indicating that
people never learn.
As for Celeste herself, she is about worn out looking after
the dog. She explained to me today that nobody has any
idea of the amount of work the dog entails. She said
that the animal seems to experience so many cosmic urges and
she must keep a constant eye on the dog so that every
state of mind has a bowel movement, she can grab her spade and rush out and
dig the neighborhood. This form of labor struck me as odd but
she does the idea of calling the dog a pet. Whether
whole days in her hand, I know that. Verily, no Sanitation
man ever had such a zealous worker.
Beth has told, Thea who has told Carmen that Beth is bring-
ing down here this weekend which
is interesting news since I haven't heard anything more about
her since last reported which was
some time back. It would be typical of Beth to
simply barge in and declare arrangements had already been
made. So turns the road running,
now that Spring is here.....

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13381, 13582, 13583
Tuesday, April 27th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Surprisingly cool, --sort of 50-ish last night
and only about 74 at its highest during the day.
The promised rains never came but perhaps
they will tonight. In any event, it remained cloudy all
day and remains so tonight.
I dropped James a line yesterday saying I was
in want of pepper plants and that if he should be messing
down this way any time this week, I should be glad if
he would bring me a dozen or so bunches, figuring the young
plants number about a dozen to the bunch. To my surprise
and delight, he appeared with the plants at once
at 10:00 this noon. He said they appeared to be
"big plants", as indeed they were for I have never
taught him that in transplanting such items, small plants
are nicer than big ones. He said he had brought not only the
bell peppers I had asked for but several bunches of
other peppers too. He said, when I paid him for the bell
peppers, that the red pepper plants had been sent by
his dog, Junior, but I insisted that he not use
my Junior for the investment.

He mentioned some new item in morning broadcasts but
I had to plead ignorance as my radio had gone silent
on me last night. He asked if I wished to send it
to town for repairs. I said I should appreciate it and
that he might ask the repair shop to deliver it to Dr. Knipmeyer
and that the latter would bring it to me on Thursday.

We discussed the Harper's article briefly but
did not attempt to go into it at today's session as
I was expecting the New Orleans ladies at 2:00.

He said Kay had heard from I. S. Willard by letter
from London, saying she had spent a lot of time there
instead of Paris since her son was based on London at the
moment. Since she had had all her mail sent to Paris
she had received no news from home and I said
that she would be back on the 27th, --today, I gave
Thelma's message for I. S. W. which I had written
to the Willard Paris address, so that Kay could
pass along the news to I. S. W. when she
talks with her from New Orleans tonight.

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James says Kay expects to leave for The Bluff a week from today.

I invited James to stay to participate in the tour of the 30 New Orleans ladies but he declined and, taking the radio, departed.

The ladies kept their 2 o'clock appointment by arriving a little after 3 o'clock. Beth had called me at 1 o'clock to say the ladies would be reaching her house at 2 and asked me to come with them. I imagine she asked if the Landmark Society might come here on Sunday afternoon at 2. They might but I have no fear Sister will be here this weekend which will certainly complicate things. Beth said she would be at 1 o'clock. The ladies were pleasant but I was glad that I had asked Bub to prepare three big triangles for planting the peppers while I was busy with the house. And so, when the ladies were finally on their way to Oakland and Benfort, there were going on to Hatchitoches and Hodges Gardens. Later, Bub and I got busy setting out the plants. 225 of them in 90 minutes, each spot watered before the plant was set out and then re-watered afterward, which took considerable jumping about to get the job done with care. A chore that would have been impossible in that length of time, had not the ground been well prepared in advance of the actual planting. I am not sure of the weather is good and that we are promised rain for the morrow and continued cloudiness which will give the plants an opportunity to catch hold before the intense heat returns.

While Bub and I were going a mile or so in 1 minute, the artist, of all people, appeared in the garden and bearing my radio - of all of things. She said Mrs. Pipes had taken it to town and had it repaired and brought it back but had left it with her instead of coming in to bother me while I was busy with the ladies on possibly planting.

Even as was Little Miss Lee and millions of people around the globe, so, too, was I consumed with sorrow today at the news of the death of Edward R. Murrow. I thought one sentence of President Johnson's and the eulogy summed up the matter so correctly.

"All of us have lost a friend."

13585

Wednesday, April 28th, 1965.

Memorandum: in every year the sun warms the fallow fields but a cool breeze plus the low temperature discourages seeds and young plants from doing much.

Edward Jones, the former Louisa Gregory, came with her and I was impressed by her change of appearance since last I had seen her. I may have mentioned before that in times gone by, Louisa Gregory sister was the wife of Edward Jones, retired business man, President of the Shreveport Opera Association and so on. Ruth, the former Mrs. Jones, used to come down here occasionally. She died a few years ago and her sister, Louisiana, married Edward Jones, her former brother-in-law. In the old days Ruth was a little on the plump side and Louisa on the thin side. But now Louisa has lost her thin lines and has metamorphosed into a figure duplicating that of her late sister Ruth. And so the second Mrs. Jones looks just like the first Mrs. Edward Jones and half the time I was talking with Louisa it was as though I were talking with Ruth.

The ladies were here from about 1:30 until 3:30. Robina tried to see Celeste and J. H. but neither of them were at this bend of the river and so they went on to say Hey! to the artists and thence back home. Robina brought me some of her home made cheese straws which are excellent and Louisa presented me with a bottle of wine but we didn't sample the latter because it was a champagne that would be better at some subsequent sitting after it has been chilled.

Carmen called this morning, bubbling over with news. She said Theima had dropped in and related many particulars about the Walkers. Carmen asked me if I knew their plans and, since everybody knows it,

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I said I understood they were summering in Europe. Carmen said that that was true but they were planning to take graduate work at L. S. U. this winter and asked if I didn't find that surprising. I replied that I am always surprised when anybody makes an effort to increase his knowledge and when Carmen switched to the column asking if I knew Plantation Memo is being printed in several Louisiana newspapers and that the Walkers were handling the project. Why she should think I would not know about such a matter, I cannot imagine. In answering her that gratitudo bit of information, I said that when I had placed anyone in charge of handling a matter, since I am not bothered about the details if I felt the person or persons equal to the task. Like the blue jay, Carmen does a lot of chattering, much of which is a little or more interesting but if she lends and ears to the blue jay's incessant clamor, one can eventually separate the non-essentials from the bits of information unwittingly in many instances conveying straws in the wind that are revealing about a dozen topics that might otherwise elude one. I was not at all interested in the matter until I concentrated on the Ghana and Gourd by himself while I was busy with other things. The remarkable thing about Bub is that he has a green thumb and a natural knack for gardening plus a carefulness that does whatever jobs he undertakes that provides every encouragement to the plants while at the same time accomplishing more in a day than many assistants would dream of doing in a week. On the assumption that the thermometer would be rising sharply in a day or two, we planted the entire gourd garden, prepared a couple of parterres for more vegetables and set several rows of seeds into the ground. After supper, Bub came to say that during my absence, Andy had apparently entered my house and departed hurriedly. I had looked into the living room screen door but when examining it, discovered the window net had been slit and the hook removed from its socket. Poor Andy, what to do with him, I know not but this sort of thing can't go on forever.

And now for a salade in the Françoisean earthwear and thoughts flow in the direction of Lyme.....

13587

13587

Thursday, April 29th, 1965.
Memorandum

Beautiful October weather, all sunny and cool, with the thermometer sagging into the 40's last night and never rising much above 70 under today's brilliant sun. I had a very pleasant surprise when I called on Natalie just after noon. She had read the Harper's article by Bentemps and found it good. I had read it this afternoon, too, and liked it. I think I shall drop Mr. Bentemps a letter of congratulation, assuming he might be pleased to hear from a place mentioned in his article. Natalie says one of the professors at Northwestern told her he knew him and liked him. Nashville isn't too far away and perhaps he might get down this way and probably would enjoy a tour and especially seeing some of the family portraits. Natalie is especially wanted to let me know she had found a place in South Carolina selling giant coconuts. We had discussed the difficulty of locating such seeds recently and I had asked her if she ever tracked down a dealer in same to account me in the order she was making for herself. It seems exceedingly odd that the better known seed houses in this area don't list them in their catalogues and I wrote a letter to Reuters of New Orleans, an old established house in the Crescent City and they responded that they simply didn't carry the giant coconut. I am delighted to learn that in spite of this, the seed is available even if one must go to South Carolina to get it. My day was quite busy, gardening at dawn, people all morning and more people right after 12 o'clock in the afternoon by Luther Harrison of Shreveport, -- New Orleans people whom I found quite dull. As soon as I divested myself of them, I started turning the house upside down for a thorough cleaning and just as we were almost but not quite through, James appeared, remaining until after 4 when I had to leave some jumping to finish up some gardening, deserted at 7 this morning but which I was determined to finish off in the day. I look tonight which I did, and I am sure James told me something I didn't know, -- that Mr. and Mrs. Dan Willard had secured a divorce. James said

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he understood a very generous financial arrangement had been made for the wife and children. It appears the wife of the aforesaid D. Willard, inclines toward society and she is not staying with her father, Admiral somebody in Washington but is going to make her home in California where there is probably lots of society, too.

James also helped me with a letter from I. S. Willard, pen in London last weekend. I assume it came by air but not so swiftly as I. S. W. who, according to plans, was to fly from London to New Orleans on the 27th. If I can find the letter, I shall enclose it. James said that like Kay, I. S. W. should employ a typewriter for correspondence. We get two smiles at least out of the letter, one in which she speaks of a charming man she contacted in Paris "who was in South America" and the three book houses who wouldn't be open when the S. W. would be calling on them. "Smart business man," James observed, "since obviously they saw her coming."

Returning to Natalie, the conversation was somewhat stilted and altogether briefer than usual, indicating she did not feel as free to go into matters at the time but probably wanted to let me know about the coconut seeds. She did say Thelma had invited her and her husband to a supper at the President's residence on Sunday around 5 p.m., the occasion being in honor of the visiting Landmark Society members who will be spending Sunday afternoon down here. The Sam Wilsons will be among those present, Sam Wilson being the New Orleans architect active in antique bellum preservation and the person who did a sketch of Front Street in Natchitoches to serve as a plan for alterations made by property owners whose building overlooks the river in the heart of town. I haven't heard anyone else mentioned but I shouldn't be surprised if Harnett Kane, Martha Robinson and such like might make the rounds. I believe the new woman is to run through Friday, Saturday and Sunday. I held the thought that Sister, scheduled to honor us with a visitation on Monday, may not decide to come ahead of time.

I was hungry at supper time but am rested now and beginning to think about the Francoisean earthen ware. A salade awaits me in the ice box, - a tuna fish with all sorts of things in it including lettuce, radishes, onions, cucumbers, tomatoes and so on. There are some sliced bananas for dessert along with some little blue berry gateaux and that ought to take care of an extra ten at least.....

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Friday, April 30th, 1965.

Memorandum:

And the answer is, "April 30th", to the New England poet's inquiry.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June....."

The temperature continues on the cool side, 50 - 80, warming slightly, skies cloudless and the good earth powder-dry.

It was delightful to find a letter from Lyme in the morning post. I shall be so happy to take care of the Magazine business and all and I am returning the enclosure with the wish that it be applied to something extra on vacation. I had been casting about in my mind for some little item in the book-voyage section but decided against asking anyone to do my shopping on this occasion since, as in the past, the shopper tends to couple the effort with a parallel desire on the matter and thus the impulse of a personal touch somehow gets lost in the shuffle.

It was so kind of little Miss Lee to present an account of the Leesville handling of Plantation Memo about which I had heard nothing. That is one of the unique virtues of little Miss Lee, her imagination in holding up the lamp that others holding the same vessel never think to shine the beam for another with more limited vision. That quality is so remarkable in little Miss Lee's case that I shall forever marvel and admire it, praising God the while that such a piece of good fortune should be mine.

I'm glad the piece about the cookie tree turned out to one's liking. I believe a phrase in that column was knocked out, a question somewhere along in the part referring to the chocolate eclaire in which I threw in the rhetorical question as to why we always called the eclaires Napoleons. And speaking of knock out phrases, I must say I have been slightly regretful of the current tendency to remove certain sentences or paragraphs, so often toward the end of the column, sometimes, I suspect giving the thing a rather too abrupt and possibly unfinished effect when the cut version appears in print. And this reminds me to say that having made carbon copies of the first half dozen Plantation Memo manuscripts, I am wondering if sometime during the coming autumn you would like to have these carbon copies. It is my understanding

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that this half dozen or so columns were printed and used for promotional purposes, being forwarded to one or another Louisiana Editor as examples of the type of thing being done. And because these were thus forwarded before publication began, the columns, possibly of no particular interest but nevertheless indicative of the general pulse of the column will never see print and accordingly might make interesting data for material in the unpublished section. I can hold them again, autumn or winter and forward same then if that seems of interest.

As for the transcription from the magazine, I am delighted to have it for I had not, of course, had an opportunity to examine the text. In response to the question as to where Lyle's original manuscripts may be, I assume Children of Strangers may be in the files of Houghton Mifflin and the Old Louisiana, Fabulous New Orleans, etc., may be with the publishers of those volumes. --Century Appleton, Scribner or whatever their name. As for the "scratching of Lyle's pen", I believe that expression poet license for Lyle, so far as I know, invariably used a typewriter. He composed some of Friends of Joe Gilmore while he and I were sharing Yucca together and he used the typewriter exclusively, primarily, I believe, because he was accustomed to the machine, having done so much newspaper work on a typewriter, and secondly, because he often found long hand difficult in his latter years because his hand often tended to shake. Under my desk stand the same old leather trash basket he used, not for trash but for a repository of the successive pages of any manuscript on which he might be working, along with illustrations, and it was this basket containing about a third of a half of Children of Strangers and photographs of the real people whom he incorporated as characters in the novel, that the housegirl took out, along with trash, and burned, much to everybody's dismay. This was one of the reasons why Children of Strangers was so long "getting off the ground". I am so glad you found the second version of the Jean de France Hour Book to your liking. The two different renditions seem to be such a shining example of the different effects the same subject presents when treated so differently.

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the entire group to the big house as usual, and I found the weather so beautiful, sort of 80 from a high and a pleasant breeze to make the ozone seem even more invigorating. ...

Memorandum: ...
Saturday, May 2nd, 1965. ...
E. R. Murray and one of our little feathered friends ...
much for the news, gave the first so briefly and mentioned the second not at all. ...
R. Murray, the CBS program giving excerpts from Murray-broadcasts ...
is never a personality to replace one that has vanished from the scene and so it is with the case of R. Murray and the little feathered friend. ...
case of the latter, I'm sure there must be compensation in having the former associates to help fill in the void, even though the void itself can never be quite filled. ...
Friday and Saturday and Sunday morning were quite busy times as I prepared five houses, --big house, studio, Ghana, African House and Yucca, for the tour by the Landmark Society this afternoon. ...
especially at this growing season, there were lots of things, especially weeds, that called for attention. ...
the most important Society, exclusively concerned with historic monuments, that would be likely to visit my old plantation, and so, by dint of much doings, things really did look quite pretty both inside and out. ...
magnolias on the one by the side gate, the blossoms, that is, are mostly at the top of the ancient tree, it took a little doings to get them before the sun hit them this morning. ...
the big house with them, the two fireplaces at Yucca in the living room and boudoir and placed a big bouquet at the feet of the blessed Martin in the Chapel. ...
And so at 2:30, only an hour late, Beth arrived with her 15 or 20 guests. I greeted them at the side gate and they were all very nice and Mr. Sharp, a member of the band company of Sharp and Jones of New Orleans with whom the local planter has done much business, presented me with a beautifully wrapped bottle from Martha Robinson who could not come but who remembered me very pleasantly. ...
From then on things never jelled and at the conclusion of the tour I told myself it was the most unsatisfactory ones, so far as I was concerned, that I had ever attempted. I could only with difficulty get

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the entire group to the big house, so much chatting in knots as between the front gate and there. I found the group filled with apathy or uninterestedness or possibly exhaustion, --Hedges Gardens yesterday, dinner at Beth's last night and God knows what this morning. After leading them out of the big house with a view of giving them a quick sketch of the African House, they would see at the end of the greensward, only about a third had assembled after 10 minutes, the others lingering in the big house. Finally I went ahead, taking them to the outside and Ghana, some held back by cameras, others simply waddling.

I was especially annoyed at the African House, not because only about a third of them entered the ground floor or ascended to the upper floor but because of a division of which I was not aware at the moment that took place then. I asked them to follow me and proceeded to the white garden side of the house. I had made the back gallery look especially attractive, about a third with me. I had made the back gallery look especially attractive, Hunter Gobelins hung out, but after stilling around for 14 minutes waiting for the other to appear, I finally went ahead and gave a few gestures. I in the direction of the chapel, Gelling St. Giggins' Fountain and so on. Picture my surprise and annoyance when entering Yucca, I discovered that Beth had gone in the opposite direction to enter Yucca by the front and there they all were enjoying the comforts of the cool interior, both in living room and boudoir, while the rest of us had been out of doors, awaiting their arrival. You can readily understand my feelings.

I had looked forward to chatting a little with Sam Wilson, the architect, but no where there. Sam seemed distracted and, as I learned before the tour was over, his wife was waiting in the breeze.

The lunch had been all for supper at 6:30. She called me after they had gone and said she had had to change all their plans, but the lack of interest on the part of all but two or three people. She had arranged for me of the area follow up supper but let all that go since the ladies seemed interested only in chatting and the men, with few exceptions, interested in everything but of landmarks. In short, as far as Thelma and I were concerned in our related but separate efforts, "the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse." I understand she invited Natalie and husband to the supper. It will be interesting to hear her impressions.

Mr. Chopin, just back from the Louisiana Women's Press Association meeting in Hammond on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, just phoned. She said Mrs. Walker received three telegrams at the convention. She said further that I. S. Willard was present and looked just fine and reported a fine time in Paris but mostly in London where she busied herself during the day long hours in various ways, spending her evenings with her son for the dinner hour and past and in the times.

And so the first Sabbath in May gets going and I find myself counting the weeks when little Miss Lee will be in a position to relax and take up vacationing.....

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Monday, May 3rd, 1965.

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~~3588~~ Then there was another adventure in the pheasant section that delighted me. Perhaps I shall use it in a column one day. Bud and I were laying down or marking off some lines for some short rows of lettuce, beets and radishes in a little garden on the gourd garden side of the Unicorn House wire netting enclosure. ~~500 To~~

our mystification, we noted the presence of two eggs about the size of those laid by a small white Leghorn hen. We have no chickens and couldn't at first imagine how the eggs should have arrived where they were. They were figured that one of the new Golden Pheasants must have laid the eggs within the enclosure of wire netting and that the eggs successively had rolled through the netting and into the vegetable garden. We immediately set up planting for house building and in a jiffy had converted the crate Dorcas had arrived in into a fine nest for the pheasant, even adding an extra dab by putting a tin roof on the nest, just as though she might one day remain. The pheasants, unusually tame, had put me to the test, observing operations, looking as though they knew the purpose of all this banging and carrying on within the enclosure. We finally finished the housing project, stepped across the pen to borrow a handful of hay from Louella's nest and, after putting it into the new house, decided it could stand a little more hay and stepped back for another handful. Picture our delight when on returning with the second handful of hay, we observed that the pheasant, within a matter of a minute or two, had quickly stepped into her new house and deposited a fine fresh egg right where the first hay placed there for her comfort. I don't know how long it usually takes a bird to lay an egg but somehow this seemed in time, at least, to be something of a record. Usually a pet, feathered or furred, seems to take a little while to examine new construction but it didn't take the pheasant any time and all the fact that she obviously had comprehended the purpose of the little edifice gave Bub and me quite a turn and we frequently found ourselves laughing about it all afternoon.

Today's post was rather heavier than usual but I haven't had an opportunity to

and I haven't had an opportunity to examine any of the letters, including one I notice, from Auntie. Secretaries shy a way from the neighborhood when one or another member of the family is in residence which is understandable enough. But I shall get to the written material in a day or two and so share the news. In the mean time, through the picture window my thoughts will continue flowing with gratitude....

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Tuesday, May 4th, 1965

[illegible]

I was surprised this afternoon when James appeared a round
1:30 p.m. I had understood Kay was leaving today but I
assumed this meant she was starting out today but that
she and James would be driving to Shreveport this afternoon,
spend the night there, and that Kay would take the plane on Wednesday
morning. I was wrong by 24 hours for they went to Shreveport Monday
afternoon and Kay's plane departed for Atlanta at 7 this morning.
It took James about an hour and a half to drive back to
Watchitookas and by that hour, Kay would have been
already in Atlanta where, after a brief intermission, she
would be off for Charleston, reaching there by noon.
This is the second time I have seen James since he
had the radio fixed for me and only after he had departed today
did I realize I haven't paid him for whatever the radio
shop charged. Perhaps I enjoy a fair credit rating in that
direction.
Thelma called me again this morning. She is moved by a desire
to give me a happy day in the country which is all once
a dab on the funny side and a little wearisome since
he determination to do a kindness takes on a persistency that
in the end one has to learn to have an understanding. She says I
simply must see Hodges Gardens while the roses are at their
best and that she will come and get me any time I say and
that we can luncheon over yonder, and that she will bring me back
whenever I please. I am sure the Hodges roses are mighty fine
but then if Thelma could only see the luzuriance of
my fine verbeena crop she wouldn't be pulling so determinedly.

There was an interesting article in one of the Sunday papers, perhaps the New Orleans Picayune, about Degas and something about the impending Delgado show, -- or perhaps the show itself is already under way. The article gives a few points about his life, affluence up to middle life, poverty after that and just a slight reference to his visit to New Orleans a year or two after the Franco-Prussian war.

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The radio this morning reported a earth quake in El Salvador which was of especial interest to Mrs. Robinson & Hatchitoches, the lady who had charge of decorating last year for the Birthday Ball at Northwestern. She has a daughter, Senora Amayan, living in San Salvador. The Red Cross supplied the telephone number of the American Embassy in San Salvador and in a matter of minutes Mrs. Robinson was able to talk with that agency and receive assurances that her daughter was alright. Verily, modern communication is something wonderful, both in reporting disasters to the world with bad news instantly and also in the compensating quickness of checking by home folks on offspring. This morning, however, I found ourselves confronted with a disappearance neither of us could explain. One of the pretty eggs from the pheasant's fine new nest, I suggested perhaps Mrs. McGrew had removed one but Bud said if Mrs. McGrew had invaded the place and eaten one egg, he most certainly would not stop with just one, so that there would be none left. Bud speculated on the possibility a bluejay might have invaded the little house and eaten the egg. I suggested there would be the tell-tale blue eggshell left behind but Bud says the old bluejay when having his mind set on an omelette, will eat the shell and all. And so we haven't shed any light on the vanished egg and since the enclosure is secured against marauders by a padlock, we shall have to do some more speculating before we close the case.

Over the coffee cups this morning, I was amused to learn Celeste received a phone call yesterday from Beth, thanking her for the Sunday tour of the Landmark Society. That's a pure Beth. It goes too good without saying, of course, that I haven't heard a peep out of her. I laugh everytime I think of it.

Returning to James and his call this evening, for this afternoon, I withheld the Harper magazine against a session planned for Thursday afternoon. I didn't point with pride, to my newly arrived, at the picture window for I want to reserve the pleasure of exploring the magazine articles and at examining our little porcelain friends when peace is somewhat upon us and no likelihood that a bag will be suddenly legged in from where and try to get it tangled up in whatever is going on at the magical moment the tornado whirls in. I continue holding yesterday's post against a moment of quiet which will indeed seem golden when it arrives.....

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Wednesday, May 5th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Partly cloudy, breezy and dry. The peace that passeth all understanding settled down over the place towards suppertime. Of course it usually requires a few hours before the effects of a visitation from Shreveport wears off but something tells me my sleep is going to be the sweeter because the racket-maker has departed.

I just talked with James. He reported having seen the horseless carriage of I. S. Willard in front of her residence at 612 Williams Avenue this afternoon. He takes the dog from Hyde Park at 604 Williams up to 1226 Williams every night where there's a fine kennel for the dog to sleep. James said that if I wished, he would wave in the direction of I. S. W. when passing the house. He even went a step further and said he would give me the I. S. W. phone number, 3235, if I wanted a blow by blow of Paris and London tonight but I expressed my thanks but expressed the idea that such a "Tale of Two Cities" might get a better reception if I started early in the afternoon one of these days, thereby avoiding an all night session.

Over the coffee cups this morning I learned that mine hostess takes off on another weekend frolic day after tomorrow. I believe New Iberia is the scene of the doings but I have already forgotten the excuse, --perhaps a sugar cane festival or some such.

On the Walker front, the three members got a couple of shots each today and will get a third a day or two hence in anticipation of their European jaunt, --smallpox, etc. Mr. Walker leaves for Baton Rouge Sunday to look after newspaper matters during the impending two week session of the Legislature. To my surprise, I learned that also during the husband's absence in Baton Rouge, the wife will go to the hospital here to take a two or three day check-up at or under the care of the lady doctor. As is explained, the reason for the check-up at this late date, --they leave Hatchitoches for their summer jaunt on the 30th, the findings may be taken along to New York and left with a fine physician there. The latter will have an opportunity

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to study them during the European interlude and if it is found the lady needs surgery of any kind, such as a gall bladder removal or some such, that could be performed on the return from Europe on landing in New York. I understand none of this, naturally, but if it makes sense to the patient, that is all that is necessary.

According to another report, the Walkers while in New York either going or coming, will stop at the East 57th Street address of Esther. This address, I am told, is also that of Mrs. Edward Bok, and I wonder if Mrs. Bok's daughter, Mrs. Curtis, hasn't already departed this life and perhaps this is Mrs. Bok's daughter, but that really doesn't matter. While James was here yesterday, one of my plantation friends tapped at the door. The man said he had been bitten by a dog but I didn't pay much attention. Today, however, I learned that the man had been taken to the hospital for some kind of an injection for the bite. It had been serious one. It had happened at the monkey-tank where a stray dog had been playing around with the monkey-tank dog when, apparently for no reason, had suddenly jumped on the man. The animal had been shot forthwith but no examination was made as to the possibility of rabies infection. What the injection, costing \$4 dollars in town, may have been made for on the man, I cannot imagine.

I understand the merchant planter is driving with his brother Dan to Mayo's the weekend following this one, although somebody else, of course, will do the actual driving. It seems Dan isn't too well and perhaps J. H. will make the most of being in Rochester for a bit of checking up on himself. Why they don't fly I cannot imagine, especially since they fly in every other direction. And now I must do a job of finger flying on these keys by way of knocking off a column before calling it a day. Perhaps I shall write about weed pulling after dark and somehow toss in the pleasant eggs in the same article. After that little chore is out of the way, I have some blueberries or small black berries in the Francoisean earthen ware dish, the berries, glossed over with sugar and cream awaiting in the ice box to reward me for my labors at the close of a pleasant day.....

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Thursday, May 6th, 1965. A little before 8 this morning, I. S. Willard called. She was in a hurry and accordingly couldn't talk any more than to let me know she was in town and that was achieved in the brief span of 35 minutes. She threatened to honor me with a visit almost any day now in order to tell all about Paris and London.

Memorandum:

Between 5 and 8, I had done some gardening and gathered some minor vegetables, -- mustard, onions, lettuce, radishes and so on, all fresh with the morning dew and divided them between the big house and the one across the fence.

The 9 o'clock coffee hour was depressing, especially as the servant was not present and mine hostess served me my demitasse without sugar and then made it seem the saltier by shedding tears around and about it. It turns out her spouse does not display the affection he should.

From then on, -- after returning to Yucca, the balance of the day was hop, p, skip and jump and I found myself at 406 Williams by noon. I had expected to go to the Town House for lunch but we dined at what mine host described as the 406 Club and it was a very pleasant, chilled shrimp, a salad made of fine things, all kinds of good things including -- turkey diced, avocado, perhaps some chicken and so on. With the shrimp, pimento appeared in concert and the tempered taste of the pimento and the shrimp harmonized with a subtle blend of found pleasing fruit juices, perhaps a combination of grapefruit and orange tasted equally good and we paused in at the conclusion while James responded to a phone call from I. S. W. who related many things including her plans to participate in Saturday's dedication of the Indian village marker. On such occasions, -- public gatherings, the ladies sometimes wear their costumes. She told James she was thinking of appearing in costume at the service and James asked her if she had decided whether she would appear as an Indian maiden or a colonial French soldier. From the house ensuing merriment, I necked the question tickled I. S. W.

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Back home a little after 2:30 I jumped back into the gardening effort with August, nailing bamboo poles horizontally to the sawed off fence posts marking the triangles where, if they survive the drought, the tomato plants may grow.

Don Worsley's mama from California came home from town with Celeste for a little chat with local folks. It had been announced Don and Eleanor would pick up Mrs. Worsley at 6:45 sharp and so I joined the people across the fence for a little chat which consisted of a hearty greeting and when darkness was settling down on the landscape and the clock was approaching 8, I extended a hearty farewell. Nobody having seen anything as yet of Don and Eleanor and, for all I know, Mrs. Worsley still may be sitting on the gallery across the fence, comparing travel notes with each other although my clock says it's a little after 11.

On reaching Lucoa, Mrs. Chopin called to ask if she might come down to bring a little package. I lied and said I still had company. It was only a half lie for the sandman was sitting again in a drowsy state and I immediately sat down and fell asleep for half an hour which, on awakening, I discovered was much more invigorating than anything Mesdames Worsley and Chopin could provide.

After returning to the office, I had a call from the Walker reports that Charlie Phillips of the Shreveport Journal telephoned this evening to ask for particulars regarding the author of Plantation Memo. I mentioned the theory that tomorrow the Journal will print an announcement of Saturday's initial publication of the column. I shall see if I can secure a copy of the announcement for Little Miss Charlie Phillips of the Journal recalled fondly his friendship for the author of Plantation Memo. Oddly enough, however, the author of that particular column doesn't recall Charlie. I am with too much enthusiasm but one must accept I suppose the strange bedfellows newspaper work may have had some effect. A newspaper inquiry from Miss Kate Perkins states that so many of your Monroe friends want to know what we can do to persuade a Monroe paper to carry Plantation Memo. I didn't know I had so many friends in Monroe in the first place and in the second place, I shall turn over this inquiry to my agents for the proper answer. They are working hard and I must have time to do other work.

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Friday, May 7th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and dry.

The nicest thing about the whole day was the arrival of the mail. The air mail from Lym was a whole bundle of sunbeams for me and I loved every word in the natal day greeting and the beautiful card with its sweet message and the delightful decorations in floral studies with the piece of the card itself. I laughed at the funny faces made by little Miss Lee about the subscriptions for which she had mailed coverage covering a publication I could so readily handle for her without the slightest difficulty. One finds a little opportunity to be able to do anything at all for another who is forever doing everything and so I welcomed the opportunity to handle the subscription thing on her behalf. There were several pieces of mail today and how I got them read surprised me, what with too many people flying in and out and around and about. I don't seem to remember much about the morning or early afternoon. Around 4, however, James appeared bearing three shirts and a couple of chair cushions for a natal day greeting and I liked everything about the whole business. While he was here, a secretary had flitted by but, seeing someone there, kept right on going. About 4, while James was still here, Clyde Miller of Summer Dancer connection and librarian McKensie, successor of Cousin Eugene at Northwestern came into view, quite unannounced. After a few minutes chat, James departed and the other two gentlemen went to take some pictures. When I joined them in front of the African House where they did some more picture taking, they asked me if the bell being sounded could be the supper bell. I said it could and indeed was. I shepherded them in the direction of the front gate, but should have been two minutes more sorry for just that second J. H. and Eugene encountered us and J. H., --for no reason on earth, -- insisted they turn back and sup with us which then did. Within two three minutes, J. H. had finished and on arising, admonished

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the gentlemen to take their time and linger on to chat with me. Dispensing hospitality when it takes his time is not one of J. H.'s weaknesses but he doesn't mind dispensing the time of other people who haven't anything to do anyway. And so the famishing, thirsting plants didn't get watered in the Ghana garden and the peacocks had already gone to bed before I got around to serve the geese and pheasants their supper.

It was first dark when I got home but fortunately I discovered a secretary waiting for me. which was a great help. After running through the important pieces, I dismissed the secretary and fell into my tub which felt so good. But that sensation was caught short when I heard someone calling my name from the front gallery. And so I arose from my sea shell and climbed into some scabbings and stepped out on the gallery to discover Bobby Deblieux. He wanted to go through some scrapbooks but as he did not specify that moment for doing so, I proceeded on the assumption he was merely expressing a desire to be re-alized eventually. He is a sweet child but not alone, I gather, who worries about making appointments. He told me of his wife and two small daughters and much news about Hatchitoches doings and I was glad there was a moon when he departed for otherwise the darkness might have been difficult for him to discover his way out and I wasn't dreaming of girding up my loins and shedding myself under the circumstances. He told me he was going to the home of the Master of the House. After coffee this morning, Celeste donned her costume and scurried up the road to help receive a group from Shreveport at the home of the Master of the House. After which she headed out for her New Iberia weekend. She didn't know when she would be back but probably not before Monday but she was in time to be off again on Thursday. Whether she will get back by the following Saturday, I wouldn't know and I don't see any reason why she should since J. H. is leaving people to fly about, forever announcing they are giving up social and business duties but never breaking off. It will be so pleasant on Sunday thinking of little Miss Lee and her floral decorations for natal days.

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Sunday, May 9th, 1965.

It was as pleasant a weekend as I can remember, -- so much to do, so many pilgrims, plenty but everyone interested and no groups spreading on the heels of others at the time. I never breakfasted on Sunday morning except when Celeste is away. J. H. called me before 8, inviting me to join him across the fence and he and I dined together at noon. He usually sups at 5:30 but when I fed the by boxer, nobody was at home. I was busy at my desk until 8 when I went back across the fence to see if all was well. It was as J. H. had forgotten to bring supper, -- he probably ate in town, and I found at last the old familiar tub. He said Celeste had called from New Iberia to say she was having such a fine frolic, she thought she would have another day or so. Among other pilgrims this afternoon was a group of nuns whom Celeste had invited for a tour. I always feel sorry for these girls for I believe their lives are pretty drab for the most part. Accordingly I always try to make their outing as gay as possible and we all laughed and giggled and had lots of fun and I believe they went away the happier for their little go-round. On Saturday the Shreveport Journal began publication of Plantation Memoirs. By chance the column, entitled "Uncle Israel Landis in College", mentioned Dr. Dermen as the artist of Uncle Israel's likeness. I am told the Shreveport Times will be distressed that the Journal will be carrying the column they wanted later and that the Journal carries references to Dr. Dermen, special features writer, will further add to the underlining of their regret that they didn't grab Plantation Memoirs for themselves. The struggle of the day was the call made by the Walkers and Mrs. Genung. They had called in the morning for an appointment. I told them as early in the afternoon possible would be just fine. Two forty-five was agreed up

May 10th, 1965.

-ab-let me tell you that I have always felt that it was my duty to help you in any way I could. I am glad to hear that you are well and hope that you will continue to improve. I am also glad to hear that you are enjoying your trip to France. I hope that you will have a very successful one. I am looking forward to hearing from you again soon.

Memorandum

to : Mr. [Name]

from : Mr. [Name]

subject : [Subject]

1. On May 10th, 1965, I had a conversation with Mr. [Name] regarding the matter of [Subject]. He informed me that he had been thinking about this matter for some time and that he had decided to take certain steps to resolve it. He stated that he was confident that these steps would lead to a satisfactory resolution of the problem.

2. I discussed this matter with Mr. [Name] and we agreed that the best course of action would be to [Action]. We also discussed the possibility of [Action] and decided that this was not the best solution at present.

3. I have reviewed the information provided by Mr. [Name] and believe that his plan is sound and feasible. I recommend that we proceed with the proposed actions as outlined above.

4. It is my belief that these actions will result in a positive outcome for all parties involved. I am confident that the situation can be resolved in a timely and effective manner.

Very truly yours,

[Signature]

[Name]

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return that way in a day or two for I have always felt in-
distinctly that many of these people may well have stacks
of treasures at home from which they draw on for their side-
walk customers and especially if one or another of these
visitors prove to be genuinely interested in this or
that print, map or manuscript.

I. S. W. said, it pained her to tell me but she never did
quite make it to Petit Trianon and the Hameau. It was
just after the afternoon when she and Jack took the electric train
to Versailles and when they reached the big palace,
the guard told them it was too late to undertake a jaunt on foot
to les Trianon and that they would do better to use their
-ed vehicle. But they didn't have a vehicle and I. S. W.
found Ada Jack's sleepy she didn't dare leave her alone in
the station while I. S. W. searched for the aforesaid vehicle. And
after that, both ladies flew off to London and while there,
I. S. W. found the 2nd volume of a two volume set of
Souvenirs of Mme. Vigee-Lebrun, in the back of which was
listed several pages of her portraits some of the
persons named being of especial interest to I. S. W.

Asides from several posters from Paris and London,
I. S. W. brought me from Hatchitoches a loaf of salt rising
bread and some local cream. In giving her some of the latter
but withheld the salt rising bread for midnight
snacks. While I think of it, let me mention that I. S. W. spoke
of buying some color photographic slides for projecting on
a screen, scenes of Marie Antoinette's Hameau. It was
told me she had found them. I had never thought of such a store having a
photographic department and I reckon there was no such section
when I used to dash in to invest in something as harmless
and precious as a toothbrush. On the home front, Doreatha reports Carlton
Brown, renegade brother of my old friend, Elam Brown, called
from some place in the State of Washington and talked with
Doreatha's daughter for about an hour and a half, saying among
other things that he is doing just fine, is coming in June to visit
his mama, Nina Brown, a neighbor of the artist and said he thought
he would bring his mama a TV set if she didn't have one. Why one sh
bring a new TV set from the State of Washington to Louisiana,
I cannot imagine but Carlton would. I found myself wondering
which of Carlton's Washington friends were away so that Carlton
might do what he did in Houston a few years back when one of his
cousins moved from one apartment to another without having
his phone disconnected, thereby giving Carlton an opportunity
to make endless long distance calls around the country which he
made the most of. Both Elam and his father, Willie,
were as honest as the day is long but Carlton is a bag of the first
piece of chicanery comes out. And now must be a day to call it a day.....

13607

13607

Thin clouds all day but clear skies tonight
under a nice big golden moon. The rains have gone
from the radar screen, promising and performing in
the northern part of the State but giving us a
not a drop down this way. The vegetable garden appears to
be standing still. At least no grass and no vegetables are
putting in an appearance. But the seeds beneath
the surface are probably providing banquets for the
sub-surface insects and lousy vegetable production looks dubious
for this season. Monday's post brought Thursday's letter from Lyme. The
prospect for a weekend in the country made me happy for
little Miss Lee although I suppose "country" isn't
exactly the word for the area visited. I am sure
reminded that in urging me to drive over to Hedges
Gardens with her, she had pointed out that I needed to
get out into the country for a change. She voiced the
opinion in all seriousness and I didn't contest the point that
there didn't seem to me to be much difference in the
rural attributes as between this bend of the river on
and the aforesaid gardens she mentioned. I had
a letter from Sister enclosed will offer a good
example of the way her mind operates, jumping
unexpectedly from one subject to another. My secretary
had a measure of difficulty with one word she used, --
cocklebur, but I finally got it unravelled. Sister
has in mind drying the cocklebur plant, then spraying
it with white, and then tying some goose eggs on the
plant. This is said to be a striking conversation
piece but I for one, have no pressing need for same.
James dropped in this afternoon, bringing a page from
the Shreveport Journal carrying the first of its publications
of the Plantation Memo. I noticed the title of the
piece was dropped, -- "Uncle Israel Lands in College".
I think Melrose Plantation was also omitted from the end of the
piece. It seems odd that the format, already prepared in
advance and requiring only duplication, can emerge so differently
from the original manuscript. I'll tell you I don't
..... yet a done

13608

13608

Thanks for your reference to the original manuscripts.
I had especially in mind some that were written a month
or so back, sent as samples of the column, to various
publishers but, so far as I know, never printed. I
thought you might like to have these since they have no appeared
in print although it is possible they may have to be
pressed into service later in the summer should the
four of the agents abroad narrow the advance copies of Plantation Men
the vanishing point.

James also brought a clipping from Monday's
Journal showing a likeness of H. S. M. and a
possibly the picture is sufficiently clear that one may make
out about the texture of the material which was being used.

Celeste returned from her prolonged weekend
in south Louisiana and appeared delighted with all she
heard and all the people she saw. There were religious services, too,
at St. Martinsville and literature regarding miracle
of healing that took place there in 1887. She read much of the
testimony concerning the healing which is incorporated in
a pamphlet she brought back with her. I believe she
must have had some engagements in town this noon for
J. H. dined with us at the big house. I assume it is
tomorrow Celeste heads out for a New Orleans frolic
and whether she gets back before H. leaves for Mayo's on Saturday
I wouldn't know. Like Carmen, Celeste is always very
thoughtful about letting one know well in advance that her
next day is in the offing. Celeste in February, Carmen in
April but I am less cooperative in such matters. Carmen,
however, called me on Sunday but across the fence all remains
quiet thus far on the subject and I hold the thought it may
continue thus.

In the Department of Surprise Packages, there was one
item I forgot to mention covering items presented yesterday
by J. S. Willard. It's a piece of red cardboard a little smaller
than this sheet of paper. Little metal cups, about the size
of an eye cup, are pushed through the cardboard, leaving the top
surface smooth and this is covered by a sheet of red
red paper concealing the dozen cups beneath. One is
instructed to slash the paper criss-cross above each sunken cup
and pour in a teaspoon of water every day and a surprise garden
will appear, for one cup contains an extra seed, one a kernel of corn
one a bean, etc., etc., all of which when properly sprouted,
may be transplanted, constituting a fine garden, it is said. I don't
need the sprouted kernels as the water for my non-sprouting
ghana garden. Something tells me I had better present
this surprise package to James who does rather less gardening
than I and, for all I know, may have more enthusiasm for
such a toy.....

01381

13609

Wednesday, May 12th, 1965.

Memorandum: I had a very busy day today as between
5 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. followed by a day of paper work
for friends after that the old Sand Man seems to be
sifting sleep with lavish hand at the moment but
I find relaxation in a friendly chat with a congenial
soul although the conversation may be interrupted
any moment by a phone call I am expecting that will
provide me with some addresses I have been looking for
with a view to correspondence about some south Louisiana
statuary.

I saw my 9 o'clock coffee pal for a few
minutes this morning. She is so busy, however, that
she has scant time for a demi-tasse and in the midst of
some rigamarole, she suddenly jumped up and declared she
had no more time to waste, what with all the things she
has to do and that I could understand. After having
spent Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday in south Louisiana,
she takes off at dawn on the morrow for New Orleans but
simply must get back by Saturday noon when J. H. takes off for May
No body knows how much I have to do.... she declares
in a petulant tone as though anybody within earshot might
consider himself guilty as contributing to the hectic
existence she leads. Verily the squirrel
hopped into his revolving cage spinning around a mile a
minute and then jumped out just where he entered, declaring
the same line as quoted above, brought to a halt
by the fact that he was so busy that he could not
The ma called me this morning suggesting we go
to God's Gardens to spend the day tomorrow. I pointed
out tomorrow is Secretary Day and there would be "no go" so
far as I am concerned. They say the roses are at
their best over yonder just now and I suggested she go
in my stead and report her findings on her return. She
at least said I would be a list of old, ed. bled
..... yab a ti lio os bno

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13610

13601, 13610, 13611

declined, saying she would try hooking me next week. If I can just keep putting it off until "next week"! Then Thelma asked if I would run down to Clautierville on Friday with her to see what is going on at the Kate Chopin museum. I said I might consider that little trip. Mildred McCoy is said to be devoting a lot of time and money to her project and I should like to manifest enthusiasm in way of encouraging her to keep up the good work. Just before she left, she told me to buy a set of tools and a shovel. I dashed into the house after a morning in the garden with a view to finishing up the some dry plants. In the midst of a crawling into some dry plants I heard a racket on the front gallery, shovels, hoes and divers instruments clattering to the brick pavement. I dashed to the door to see if the sky was falling and discovered perhaps half a hundred people. I told while back somebody from the Joinerville, Texas, schools had written for a tour on May 12th. I had responded negatively, suggesting the October Pilgrimage as a better time. And so, having no on hand, I received the answer that they could not make a tour of the old plantation in May, they simply came anyway and the Lord alone knows what they were up to, knocking down such a wide assortment of gardening instruments. I suppose the teachers are of the generation that grew up on "progressive education" - doing what they, as children, pleased. And so they are continuing that manner of living, now that they have attained maturity and are passing along the same methods of behavior to their pupils, making one wonder if sometimes wayward children are the product of wayward parent and wayward teachers. I never saw the peacocks the balance of the day but along about first dark, Dorcas came striding through the Ghana parterres, calling out in a two syllable word a name that suggested mine and indicating she was ready for a warm biscuit before going to bed. Where she and her husband had been hiding after the Joinerville on-slaught, only they would be able to tell. And now I must attend to a few little chores, answer the phone for the addresses if it rings and so call it a day.....

13611

13611

Thursday, May 13th, 1965.

Today's mail brought a surprise package, not so much as it was unexpected from the quarters whence it originated, albeit that was a surprise, but more because of the nature of the contents of the package. The box was about the size a table model radio would be shipped in. Inside were two plaques in strikingly colored or painted material. They were not the conventional square but in the shape of the man and the building they depicted. The man was attired in a cherry red robe below which protruded the bottoms of his white pajamas. He was carrying a lighted candle in one hand and before him as he clutched his stomach with the other and the general lines of the composition suggested he was in a great hurry. The second plaque depicted an outside priory of common design. No card was enclosed and no suggestions as to how this pair of plaques should be hung but it seemed obvious the gentleman should be so tacked on the wall as to suggest he was proceeding toward the pagoda. The return address on the package was Mrs. K. D. McCoy of Clautierville. I had heard Mildred was hoping I would do a Plantation Memo about her new museum to Kate Chopin and I assume this was a friendly gesture in anticipation of

And now I must trade the ice box and then flatten out for a dab of sleepers down appears.....

An air mail from Lyne in today's post rest snugly
in the armoir awaiting the morrow's secretary.
Every body was foot-loose and fancy free this
evening with too much going on in the
the big road to bother about such mundane things
As letters and a matter of fact there
are two wakes going on tonight, one up the road
on Type and one down the road on the Lyne Cohen
plantation. The Type one is concerning a
youth of some 20 summers who last Saturday was
observing the operations of a new gun recently acquired
by a friend and somehow the thing fired, striking
the youth between the eyes and that was that. In
the Cohen wake, the corpse is that of
a Cohen cook, a venifiable Dorcas so far as her fame for
doing good deeds is concerned. One wake is
usually enough to start everybody out read running but
two are on the docket, there will be lots more
chasing about, first from one, and then to the other and
always, if in cars, going a mile a minute as
though the body wouldn't be waiting for them on their
rounds and rounds of visiting first one and then the other
thence all over again. It occurs to me I may not have mentioned the
word, "saucerin" in connection with wakes. I don't know
if "saucerin" is still practiced or not but probably
not so much these days as a while back since nearly every
body has a car now. I had found
it in a dictionary in the light
of the word and the letter form
I hold the thought it may be peaceful
little less see's

13614

13614

carries some kind of funeral insurance. In the old days,--20 or 30 years back, however, "saucerin'" was common enough. The ritual was observed when someone without burial insurance died. When the body was laid out, a saucer was placed on the chest or "bosom and when people viewed the body, they placed a contribution in the saucer. For good reasons, somebody, a member of the family or a friend, stood at the head of the coffin, his eye on the saucer to discourage anyone who might feel in impulse to take out more money than he put in and, as sometimes happened, to re-place the filled saucer with a fresh empty one and I remember one such occasion when the saucer had to be re-placed five times. Perhaps I should touch on this matter sometime in a column for I don't ever recall having heard of it being mentioned in print.

There was another expression regarding a wake which I have never run into in print. It had to do with describing in advance or reporting afterward, that the wake was carried on with respect and decorum. The expression simply stated that the wake was one of those where folks walked slow, spoke low and only coffee was drunk."

Just down the road in the house where Mr. Earnest, the overs used to live, lives the owner of a dog. The youth's name is Mathew Conder, spelled Conday at present, and this he is known to everybody as T. Gar, -- Retit Garcon. T. Gar's dog is forever having puppies under the Chand house and the present litter is a pup perhaps two months old. One of these puppies ventured from home during today's mid morning and got as far as the big house. Suddenly there was a yelping that tore through the gardens. What terrified the unsuspecting pup was the sudden descent from the big oak floor by the big peacock which must have struck the little dog as something bigger than God Almighty and bent on destruction. Nobody ever heard such cries of fright as the dog took off in the direction of Ghana and nobody saw "see hide see hair" of the dog from the balance of this day.

I. S. Willard called for a two hour go at things tonight. She wanted me to help her with the histories or biographies of the several Dukes of Orleans who occupied the Palais Royal from the death of Richelieu for the next couple of hundred years, --and there were a lot of them. The printed data mentioned "Monsieur et Henrietta d'Angleterre" and "Monsieur et la princesse Palatine" but the text did not indicate that "Monsieur" was duc d'Orleans, frere de Quatorze", etc., and so, of course, I. S. W. had found herself in a quandary until assisted into the light.

I'm impatient for the morrow and the letter from Lyme as I hold the thought all may be peaceful at little Miss Lee's.....

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13615

Sunday, May 16th, 1965.

Memorandum:
Cloudy, breezy and dry.

I was enchanted yesterday morning to have the services of a secretary and thus explore the contents of the Lyme letter of the 12th.

I rejoice the previous Sabbath had held so many moments of relaxation and a return to home base at an early hour to give one an opportunity to catch one's breath at close of day. The doings of Panache came through so clearly in the word picture, I could readily see the whole performance, the protest of feathered friends and the per of Panache himself in returning again and again to the spot not readily reached.

I'm especially glad Fortune smiled on the effort to get to the theatre. The play itself is a strong one and I'm glad you mentioned Laurette Taylor as being in the cast. I hadn't heard her name mentioned in a long time. In fact I think the last reference to her I heard on the air was something about a son or a daughter who was giving trouble but on what score I do not recall.

I'm glad little Miss Lee is finding an opportunity to scan printed material having to do with places to be visited later in the season. I know not if the jaunt to Hadrian's Villa will be within the itinerary but it seems to me it might be worth while for any person, viewing only a ruin or even a plot of barren ground, gets much out of it when the imagination, based on the consciousness of what makes the place famous, is lucky enough to visit it. If memory serves, Natalie spoke about a little trip out of Castel Gondolfo which represents historical doings of a later date but if that is easily achieved in a quick run by bus, I should think it might prove worthwhile. As I recall, the Castel itself is sort of 15th or 16th century but no doubt interesting in itself and of course as the summer residence of the Pope, it undoubtedly offers an experience, especially if the Pontifical chances to be in residence.

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Of course, if one doesn't actually get to the Villa, so called, actually a desert of villa remains, one can always be reminded of Hadrian when in Rome by glancing from the Vatican across the river to the great circular building, now called Castel St. Angelo, which, as you know was built by Hadrian and is described in the book recently mentioned for it must have been a marvel in white marble, -- now all gone, and the great Corinthian columns, the f of cypresses on top, dominated by the statue of Hadrian in his chariot, drawn by plunging gilded horses.

If this memo comes to a sudden halt, don't be surprised. The ribbon is acting up a little and may be the track any minute.

I am enclosing a letter and some candid camera shots which speak for themselves. -- the letter not the shots. The pictures are placed so that the one Mrs. Walker thought best on top and so on down the collection. I had asked for one showing the L. P. A. award so little Miss Lee might have it but instead of the one, the seven enclosed were sent.

J. H. and Dan took off by car about 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon and, according to a telephone call received before supper, had arrived in Rochester at six this afternoon. They must not have dawdled along the way and why they tear through life at such a pace, I cannot imagine. These shots were made on May 9th, 1966 and if you care to do so, you might indicate the date on the back of some although that isn't important. Recently, however, I have noticed that snapshots like newspaper clippings, are better sources of information if the date is indicated.

I talked with James tonight. He is coming for noon dinner on the morrow. He reports the Shreveport Journal carries an Editor's note under the Plantation Memo headline, indicating the Journal is going to carry the aforesaid column as a regular Saturday feature. James will bring the paper or the clipping on the morrow and I shall send it along in Tuesday's post as a sample of Journal handling. It seems to me they omit the title of each column but that is their judgement and not mine. Much more to chatter about but shall have break off for now. I hope it was a good day in Lyme...

13617'

Monday, May 17th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, humid and mid 80.

The incoming mail was fairly heavy, including a letter from Lyme, all of which are tucked away in the armor against the morrow.

The day got started early and as it was evident there would be no assistants, I tackled a flock of garden chores before breakfast.

After breakfast, Joe Henry called on me. He had to tell me how bad J. H. is and that he is going to cut off all relations with him. He said he didn't like it on Sunday mornings when J. H. while in town would come by his house bringing the Sunday Times Picayune which he, Joe, certainly wouldn't read, and bring a fresh pie, baked as a speciality by a town restaurant, which Joe would never eat, --the pie, not the Broadmore. He was especially annoyed that J. H. had accompanied Dan to Rochester. He said although Dan had run his wife's son out of the house, J. H. had declared he was going to put the boy, Rodney, through school including college. There isn't much one can do with a Miss Cam's last three children but, as always, I tried to turn his denunciations of others into other channels.

At coffee, Celeste reported that Mary Gunn Johnson, wife of Bennett Johnson, member of the legislature, had called her from Hatchitoches, saying she was enroute with Bennett from Shreveport to Baton Rouge. She said just before she left Shreveport, a friend of hers had called to ask if she would contact Celeste to provide for a tour with two other friends this afternoon. Celeste said she wasn't going to be home but she would consult me. I said that since I was expecting James for dinner, I thought 2 o'clock would be perfect to receive the ladies when they called her from town.

James came at 11, bearing some claret which we sipped before dinner. James returned to Yucca with me for a chat but no sooner had we seated ourselves that Celeste's servant arrived to say as the phone seemed to be out of order, there had been no calls from town. I re-joined James only to be called to the door again before I had had a chance to sit down. I was a slave from the store reporting that three ladies were at the front gate awaiting me. The hour was not 2 but only 12:25. James said he must depart and so I accompanied him to his car at the front gate.

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we saw the ladies' car but it was empty. As James drove away, Doreatha arrived at the front gate from the big house saying there were three ladies awaiting me in the library. I marched in that direction, found the library empty and eventually tracked down the three ladies behind -- of all places, -- behind Dr. Miller's cabin. Silly people they turned out to be, too.

And so with such trivia my whole day was consumed and never was I free when secretaries appeared and hence my impatience for morrow.

Mrs. Chopin is observing her birthday this day and tonight Clara Genung was hostess to a party at the Moon House in which a birthday cake figured. The guests were Mrs. Chopin and her teen age son, and her mother from New Orleans. The three members of the Walker family and the hostess. I hope Mrs. Chopin had an especially fine time for she has lots of problems these days.

The static tonight was so noisy I couldn't hear but sketches of the Edward Morgan commentary. It seemed to devote itself to mention of Queen Elizabeth's impending visit to Germany, something I never did understand about the widow Kennedy and considered about the late Frances Perkins whom everybody, including Mr. Morgan, seems to have admired.

I'm attaching a memorandum concerning a folio called Carte de Paris, if I recall the title correctly. It is a folio about the size of a newspaper, folded as newspapers are when delivered to the news stands, --that is across the middle. The paper cover, rather like wrapping paper, contains about nine sheets, being sections of the city which, if one pleases, may be pasted together to form a complete map of the city measuring perhaps six feet by nine feet or some such. There were three different issues of this map, one devoted to the medieval city, one of the city at the time of Louis XIV and one showing the city at the time of Louis XVI. There is no text but the properties shown on the map, the public buildings and gardens are all marked on the map itself. I think the map has been re-printed time and again and may well still be in print. Its cost was always surprisingly moderate, it seemed to me, perhaps somewhere between \$1.50 and \$3.00. It might be acquired more reasonably through a Manhattan book shop although I thought I would mention it prior to vacation time so in case one chanced to encounter one while shopping abroad. I should love to have two of the Louis XIV and Louis XVI ones if still available or one of the Louis Fourteen one. If discovered abroad, it is understood it would be mailed from that quarter, being about the size and measurement but thinner than, as compared to one section of a morning Manhattan newspaper. This, of course, is not a recommendation but merely an item to be kept in mind as a chance encounter while shopping.....

encounter while shopping.....

13619

Tuesday, May 18th, 1965.

the new news accounts
Fair, humid and 90.

Having written the above, I got tangled up in three telephone calls, -- Mrs. Walker, James and Carmen, of an bizarre of some sort, and a private letter to Mrs. Walker wanted to report a 'phone call from the director of the Shreveport Times. The talk was about some business details and during the conversation he said he wanted to go on record by saying that even he could make a mistake occasionally and now he realizes he made a big one in letting the Journal grab Plantation Memo right out from under his own hand. But some

James reported having talked with Kay. She had planned to come home today, but it off until Thursday and tonight has put it off until next week. It would surprise nobody at all if next week a Storm decided to go some place, --Alaska, Ceylon or any old place and Kay might be drafted to see to the details.

said Charles had called her to say that four photographer
 from one or another of the State agencies, --Commerce and
 Industry, etc., had called him about their desire to get
 pictures of three places in this area, --Hodges Gardens,
 the Lemee House and Melrose. They asked if he could arra
 it for them to make the places available for the cameras
 the morrow. She said, --and I wonder why she mentioned
 this, --that Charles had asked them if they couldn't
 take pictures of Commander Wells' house in town instead o
 Melrose but they said they couldn't. Therefore Carmen
 had been enlisted to ask me on Charles' account if
 the photographers come come here. Why he tried to switch
 to some house in town, I wouldn't know. Why he didn't ca
 directly instead of going all around Robin Hood's Barn via
 I wouldn't know either.

So much as a preliminary before beginning our little
I was delighted to have the two letters from Lyme which
arrived yesterday but were held until today against
the presence of secretaries not co-inciding with the pres
of pilgrims. The enclosures were just grand and
I want to run through them again on the morrow. I am expe

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happy to have the notice of the marriage at Dreux about which I, of course, had heard nothing. Even as in the failure to learn about the death of Pierce Butler, jr., so I might have remained in ignorance of the nuptials until the newly weds had appeared in some future news accounts of the marriage of their grandchildren.

There was a rather long letter from Mildred McCoy about the Kate Chopin museum. It is an interesting column may be stirred up to appear perhaps in late summer when the official opening takes place. So few museums come into existence anyway, the mere fact that a new one is being brought into existence is interesting in itself. I don't recall anyone in Louisiana ever having been quoted directly about the aspirations and plans for effecting such a project and if these are incorporated in a column, it might prove interesting to many a reader both at the time of its appearance and in generations to come.

There was also a letter from Mrs. Scharff whose name I understood to be Sharp. She and her husband spent the day across the bridge on the Monday following the Louisiana Landmark Society visitation here on the previous Sunday. The only interesting thing about the letter is the street address in New Orleans, --Versailles Boulevard. I must ask somebody about Versailles Boulevard, hoping it may not be like the New Orleans street called Champs Elysees which really isn't such a heavenly field, I am told, having as it does a railroad track running down the middle of the

J. H. called from Mayo's this afternoon. He said he had completed his checkup and that Dan would be finished with his on the morrow. They will start for home on Thursday and plan to arrive at home base the next day. J. H. reported his checkup show him to be A-O-K. But J. H.'s reports on such matters should always be taken with a grain of salt. I recall the former Rochester visit and report that everything was A-O-K, although it was revealed by his wife that among other things, there was a bad condition.

I suppose it is with the idea of giving her mother something to do that Mrs. Walker suggests that if I write a column weekly during the European interlude on her part that I send the column to her mother, now in her 80's, with a view of her checking it to see if any words have run off the line, sentences lost at the bottom of the page, etc. I shall do just that being full to make carbon copies of each article against the mere possibility that may result from her mother's effort to turn through same. I should think it would be much simpler to have Mrs. Chopin do this, were it necessary, but the thought is giving mother something to keep her interested during the summer. Well, and now I must round up a salad on my favorite dish and call it a day.....

13621

13621

Wednesday, May 19th, 1965.

Memorandum
Cloudy all morning, followed by a pin point drizzle off and on during the afternoon. The rain gage shows a skimpy one tenth of an inch, not enough to do much for the parched throats of the plants but perhaps encouraging them to hang on to dear life since the scant moisture did prove that nature hadn't forgotten to turn the faucet, even though the tramping was little more than a gesture.
One in a long time I find myself surprised when a person with a job to do takes along a small child to gum up the works and that happened today. It was a photographer from Baton Rouge who brought his son with him, a child of 6 or 7. Carn called at 9 to say the photographer had arrived in town, was taking pictures there and that, in accordance with her suggestion, he would go on to Hodges Gardens and get pictures before coming here. It was an unfortunate suggestion since the drizzle began here before the camera man arrived, following his Hodges Garden visitation. Naturally he couldn't get much in a drizzle but he thought his efforts might be compensated for its losses by the possibility of getting some likely shots of the peacocks, fiddling around beneath the projecting roof of the African House. That is where the little boy came in. At the sight of the birds, the little boy, unfortunately dressed in white and therefore more noticeable, began jumping up and down with glee at the spectacle. The birds were startled at the doings, moving out from the shelter and across the greensward in front of the place. They might have returned or might not have, but one thing was certain, they need not be expected to do so when the youngster in a burst of enthusiasm, darted off across the lawn in pursuit of them. Naturally they took to the air and the chance of papa to get them on film was utterly lost.

A day or so ago a big red bud tree between the Yucca and African Houses had fallen down, apparently its root system loosened by the diggers of the extraordinary cess pool of a couple of weeks back. Its

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branches tipped on the banana plants, screening the
front view of the African House and so I got busy
this morning with axe and saw, cutting up the tree and
hauling it out so the approaching afternoon camera might
not be blocked from its afternoon efforts. --
something the drizzle could circumvent much more effectively than the
tree. James arrived about 2, saying he had just
stopped at the artist's house where he had seen a splendid zinnia
picture. He said he would skip back and pick it up for
me if I wanted to invest in it. I recalled that Natalie
had spoken of being in the market for one a while back and
I jumped at this opportunity to obtain it. As it turned out,
the composition was superb, somewhat Quatorzien, -- background of black
flowers predominately white, yellows and oranges. The photographer
with child blew in about the same time, not to mention the drizzle,
and the phone rang. It was the artist to say "I just remember I done
forgot to put them dots on that zinnia thing and I guess
I didn't mark my initials." --
What "them three dots" may have been, only she might know but
the initials or their absence was comprehensible and I told her we
could take care of that on the morrow. --
I was glad to have James here to give me at hand at
editing a letter from Mildred McCoy. My guess is that when properly
shortened, it will provide about three quarters of the space
of the Plantation Memo usually takes. Thus I shall have one quarter
of the full space for some account of the story of the property and
serve up the McCoy three quarters of the space for the delectation
of the reader. I think Mildred is making a mistaken in
not underlining the Kate Chopin angle of the museum instead
of stressing, as she apparently intends to do, the Bayou Folk aspect
of her collection of local utensils and trico-a-brac. I shall
have to do some work on her intentions, too, for she is obviously
intending to get too much stuff into the act, -- a common fault

among museum makers, I believe. One phrase taken out of her letterpri
publication is a reference to guns from the World War I and World War
eras. I shall try to get these eliminated or if not hidden completely
at least so far in the background nobody will notice them. After all,
people interested in ante bellum matters should be given an opportunity
to concentrate on them and not jolted into the 20th century artillery
division.

And now for a go at some mail and thence to Dreamland.....

13621

13623

Thursday, May 20th, 1965.

Memorandum: Cloudy to partly cloudy and dry in the upper 80's.
The postman came early today, that being just
another way of saying he brought me no 1st class mail and
got away before I had posted my out-going stuff.
I had expected James for dinner but he failed
to put in an appearance. I talked with him tonight and he said
he couldn't make it. That was just as well, so as I was
concerned, for I had lots of things to do both inside and out
a guest.
The contingent of school children, some of their mamas and
a nun or two was scheduled to arrive at 2 p.m. Accordingly I
presented myself at the front gate to receive them, arriving 10 minutes
before 2. The bus was there, making a great noise for
I assume one keeps the engine running to maintain the cooling
system. I saw nobody outside the bus and so I found my way inside
where there were some 38 souls. I asked for the director of the
party and was told the director had departed somewhere with
the bus driver in search of me. -- I journeyed to the big house,
to Yucca, to the house across the fence and to the store but
nobody had seen anyone. Eventually the aforesaid director and the
bus driver showed up, explaining they had been searching for
me. Thereupon the bus disgorged its cargo and we
were off on a tour.
It turned out alright or as near alright as a tour made up
of 30 some odd 16 year old kids, bubbling over with energy and
naturally not at all interested in ante bellum matters may be
expected to turn out.
I suppose such tours get organized and carried through on the strength
of the educational aspects implicit in such a tour. But the
whole thing is more or less fraudulent from an educational point of view
since the kids are simply out on a frolic, itching to stretch their
legs and intent on cavorting. Were I the head of the
committee approving or disapproving such an outing, I should
recommend the day be spent, not in ravaging old plantations but rather
in "educating" them and their parents.

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devoted to one of the many State forests or parks

where the children could picnic, swing from bough to bough in the trees, go swimming and so on, thereby saving a lot of time for museum custodians and wear and tear on the museums.

I continue saying But No to the requests for school tours and fortunately have only a few full blown tours in the immediate offing, including one for the State Cattlemen's Association meeting in town on June 3rd, the priests of the 8th Congressional District on the 6 or 8th of June when there will be doings at the Church across the way celebrating the Father Calahan's 80 something birthday, etc., etc. There will probably be the annual family pow-wow on the 4th of July, etc., etc.

interruption.....

Helma just called to ask if she might pick me up and whisk me down to Mildred McCoy's Kate Chopin museum tomorrow morning. I have a busy schedule against the morrow but I shall go to get rid of her and Hodges. I hope.

I talked with Mr. Walker tonight. He is back from Baton Rouge where he has been devoting a couple of days to keeping his eye on the present 30 day session of the Legislature to see it does its ramming through cock-eyed bills concerning newspaper matters. He said he chanced to be in the Chamber while it was in session when Dudley Leblanc was speaking and suddenly fell ill at the microphone. The visitors gallery was immediately cleared and physicians and priests summoned, one of the latter administering extreme unction there in the chamber before the patient was removed to a hospital. Dudley, you may recall, was the Hadacol guy who ran off up tremendous bills which he passed along to the syndicate in New Jersey or New York when the corporation was purchased only to go bankrupt almost immediately when it was discovered about all the corporations assets were a name, already beclouded with tremendous indebtedness so that Dudley got a way with a check for 2 or 3 million and everybody else found themselves holding the bag, - an empty one.

The Walkers have taken the four shots preliminary to their European jaunt and seem to have come through without too much inconvenience. I hear about such matters, my thought instinctively turns to little Miss Lee wondering how she fares in this treatment and has to go through the same "punctures".....

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Friday, May 21st, 1965.

Memorandum:
Fair, 90 and breezy.

I was delighted to find the Wednesday, the 19th, letter from Lyme in today's post.

It's so pleasant to know about the outing planned for this weekend so that I may travel in thought along the road that will be pursued for the festivities centering upon the little ones.

As for doings in business, I can readily understand what difficulties the organization is having in finding some one to try to execute little Miss Lee's accomplishments. There is always something a little sad about the dumbness of people who take brilliance as a matter of course until it is too late for them to make repairs for earlier, because of appreciation for what has been done. I gather that is just what is happening and that the full realization will not dawn on the powers-that-be until the person on which so much of the smooth operation of their affairs has vanished from the organization.

I appreciate your thoughtfulness in pointing out the Metoyer picture in the recent Enterprise. Of course nobody mentioned it to me but fortunately I had a copy I could salvage. I find this instance so typical of what happens in time, - a dozen Parish people, knowing of my interest in such matters, saying nothing while in Lyme one person, so far geographically from the scene, holds up the lamp for my enlightenment. Blessings on little Miss Lee.

You asked about franking rights and I am happy to say these are being enjoyed.

I forgot to mention in yesterday's memorandum that the Jack Fulliloves called me about 8 o'clock in the evening. Jack said they would like to send a car for me on Friday morning with a view to picking me up and taking me to Briarwood where they would join me before noon, coming directly from Shreveport with a hamper of fried chicken and things so that Dr. Dornon would have no trouble about food and the four of us could have a pleasant day in the woods enjoying our birdwood. Naturally I declined. Then I, Fullilove got on the wine and started

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Making plans for one day next week for such an outing. If I can just keep plans one week in the future, it ought to work out just fine. I thought it very kind of the Fulliloves, however, to think up such pleasant things for us to enjoy.

Thelma called me at 8 this morning. She said she had a basket of goodies for me which she wanted to bring down, and after delivering them, whisk me away to Cloutierville to have Mildred McCoy show us the Kate Chopin House. To this idea I gave my approval, knowing we could make the jaunt down there and within a couple of hours, --quite different from the long jaunt proposed by the Fulliloves for the Briarwood outing.

And so Mildred was advised of an impending visit and Thelma arrived at the Yucca door, bearing a Little Red Riding Hood basket and off we drove to the Kate Chopin residence. Of course I had known it in the early 1940's and accordingly had a vantage point in being able to recall how it had been and the difference now, what with nice fresh paint splashed around inside and out, ante bellum hardware, new shutters looking old as hills, new banisters on replaced old staircases, etc., etc. Thelma and I were most favorably impressed by all we had to see and all the plans being made to round out the restoration, not only of the house itself but the surrounding grounds. The McCoy's are a lot of money in the restoration and as they have plenty of the stuff to spend and thus at the proper approach to the restoration, we were delighted at the prospect of the future of the old house.

Scads of ante bellum and Victorian pieces, all covered with and quilts stood in the various rooms, ready for unpacking and placement. The tendency on Mildred's part is to use a dozen lamps, for instance, in a room where two would be just right, and the same goes for everything else. But possibly I can persuade Mildred's friend, Lucille Conahan, to get Mildred to hold back some of the stuff on the theory that every season a change in furnishings may be instituted to re-attract former visitors and intrigue new ones. I think Mildred has rounded up the Kate Chopin books and some may drop them from our list on the book mart. If I were Mildred, however, I would have my agents combing old and rare books, searching for original editions on the theory that many a visitor in years to come would welcome an opportunity to acquire such publications directly from the museum itself.

Mildred was coughing and I think I brought back the cough with me. I think I shall be able to manage that inconvenience alright. James appeared at 11:30 for dinner but remained only two or three minutes. He was able to turn Yucca upside down for a thorough cleaning before supper time. At supper I saw J. H. who had returned in mid-February. He said he had found everything as he had been except at Melrose. The painting of the house and the garden had been done and his new house must do a few things and call it a day.....

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At long last, the rains came, half an inch Saturday a full inch this noon and everybody is enchanted. The humidity stands at 100 and the thermometer in the 70-90 range and I'll bet the mustard and spinach planted Saturday will be pushing out of the ground by the morrow.

On Friday, on returning from Cloutierville, I brought home Mildred's cold with me. To borrow a phrase from Mrs. Moore, I feel like a torn down piece. But I'm doctoring with patent medicine and grabbing off some rest whenever that is possible although the weekend never designed for quiet in these parts. I folded up my beard at 5:45 Saturday night and was disturbed only five times between then and midnight. I thought I might get a moment or two of quiet this afternoon but that turned out to be a vain hope.

Early this morning I tried to get some news over the Shreveport station and learned from my efforts two things that ed me:

1st, Harry Friedman had been gravely banged up in an auto accident near Fort Polk. I had seen Harry a few months back on the day when he and his mama dined across the fence. It is said Harry has a chance to survive, --something about one eye gone and the Lord knows what all, and I am sure of nothing more.

2nd, I was amused to notice the KWKH announcers were pronouncing Louisiana that way and not as last week, Lou-zanna. Henry Clay, the director on KWKH had complained about the Lou-zanna pronunciation and when I wrote him, I pointed out that if he, as director of the radio, could get his message through to his announcers, --and I named a the listening audience might be impressed by the message. Mr. Clay was trying to get across.

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Mr. Clay has not responded to my letter as yet but he probably will in all good time. This morning's newscast mentioned him as being somewhere in Virginia or some such place, attending a conference of ultra conservative business executives. I can readily imagine Mr. Clay may well have been a little nettled that after making such a great noise about the proper pronunciation of Louisiana, it turned out that the majority of his announcers were the worst offenders in this matter.

On the home front I was impressed on Saturday when for the first time in I don't know when, I saw Joe. He doesn't come down this way so much as formerly and I never happen to be at the store when he does. What with J. H. back on Friday afternoon from my visitation, it would have seemed natural enough if Joe had inquired after his good health but he did not. As a matter of fact, he was in and out of the store half a dozen times Saturday morning but never did speak to his brother in the office. I assume there's a storm brewing in that direction but perhaps the participants are never as disturbed by such doings as innocent bystanders.

I just talked with James. He reports he is expecting a call from Kay tonight, advising that she will be flying back from Charleston to Shreveport on the morrow. There seems to be some domestic scuffling going on down at Magnolia, making one wonder why people seem to thrive on disagreeableness. It is said that Atala Hertzog Dee, having retired from Washington work and established herself at Magnolia, keeps the pot boiling in that household. I think she has not honored Celeste with a call since taking up her residence in the Cane River country. Atala frowns on card playing which is something her sister-in-law, Dee, goes in for heavily. And Atala is out-spoken in her disapproval of anyone sipping an alcoholic beverage and makes a point of proclaiming to everyone present just where she stands on such matter. Dee's daughter Betty enjoys a stein and beer occasionally but that upsets, not Betty, but Atala. The other day Atala called one of her servants to the front of the house and told the servant to point out which plants her mother, Miss Sally, had planted and which ones Betty had set out. Of course Miss Sally never set out a plant in her life but that didn't matter to the servant who accommodated Atala by pointing first to one flower and then another, indicating which person had planted the one and the other. For the balance of the morning, Atala spent her time observing the plants over and over again, speaking aloud to herself as she designated:

"Now, this would have been Mother's. this Betty's, etc., etc."
and one begins wondering how soon Atala will be flying off her rocker.
And now back to my down couch.....

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Monday, May 24th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, mid 80's and humid. I remained all afternoon but tonight that I had probably turned the corner. I shall proceed at a slow pace until I feel back to normal again.

While the clerk and I were at breakfast around 6:30 this morning, we were both mildly surprised when we saw Juanita A. coming down the front walk. She joined us for a cup of coffee and a smoke. The clerk left a little sooner than I, she remained and we chatted. As the clerk said later, he realized, of course, that Juanita must have come down with Joe and we wondered what he was stirring up with at the store.

Either before or after coming here, Juanita dropped by Celeste's. The latter's cook had not come and Celeste assumed Juanita had come down with Joe and wondered when he would turn up in an appearance.

It turned out, however, that Joe had gone to Arkansas this morning and that Juanita A. had come down simply because she felt like coming down and that was that. It is always a pleasure to see Juanita whether as a drop-in for breakfast, dinner or supper although I must say in view of the routine probably obtaining more rigidly in most households at breakfast than any other time of the day, this surprise appearance tended to give us a mild turn.

It is wonderful to see how vegetation has perked up since Saturday and Sunday when the rains came. The cape jasmine, already two weeks behind, suddenly unfolded all of a sudden, not merely a single pretty blossom timidly unfolding but a dozen of them on a branch all popping open and showering the neighborhood with a marvelous perfume and withal in a twinkling.

I guess the grand old magnolias must be at their highest point of profusion right now. In any event there are lots of them and I never tire of them either.

I just noticed that the butterfly lilies will not come into flower for another week. I haven't seen one since I saw them last year.

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MEMORANDUM

six or eight weeks but the stalks growing along the front gallery are already out of hand, -- six and eight feet in height and bound to grow taller before the first wondrous butterfly unfolds. There are some stalks of the butterfly lilies along the front brick walk of the big house and some across the fence but none of these appear taller than 3 feet tall. I guess the ones in front of the Yucca must get more attention than the others, accounting for their unusual luxuriance so early in the season.

I have the good luck to be in connection with the outside world only from time to time, so far as the telephone is concerned. I must report the failure of the instrument to function only so medically but I shall put that off until after I'm right side up again. I did, however, get caught by some people for whom Sister had made an appointment last January and could easily enough have said they were so get rid of them and her in that score at least. They got a call through to me this afternoon, inquired after my good health and when I said I was under the weather, they hastened to say they would like to come down right away for a tour. I told them tomorrow and tomorrow it shall be.

Carmen called me this afternoon and also inquired after my good health. When I told her I was happy only when asleep, she said she only had two sets of crossword puzzles she wanted to go through and she struggled with them for a week or so. I told her to do any thinking about such games.

Mrs. Chapin called to say she was coming down to get some pictures of Father O'Leary, the Brevelle Church, etc., in anticipation of the impending services here and said she was thinking of bringing her mother for the outing but I did not say drop in here, even though I never had met her mother.

And so the week gets started and I hold the thought I may be talking much less about my uninteresting ailments on the morrow...

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Tuesday, May 25th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy and pure summer.

My cold turned the corner and is now on the way out.

I laughed in my beard tonight when I was reminded of the breaking of speed in fight records in the case of Max Schmeling and Joe Lewis many a decade ago, when the scuffle was over before my guests and I on that occasions were just getting ready to sit back and pay attention to the business when, to our astonishment, it suddenly dawned on us that the thing was already over and wrapped up. Tonight there were no guests and so, being a little weary after a full day, I prepared to flatten myself out to ake the Liston-Louisville lip encounter chatter, the fight finally got under way. Just as the bell for the opening round sounded, my phone rang. I answered it, had some difficulty establishing the identity of the caller and then discovered it was a wrong number. I returned the receiver to the cradle and tuned up the radio again, only to discover the fight was already over and that C. Clay, esquire, of Louisville was \$690,000 richer than he had been a minute before.

Today's post brought an envelope from the Petersons of Norman, containing no thing more than the article which, obviously, is the one Mr. Peterson wrote, following his Melrose visit. I gather the article is from the Durant, Oklahoma Daily Democrat and appeared in a Sunday edition, probably May 23rd, although my secretary could find no date. One might suppose, in doing so, one would be in error, that a contributor to a Newspaper might have some inkling as to the importance of including a date with a clipping but recognition of the importance of a date figures in a

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clipping is something that only a few people ever seem to realize and if newspaper people don't sense this fact, how much less so ma non-newspaper people think of it.

The Thoughts struck me today that Mrs. Walker might just as well let her Presidency of the Louisiana Womans Press Association pay her a dividend while she is in Paris. I called her to suggest that she might just as well receive red carpet treatment at a couple of places such as the Ministry of BeauArts or the Louvre or both, and at la Bibliotheque Nationale. I recommended she write the Cultural Attache at the American Office Building, au coin des Champs Elysees at Paris.

only two or three days in deep summer and would appreciate the good offices of the Bureau in arranging appointments with the heads of Beaux-Arts section on foreign exhibition loans, with whatever is on schedule following the Delgado Museum showing of the Degas canvases, on the theory that if the L.W.P.A. be given a briefing on impending plans, greater coverage can be accorded future exhibitions of this nature. That out to start the Louvre carpets in crimson rolling.

In suggested at the same time and in the same letter she point out to the Cultural Attache that the first permanent settlement in the vast Louisiana Territory is based on a document, promulgated at Marly-28-Boi, on December 8th, 1714 by Louis XIV. I suggested it be pointed out to the President of the LWPA, a photostatic of this document should be made forthwith so she might pick it up when visiting the Bibliotheque Nationale and a card from that institution be secured.

She will have no time to do research there but this legitimate excuse, her genuine interest in a document will provide adequate reason for her getting special consideration in viewing the place, once the home of Cardinal de Rohan of Diamond Palace fame. This opportunity to do business with the U. S. Government set up and be received by a couple of interesting agencies of the French Government could be a bit to negotiate, it seems to me.

... I will do her husband and son good to
... sometime to themselves exploring the capital while
... a void cluttering up the contacts by any other personality than
... her own excellent French should make sliding through
... erimental bureaux easy enough and I trust I can convey the
... assure and profit for her future newspaper contributions if
... makes the most of this opportunity.

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Wednesday, May 26th, 1965.

Memorandum:

One continues hearing so much talk about the Clay-
Listen fight. Everyone seems to have words to spare on
the matter although the whole scuffle lasted only
a little more than a minute. I guess the two
most profound observations I have encountered thus far are
1st, nobody likes to see a

and, I thought it would never end. Theima called this morning to remind me of an appointment this afternoon at 2:30 when I had promised to receive her, a writer from California named Miss Richards and a Baton Rouge gentleman of Commerce and Industry named Mr. Saint Pierre. What a name.....and I can't imagine why I never heard it before because I have heard of Mr. St. which didn't seem so odd but somehow St. Pierre does.

and, as they came, Helma included, arriving promptly half an hour ahead of schedule which was alright so far as I am concerned. I think the visitors enjoyed their tour which was rather thorough and I gave them quite a bit of literature which may be helpful in whatever it is they are planning to write.

While we were in the midst of getting the Helrose storm windowed, Mrs. Choate and I went to the

and she appeared bearing same origin, and receipt columns which Mrs. Walker had asked her to drop off for me when Mrs. Chopin was down here getting a wine story and pictures of Father Cagahan whose 87th birthday was celebrated new week. I was happy to find Mrs. Chopin very familiar later as it was the same in which she had wrapped a bottle of port and presented to me on my natal day. Her birthday came a week and a day after mine and so I made the rest of the month.

of Cherry had been substituted for the port and so I assume Mrs. Richards was happy about the big exchange and off she flew and I to Miss Richards and Mr. St. Peter of Pierre. They were going from where to Nodges and I don't know how they

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have fared, I shall probably learn through the grapevine
on the morrow.

This afternoon I found a broken eggshell in the cana bed in the garden gate. I thought Dorella had spent some time there of late. I hope it wasn't hers. I think I have spoken on occasion of Jerry McCook, widow of the late Dr. Woodruff McCook, and, prior to her marriage, a room mate in the old Lemmee House where she and Miss Ka Perkins lived when they taught at Northwestern. Be that as it may, Jerry has always been an ardent Christian Scientist, a virtuous seat whose members frowned on alcohol. Well, be that as it may, I have seen Jerry down here once or twice in the past year and around the holidays she introduced me to a lady from Birmingham who was visiting her. Others told me the Birmingham lady was a nurse or whatever such companions are called by the Eddy-ite faithful. Thing at the McCook residence, raked along smoothly until one night a while back when, in the middle of the night, Jerry husband came over right away as the Birmingham lady was "not quite herself". When they arrived they found la Birmingham as high as a kite, tossing dishes and preening out of the windows and down into the bayou. The friends of Jerry remained all night, holding things together as best they could and after the lady had "slept it off", they made preparations for her to return to Alabama and drove her to Shreveport to catch the plane. While the gentleman was securing the ticket and a servant, taken with them, was carrying in the luggage, Miss Birmingham slipped out of the car on the far side, hailed a passing taxi and was heading away from the port just as the servant was returning to the car. Taxi companies were alerted and the driver of the right one was contacted by two-way radio and he reported his location outside a liquor store a few miles away, his fare inside the place. He was ordered to drive. As he did so, by then the plane had left and the lady was kept in the police station until next morning when she and her luggage were placed on the next out-going Alabama plane and Birmingham was notified of her approach. Like that good Christian Scientist, little Miss Alberta who didn't believe in stimulants but lived on black coffee, so the Birmingham practitioner who shored "fire water" didn't might liequening up things with a couple of good snorts of whiskey and that was that. I think Jerry was mighty lucky her guest didn't get her into more of a tail-spin.

And now for a dab of strawberries and cream and

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Thursday, May 27th, 1965.
Memorandum:
Rainy and warm with the rain gauge chalking up
12 inches for the record.

Perhaps I was a shade late, perhaps the postman a shadow early but the failure of the mail to reach the office early enough I like to put on the weather since it was really coming down in buckets at the hour. I usually make my rounds be that as it may, last night's memo came back with me from the Post Office this morning and thus is joining this one enits way to your true hand.

The General came from Baton Rouge to Hatchitoches, arriving in town about 2. He said he had come through rain all the way. The reason for his journey was to pick up a new car, ordered in town during his previous visit. I don't know why but am told there is some advantage in purchasing cars locally rather than in the capital. He took over his new horseless carriage and came down here well before supper time. He will remain tonight and, weather permitting, he and I will make a little tour of the gardens on the morrow.

In spite of the dampness from on high and the water under foot, there were plenty of pilgrims today. At this time of year particularly, nothing and especially none of the elements will deter or deflect them. I was impressed today even as I am impressed at the frequency of the state made by so many a pilgrim arriving in a shower, to wit:

"I really don't mind getting wet....."
"Speak for yourself," seems to be the evasive response to that blasp observation.

There were income tax men at dinner today,--Federal. Their presence presented something of a mild surprise since these were the first Federal Revenue people I can recall who would

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accept some much as a proffered cigarette, let alone a plantation noonday dinner. But I suppose there are varying grades of determination in the ranks of these officials even as in all categories. Certainly those appearing in previous years have carried rectitude to the point of the ridiculous. I forget the details about one of these a few years ago. It was something about an umbrella which he kept hold of, standing or sitting, seemingly because somebody, -- J. E., as I recall, as a matter of mere courtesy, simply asked him if he might rest it for him against the office desk. Carmen called to

Carmen called today to ask if I had been as indifferently impressed by yesterday's Miss Richards as Thelma had just reported to Miss that she had been. I said I thought the lady was alright although I still didn't understand these things, the fact that she is doing newspaper and magazine work for New York houses but was being entertained by the Louisiana Department of Commerce with the Department requesting Hatchitoches to pick up all tabs during her presence in the Parish while the Department itself was supplying a car and driver and the Department staff was accompanying the person. If she were such a person and the racket worked from State to State, it seems as though it ought to be an ideal set-up for enjoying an outing, received in the better places by the people often not readily met, and all at no cost to the vacationist. There must be some catch in the deal somewhere but neither Carmen nor I could figure it out. I assume the explanation may depend in part on the hope of the State Travel Bureau that such a visitor might mention one or another place in the State in some future article for some far away publication. But somehow I have never chance to encounter any State agency participating and encouraging such a procedure. Of course there is a chance that somebody counts on the State agency to entertain such guests and the State agency pockets the money charged against such an account and then suggests to Parish people as was done in this case that the guest be wined, dined and bedded down at the expense of the Parish or the caravan series in the Parish. However that may be, it sounds like strange doings and a practice that should be discouraged.

Carmen remarked she was attending a 5 o'clock meeting of the Museum Contents this afternoon. She said it was being held at the home of I. S. Willard, thereby suggesting I. S. W. is in town. I asked Carmen if she knew if Kay had returned. She did not although she remarked that Kay is a member of the organization. I shall hear more about all this on the morrow, of course.....

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Friday, May 28th, 1965.

Memorandum:

and as the attending were right on time, the
 business was wrapped up with neatness and dispatch
 and everybody on his way within 15 minutes. It was
 true, of course, that I. S. Willard was not present
 but she arrived half an hour after the meeting was
 over and so caught upon what had transpired in all
 good time. Bobby Deblieux had secured a key to
 I. S. W.'s house and assumed the role of host. Carmen
 and Kay arrived on the dot. As nobody else appeared, it
 didn't take long to transact whatever was on the agenda.
 Bobby mentioned an old Leconte house which could be
 bought at a reasonable price and moved from down Cane River
 to Watchitochee to house Museum Contents treasures. Kay
 thought that matter should be taken care of immediately
 and tossed off a check for several hundred dollars, --4 or 7,
 and that just about wound things up for the 15 minute
 session.

James called me this morning to say he would like to come down and break bread this noon. And so he came, and we were four at table, - the new boy General, the clerk, James and I, and it was all very pleasant. James said Kay had taken a big hammer, shafed and the Carver grills and headed out for Briarwood this morning, Kay doing the driving. From that, one may assume Kay is much stronger. Carmen had remarked that she had appeared on the evening before without a cane. It will be interesting to learn how the girls negotiated the wood road from the public road into Briarwood, what with the rain which, according to the radio, was more intense to the north, but I'm sure the girls made it alright. I suppose I shall be hearing from Kay this weekend about the Briarwood jaunt and we shall all rejoice she is capable of crawling up her own horseless car rig and conducting it to the highway and home again.

And so come Monday and the holiday and I hope it is quiet and full of relaxation at home.....

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Bub passed this way a little before 6 this morning to tell me that during the night the old armadillo had smashed up the white guinea's nest. The eggs were to have hatched today according to Bub's calculations. Bub has a theory that usually the armadillo breaks up the nest of the guinea, peacock or whatever just before the eggs come about to hatch and he concludes the armadillo is attracted by the scent of the blood of the chick inside the egg just before it is time for the eggshells to start cracking and releasing the little ones. It is quite interesting theory and I must inquire about this from the next expert in poultry I encounter. In matters such as this, however, which of course would not be encountered in an agriculture school of higher learning, one occasionally discovers pearls of wisdom in the ranks of the uneducated. Bub's expert never knew about it alone attempt to explain. The white guinea's nest was hidden away beneath a magnolia bush along the hedge line of Dr. Miller's cabin on the side toward the African House. The gray guinea having lost one nest of 15 eggs in the garden, is now setting in the ivy beneath of old magnolia by the side gate. Whether she will fare any better in that situation remains to be seen but what with the counter side crawling with the armadillo herds, I reckon the gray guinea is going to have a much different luck than in the past. Bub is wondering how the impending weekend will turn out at this end of the river. I believe the General proceeds to Baton Rouge on the morrow and thus far I have heard of no family visitations planned for the holiday. The Walkers will begin their jaunt on Sunday when they will entrain for Kansas City visiting somebody there and thence to Chicago where they will spend a couple of days with the Walker brothers and thence to New York for a few days of visiting, including one or two evenings with Miss St. Luke, or some such for years with Vogue, an party given by the Walter Cronkite's or however that radio personality spells his name and thence to the city of the future.

And so cometh Monday and the holiday and I hope it is quiet and full of relaxation at Lyme.....

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Sunday, May 30th, 1965.

The General remained until Saturday afternoon at the moon innery. Dotie and I with a girl friend blew in from Leesville. She took the opportunity to ask me if I should imagine she could have approached few people less enthusiastic about her living in Baton Rouge. It seems her contract in Leesville for teaching had not been renewed. I can easily understand that. The General had nothing by way of encouragement for his niece which is understandable. After the General departed, the two young ladies made some kind of a tour and I assume they left shortly after that.

My cold which had been on the way ought unexpectedly reversed its course and so I folded up my beard at 5:30 and except for a few interruptions between 5:30 and midnight, got quite a good night's sleep, feeling much refreshed on awakening this morning. During the morning, Carmen called to ask if I would receive somebody from Baton Rouge for some newspaper stories. I said I would receive them at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Yesterday was Juanita A.'s birthday and Celeste had invited her for dinner at 11:30 today. Returning at 12:45, I found the Baton Rouge people waiting me at the Yucca gallery. Just as we were entering the house, J. H. appeared, saying that Mona Furlock had just phoned from town, asking if she might bring some Canadian people down for a tour. I stepped up the Baton Rouge tour and had just got disentangled from them when the raucous voice of Sister split the air. It seemed she was traveling with the Furlock party and why J. H. hadn't told me. I don't know. Well, it turned out that the people were not from Canada but Colorado which didn't matter much. I was sufficiently provoked with La Furlock for having brought Sister that nothing mattered much. Sister had preceded them to Yucca and whispered in my ear that although she didn't like La Furlock and asked me to show them nothing. I imagine, however, she was a mighty meekly tour and I finally got them out from the house and toward the front gate. I suggested that she not do so but she said she would go anyway. And so, in splitting off from the group, that

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left me holding the bags, including Sister and we waited and waited and waited at the front gate for La Furlock to show up. Finally she did and the battery of the car had died. Then we had to wait until Celeste could summon someone by 'phone to instruct a garage to send somebody. La Furlock said this made a fine opportunity for her to take one of her Colorado friends on foot to call on the artist. This time I put my foot down and said there was enough confusion abroad without separating herself and one of her guests from the party and I insisted she remain at the front gate with the rest of us. She seemed puzzled and humiliated and I'm quite sure displayed annoyance at the whole cook-eyed business.

How they all made out, I don't know for I said Goodbye and rushed off to catch a phone call. There is something about La Furlock's actions that reminds me of the J. S. Willard impulse to cook up a fine stew of impossible ingredients and then say "Oh" and "Ah" and say it. But I never thought.....

At 4 o'clock Clara Genung phoned to say that the Walkers had taken off. Mrs. Chopin and Mrs. Genung had driven them to Clarence where they caught the Southern Bell for Kansas City, -- that Belle with an e on it for once. There is no station at Clarence but the train slows down when flagged or advised in advance by phone through Alexandria. La Genung said the porter took one look at the mountain of baggage, groaned and somehow got all the duffie on board. I'm wondering how many times along their European route porters will make similar groans before they are back home again.. I think their tour is styled "Caravan - 30" or some such. Trunks are not permitted, it is said, and so everybody puts everything that formerly would have gone into trunks in such valises as will hold the plunder and the Emperor Adrian with seventy tons of luggage would look might small in contrast with "Caravan - 30".

I was happy to hear from Natalie this morning. She said she was writing little Mrs. Lee. I believe she has spent one week of comparative freedom as between college and the opening of summer school. We did not touch on anything in particular but merely engaged in chitchat about Museum contents, one or two books she has recently skimmed through, etc. etc. I did not ask her about her vacation plans as I was pressed for time, what with dinner being just in the offing. It was enough to know she was feeling fine and that the world appeared rocking along sedately from her vantage point of observation.....

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Monday, May 31st, 1965.

Memorandum: I am writing you this note to tell you that I have just received your letter of the 29th. I am glad to hear that you are well and that you are still interested in the Fair and 90. I am sorry that I cannot tell you more about the Fair and 90. I am sorry that I cannot tell you more about the Fair and 90.

I encountered something on the phone tonight that was new to me but old hat to others, as I later learned. I spun the dial in the direction of James, -- 4498. To my surprise, a hollow voice, obviously recorded, responded, advising me the number I had dialed was no longer in operation and recommended I dial the operator. I followed the suggestion, was advised the hollow voice had been in error, that 4498 was functioning properly and asked me if I wanted 4498 to call me. I said I didn't care which end of the line did the dialing and returned the receiver to its cradle.

In a minute the 'phone rang. It was Kay whose voice I had not heard since her South Carolina jaunt. She sounded cheery and gungling with minor enthusiasms. Kay said she and the Garver girls had had a fine day at Briarwood. They had a blowout on the way up in a deserted region but although Kay could never remember never having seen a car on that stretch of wilderness road, a couple of fine gentlemen had come along, fixed the tire and all had gone swimmingly until they reached the place where the tree had fallen across the road. They left their car there and proceeded on foot for half a mile to Carrie's. Some other gentlemen were summoned to remove the tree which they did and brought the car on to the house. It rained while the party was in progress but it was a gentle rain and everybody loved it. Carrie was looking fit as a fiddle and bubbling over with vim and vigor and a grand time was had by all.

After a short conversation, I asked if James might be home. I was told he was not home.

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be a bout and learned he had been but had finally gotten to take
a bath and that he would call me back which he did and thus,
at long last, I was able to congratulate him on his natal day
which, according to his voice, husky with cold, had been
just fine.

On the home front, the day was quiet. I could bark away
with great abandon without disturbing anyone excepting myself.
I shall have too many people on Thursday, and on the following
week there will be sixty people at one go on
the day of Father Calahan's celebration. Thus, being
unhindered today, I was able to concentrate on the hoe and
and there is great need for exercising same, what with the
explosion of grass in the Ghana garden, following last week's
rains. --

My dear Carmen, called to report that her Episcopal Church is losing
its Reverend, Jones who is going to take over as pastor of
Church in New Orleans. I think I have never met the Reverend Jones
but am glad he was stationed in Hatchet for a while
since it meant his mother-in-law would journey to know I
there and thus we would get to know Mrs. Ellis of the
Watertown, Mass., who writes such infrequent but so et
such splendid letters.

It is happy to report most of the ground are beginning to
put in an appearance, -- the plants that is, although
the majority of them are only five or six inches in height, what
with the late planting and the prolonged April drought.

It is interesting how some of the volunteers are getting ahead
in the parade, for some of these have pushed up their vines to the
top of the bamboo trellises and one or two vines have
have hung out by gourds about the size of one's thumb.

Thanks to the rains, the pumpkins, long remaining under ground,
have begun sprouting and pushing up a pair of promising leaves
and their cousins, the cucumbers, are also making up their
mind although they are not rushing into any big race for
length of vine or profusion of flowers.

On the home front, there is much doing. Commander Wells called
me Saturday night, inviting me to be guest of the Wells family
in journeying to Martha's Vine last Sunday to join the Historical Society
in honoring the Unknown Soldier of the Civil War at a grave of
some of the soldiers of the 54th Massachusetts.

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After the Memorial Day interim, the postman ought to
have lots of stuff today, I told myself. He did, too, but
I found nothing of interest to me although the
receivers of bills probably found things on which to ponder,
the old folks their checks, the veterans their checks and
some other group whose identity I forget got theirs.

The big thing in my life for this day was a little
tour arranged by Celeste and Cousin Cora Maude Henry Hicks,
formerly of Hatchet, now of Shreveport. Last week she had
phone Celeste about a tour for herself and some of her friends
Celeste gave her my number but somehow Cousin Cora Maude could
never get me. In the mean time, I told Celeste that
Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock would be just fine and that I
would meet the ladies at the front gate. This morning at coffee
Celeste said Cousin Cora Maude had called her again and that
she had told her about the tour I would greet them at the front
and that Celeste could not see them as she had a card appointment
for them for 2 o'clock. Well, tuc tuc tuc tuc tuc tuc tuc tuc tuc tuc

I planned to bring some fresh fruit, prepared
a round of cakes, etc. as between 1 and 2 but at 1 o'clock
I heard a lot of chatter from the direction of the big house
and on investigating discovered the ladies had already
established themselves in the summer dining room after having
tried out both the winter dining room and the library and finding
those two rooms no to their liking. Not all the ladies were
present, -- the group numbered 9, for some of them were
at Celeste, trying out the paper rooms, I suppose, and
probably putting Celeste in a tizzy. Of some reason, all nine ladies seemed to be proud that no
them were less than 62 years old. With such
a stock of years, one would supposedly have good sense but
this didn't seem to be entirely so in the present case.

On the way from the African House to the house of a friend
there were a few more people. When we reached the house of a friend

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Cousin Cora Maude took the arm of one of her group
ad set out in search of the missing pair. The five
remaining ladies asked me to continue my patter, detailing
particulars about the portraits, etc., while we were
awaiting the other ladies. I deoned and surprised
all five present by appointing them as a committee of five
to go in search of the missing four. It was a relief when five
two and then the second pair of missing numbers showed up and
we could get on with our pilgrimage. I was quite happy when the
ladies had finally departed and I reckon they never realized how
out of order they had been from their premature
arrival to their late departure.

Thursday it's the Cattleman's Association, Tuesday the
allergy and so the wheel spins.
There's lots of talk about further developments in
the Black Lake area just to the East of Campiti or Kampti and Cl
It is said a seven million dollar plant is being erected
in that area to take care of some of the oil currently
bubbling up from 22 wells and that several
un-tapped wells will be tapped and drawn upon later.
I don't know how many people of our acquaintance are
property owners in that area but Dr. Dorman, although several
miles away, somehow gets some sort of additional revenue
from the doings, it is said.
George Sutton died today. He had something to
do with that Bachelier property mix up just before
Mr. Bachelier, then staying at the Sutton home, conveyed some
20 or 30 acres of Williams Avenue land to the
Suttons, --valuable land which has since been
transformed into suburbs. It was said by Mr. Bachelier that
this along with the Little River plantation was intended for
me but in the final mix up neither Father Becker nor I got
any of it but somehow the Suttons did and maybe it did them
some good.
Carmen called to say some of the Birthday Committee of last
year are meeting on June 13th to present Charles with
some silver wine goblets on which will be engraved
some such legend as: "In appreciation of services rendered for
the Birthday Celebration", --using no proper names
in the engraving. I suspect she didn't want to use a name
since it couldn't be Breazeale. The expression of appreciation,
however, without naming the person for whom Carmen's appreciative
felt sounds silly to me.....

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Wednesday, June 2nd, 1965.

Memorandum
I had assumed yesterday's post would be heavy because of
the Memorial Day without mail. He hulk came today instead
and I may get to read some of it tonight, should a secretary,
after a frolic at the hockey-tenk, should pass this way.
If not, I shall hold it against the morrow.
There was a mailing tube from Auntie, however, that could
be opened and explored in a glance without secretarial assistance.
It is a birdseye view of Marly-le-Roi, shown up from one
appearing in a volume of les memoires de due de St. Simon which
Auntie had found among her husband's volumes.
I thought it extremely noble of her to go to so much
trouble and, I fear, such considerable expense, to
send me this. It is perhaps 2 feet by 3 feet and is sufficiently
large for me to make out pretty well.
I know not if a date appears on the composition but I could
establish one fact that definitely dates the work as prior to
the 1750's. That is the presence of the winged horses in the foreground.
You may recall the Place de la Concorde, and how the obelisque occupies
the center of the Place. When standing there, and looking East toward
the Tuileries gardens, you will be struck by the two comparatively
small white marble horses occupying the entrance to the gardens, about
half way between the extreme East line of the Place de la Concorde.
These two pieces of statuary, one called Victore, the other Renomes,
were originally carved for and set up for half a century at
Marly-le-Roi at the very foot of the gardens toward the Seine.
For some reason never clear to me, during the middle of the reign of
Louis XV, perhaps when the Place de la Concorde, --then called Place
Louis XV, was being laid out, these two winged horses were moved from
Marly-le-Roi and set up in the Tuileries entrance.
At Marly-le-Roi, their former places were occupied by a new
set of statues, also known as les cheveaux de Marly, and these
in turn, after the Revolution, were taken to Paris and set up
at the entrance to the Champs-Elysees, on the west
side of the Place de la Concorde and directly opposite the
smaller winged horses, mentioned above.
But, as indicated above, in this birdseye view of Marly-le-Roi,
the first horses, the winged ones, appear in the composition, and

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accounting their presence there gives one a position to take in re
to the date of the work.

I have probably remarked before and may mention it again;
I have always been puzzled about three shocking episodes
in the history of Art and Architecture that took place in the
middle of the 18th century at Marly-le-Roi and Versailles
at a time when good taste was at its zenith. One of these was
the removal of the winged horses from their original positions
at Marly-le-Roi, as indicated above, and the substitution
of larger statuary not in harmony with the original
concept of the whole layout.

The second shock took place in the courtyard of Versailles
when two pieces of construction were projected out into the courtyard
from the original center building of the chateau. Louis XIV in
developing the chateau, had preserved the hunting lodge of his father
and succeeded in giving the approach to the place a rather modest,
rural residence effect. Apparently in the mid 18th century, the
architects or whatever department or individual was responsible for
building, failed to comprehend the original concept and ruined
the initial effect of a hundred years before. The third catastrophe
was the eradication of le grande escalier des Ambassadeurs, replaced
first by a small theatre and later by les petits appartements, occupy
the space just to the right of the central or original Louis XIII
building around which Louis XIV expanded his palace.

Thanks to various sketches of the late 17th and early
18th century, such as Vues d'optique, we have a good pictorial
record of at least the courtyard at the time of Quatorze and
the first half of that of Louis XV. But why these unfortunate, these
disastrous alterations were ever made in the first place, I
have yet to discover although I think I have plumbed some of the
mysteries in pursuit of other points not centered on these particular
points. I must dash off a little note to Auntie to acknowledge receipt
of the photostatic enlargement. I shall find it impossible, however,
to express my appreciation adequately for this gesture on her part is
embodied in a design that means more to me than I could
possibly convey.

I had half expected James to drop in but I was glad he did not. I
understand he has a cold which he probably caught from me a week ago
and as mine lingers on, I'm just as happy to nurse it along without
visitors, having plenty to do in anticipation of visitations on
a more numerous scale on the morrow and early next week.

Last week's rain brought up my pumpkin seeds which pleases me much
and there appears more promise in the vegetable garden than had been
manifest since the drought. And now for some correspondence
and thence for a snack from the franciscan earthenware and so to bed...

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Thursday, June 3rd, 1965.
Memorandum: Hot and humid. Cloudy at times and no stirring of air but
no suggestion of rain either and we could stand another shower any
time. Field time but none is predicted.
Deetsie B. by called the store from Leesville early
this morning, telling J. H. she wanted to move her stuff to
Shreveport and would like him to send a truck over to move same.
J. H. told her to put the stuff in her own car and move it. She said
she couldn't get it all in for one trip. He recommended she
make two.

I thought we would have some nice young tender
turnips for dinner today. The special short row I had
cultivated at the end of the house appeared just right to
me yesterday and I advised the cook of same. But during the
night a row of lettuce and a row of turnips vanished and so we
didn't have turnips for dinner after all. I asked myself if it could
be Andy, August, Bub, Doreatha or some unknown. I still can't figure
out what anybody would do with a couple of bushels of lettuce which
really ought to make quite a salad.

My cold improves but I still do considerable parking but
that doesn't keep me from getting quite a lot done.

At the 9 o'clock coffee hour I caught a glimpse of mine
hostess, just about to take off for a day in town, --the
Sutton funeral at 10, a party at 11 and so on through the balance of
the day. She said she thought it would be so nice to
have an arrangement for the dining room table for the
afternoon guests. The hour was late for gathering
flowers but they were gathered in all good time regardless.
She would not be there, of course, to help receive but that would
be alright. The fine, you said, was so good. Never knew
the Cattleman's Association was scheduled to appear at 2.
Three gentlemen put in an appearance at 3:15 and asked they be given a
tour as they had come ahead of the 50 or 75 others because they
wanted to see the pecan groves. I gave them their tour and picked up
the major group a little after 4. I never knew cattlemen had so
many wives.

There were only three or four youngsters, perhaps 14 or 15, in

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the crowd. One of the youngsters demonstrated a gift I had never witnessed before in a pilgrimage gathering. With a deft swing of the foot, he could knock out an electric socket with all the ease of an expert electrician. It chanced to be cloudy when twenty five or thirty of the group entered the living room at Yucca. The young kicked out the connection giving to the floor planks, putting us in semi darkness and then adroitly moved across the room to the portrait of Grandpere Augustin under which the electric fan was whirling and disconnected that and thence into the boudoir where he did the same thing. I asked all present to stand still for a moment, summoned the youth, asking him to assist me in a little matter of plugging in the connections in each instance and in a jiffy he had disconnected were re-connected, fans set in motion again and the young man feeling better, perhaps, having had to repair what he had so deftly knocked out.

The people participating in today's pow-wow came from various sections of the State so that one or another would speak of Plantation Memo and it would turn out that rather person, over hearing the conversation, would say he did not realize the person was reading a Shreveport paper in south Louisiana, or the other way around until it occurred to one or another that the Memo was appearing in more than one section of the State. There was one amusing incident when a stalwart gentleman with both feet on the ground had something to say when I was showing one group the McAlpin Cooper cotton stencil. The fore-said gentleman unnoted to all present that the other day he had read something about this very stencil, and, addressing himself to me and never dreaming I had written it, said he thought he could get a back copy of the piece for me if I would like to read it. I thanked him and said somebody had already kindly provided me with one.

-After supper and a few chorges, Ol was happy to slide into a tub of nice warm water, but just as I began sudsing up a bit, a tap came at the gallery door. It was Andy, announcing Deetsie-Baby was at the big house. She wanted me to give Andy the Key to the icken. I learned later she had gone to Shreveport and was returning to Leesville, accompanied by two young gentlemen. Why she had come this way, only she would be able to say. When I was out of the tub and dressed and starting for the big house, Deetsie-Baby appeared to say she was going on to Leesville, and that was that.

And now I must sample a bit of news to see how those two gentlemen enrolling the globe are doing, them for a bit of correspondence and thence to bed.....

These were given to me by the author of the book, who is a member of the same organization.

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Friday, June 4th, 1965.

The day was so busy, I don't seem to remember much about it,--
primarily no account stuff, but sufficiently breezy to make the
wands in the hourglass run swiftly. A phone call from Baton Rouge indicated the General had
had a mild heart something. He went to the hospital but was found
well enough to be returned to his home. It is recommended that he
remain in bed for three weeks. He always follows medical stipulations
to the letter and I have no doubt he will do so in the present instance.
J. H. thought all members of the family should be notified which
he did. Whether Shreveport will pick up such an excuse to get in the
big road remains to be seen. Perhaps J. H. and Celeste will drive down
a brief call on Sunday.

There seem to be lots of plans for the coming week, especially
revolving round the celebration of Father's birthday, etc., etc.
I believe Celeste has asked one or two of the "everard" Father's to be
her guests for a night or two. Tuesday seems to be the big doings
although the nieces are already at Heloise and allery to the amount or
number of 60 will be coming for the all day doings on Tuesday.

I recall Celeste saying she has an appointment to go to Shreveport
Wednesday with some of her girl friends and Heaven alone knows how the
will part out as the time runs along. Hebert says he will
be there too.

It is said Dan's wife, June, began working in the Registrar's office
at the college on the first of the month. I suppose Dan and Zelma
who is cooking in the Pecan Park establishment, will raise the daughter.
There are only three and as their half brother lives in somebody else's
house in the neighborhood, he probably needs nobody to raise him.

The postman brought some more giant-cereals today and I
spent too much time preparing a place to plant them on the morrow,--
assuming there is no breeze at dawning. I may have remarked
before on the smallness of the cereal seeds. It would be folly to
try planting them when the wind is blowing if one had in mind to have ti

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grow in a particular place. I took time out to get the new seeds in a pepper shaker this evening and so shall be able to shake them into their appointed rows at dawn if there be calm obtaining at sunrise.

Clara Genung received letters from Kansas City and from Chicago from the traveling Walkers. They give their son an opportunity to see Kansas City a bit during their stop over there so they wanted him to see where they had lived in that place years ago. A friend had promised to pick them up in her car which she did. But as the car had fallen on her car the night before, it was another vehicle used for transportation. Chicago was found to be blustery, rainy and windy and not much to anybody's liking under the circumstances. I assume they may be en route to New York by now as they plan to see a few people, do some shopping and general looking about before they sail on the S. S. France on the 10th which must be about Thursday, I suppose.

The friends are speaking for the moment. Help is being rendered to you currently, you will find interesting. The last time I saw Helen was at the last time I saw Carolyn, something was said about the change of Hodges' enthusiasm from the Ramsey-Ward axis to the group of artists with camera and typewriter who seem to be operating under the protection of the Hodges' account's protection. When Celeste was at Hodges' garden recently she spoke with enthusiasm about the happy spirit of taining all around when the Hodges-Byrd group was together and she mentioned to me how sorry she had been that Carolyn had not been present and had taken the opportunity to state the same to the group who was there. -- a statement which must appear the Byrd faction is trying -- and successfully, I had hoped to see the Ramsey-Ward contingent out of the f... Hodges. According to the group, all people, had something along the same line to remark and one wonders how the climate happened to be noticed by her and Thelma. Well, so things turn. I'm happy to report the cold retreating but sleep advances and I am bound to fold.....

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Memorandum: Sunday, January 6th, 1965.
The weather was cloudy, sultry and 90°. It rained to the north of us. -- Marshall got an inch and a half but the moisture remained suspended in the air without ever getting down to the ground. It has been a quiet weekend, almost ominously so. Nearly everyone has had the General's condition in the back of the consciousness of the mind. There may be an exception or two. For instance, I believe Sister was not told of the illness on the theory that she might feel impelled to hasten to Baton Rouge and explode noise where quiet is desired. At dinner today, J. H. remarked that he had stopped in Pecan Park this morning but that Joe had not come out of the house until J. H. was about to drive on after talking with Juanita. When he did appear, Joe did not inquire after the General's health. While at dinner, Baton Rouge called. The doctors had forbidden the General to have any while at home. The General, a stickler for the letter of the law, is likely to cooperate. In the present instance, no even his son was permitted to visit his father. But the General was on the wire this noon and there was a long discussion when J. H. said he was driving to Baton Rouge this afternoon. The General said he should not do so and so the thing went on. It seems odd one isn't aloud to see anyone but can talk endlessly on the phone. There is a close bond between the General and J. H. perhaps the only bond of affection between any of Miss Cam's offspring. Let's hold the thought the General will get rest and pull through nicely.

Saturday afternoon Miss Chopin and her teen aged son dropped in for a little chat. Went out to a "chitooches" after a couple of days in New Orleans. They brought me a fat box of pastery which I shall be enjoying at the new hour nightly for a while. The hour was a beautiful and they planned to take Mrs. Genung to supper on reaching home. Mrs. Chopin called me about 9 Saturday night to report an untoward incident she discovered on reaching home around 5. On entering the house she noticed a window open and the outside screen on the ground, the mark of a cycle track on the ground near the window and nothing in the house disturbed except the absence of a coin and bank note collection her late son had gathered together during his youth..

She reported the matter to the police and then she and her son on to pick up Clara Genung and sup at the Town House. On

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arriving at the restaurant, she received a call from the police,
reporting the thief had been apprehended with most of the loot still
in the sack on his bike. I am not sure how
the last name of the youth is spelled, something like Maeger or so
such and pronounced Major. His father is Frank Maeger and is on the
faculty at Northwestern. The youth is about the age of Mrs. Chopin's son and last winter
he was the Chopin's guest when they went to New Orleans for
a party of some kind. The Maeger-boy has long collected snakes
and last winter two deadly vipers he had imported were in
a display at the college when, during the exhibition on night
the place was closed, the vipers vanished, --stolen. At
the time someone told me they assumed the boy himself had stolen the
brown snakes. Later the boy along with a couple of others
of whom I was arrested for having broken into some kind of a store
and smashed up open the slot machines in the place and
in being taken the money. It is interesting that the Saturday night thievery took
place just 48 hours before the Maeger boy was to
accompany a group of Boy Scouts as a councillor on a camping
expedition. Those Boy Scouts should certainly have
been able to learn something of the boy's character.
It will be interesting to see if Carmen mentions any of this
on the morrow. She and the Maegers are bosom friends and
like everybody interested in the preservation of old houses,
Carmen has been vastly interested in the restoration work the
Maegers have done on an old house they brought a few years
back on Washington Street, one or two houses up from the
statue of Uncle Jack. Mrs. Chopin was told by the police and by the boy's
father that if she pressed or merely filed charges against
the boy for breaking in and stealing the collection,
the boy would automatically be set by the Court to a Reform School.
Mrs. Chopin said she would not file charges but expressed the
thought that something more than psychiatric treatment
which the boy has been receiving should be undertaken to
protect the public from him and the boy from himself. If the boy had
not been of the superior race and possessed of a papa on Northwest
faculty, he would probably have been swept away for six to
eight years before anybody could say Jack Robinson but
that is beside the point when it comes to deciding what should be
done with a case like the present one.
"Ham-Oh" is a word I have heard quite frequently
since I. S. Willard returned after almost but no quite
visiting the Home and the. She called this afternoon,
relating many a report on week's doings and plans for this week in
the Home and the. She did not say anything about the thought

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Memorandum
Fair, 90 and humid. I sat down at 7 o'clock and had
to catch some news, only to discover the news programs were
bogged down with baseball games. My head nodded and I
awoke when a stream of cool air blew through the door of
room, waving curtains and banging doors. Somewhere there
may have been rain which brought on the unexpected breath of
cool air. It was thundering at a great rate off to the
northeast but that racket faded away and now the moon is out
but the coolness persists, much to my delight.
The morning post brought me an air mail from Dyme which
along with one or two other pieces of mail is stuck away
in the ante room waiting the morrow and a secretary -- I hope. All
the plantation folk were off on a way swinging hoses today and
although time passed this way at close of day, there were
visitors getting ahead of tomorrow's Church festivities and
pilgrimage, and the presence of the uninvited prevented me
from getting into the post. I hope tomorrow's an early
festivities don't put a similar crimp in correspondence on
the morrow. I was asked by two or three people if I would attend tomorrow morning's
Mass at St. Augustin's but in each instance I deftly
said I would not.
I shall have done a day's work in gathering bouquets and tidying up the
place before the Mass ever gets under way and I shall have so many
visitors to look after during the hours when services are not in progress
that I feel I can contribute more by being here than by
on the job rather than participating in a religious service
gathering in the Church where my presence or absence would never be
noticed.
Following the 10 o'clock Mass, there will be some nice
cocktails at the Rectory for all the gentlemen, -- perhaps
perhaps sixty, and a luncheon for gentlemen only, mostly clergy
from many of the parishes as between Alexandria and Shreveport. Celeste will
entertain ten ladies for luncheon and where the others stay
will be entertained, I know not. I hope to be on my feet
and ready to go at 11:30, and to see the girls and the
well. Some of the young ladies are to be married. I hope to be
.....ed before the end of the week.

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In the afternoon there will be open house at Melrose to which everyone attending the festivities at the Church will be invited. I reckon my afternoon will be fairly well filled with activities, trying to be in five or six houses at the best same time while across the fence the lady will be dispensing hospitality at a great rate.

As I understand it, there will be a banquet in the evening and some far away guests, -- some hail from as far away as Michigan, and some of them will be bedded down around and about and others will head out for home, I suppose. I don't seem to have a clear idea as to how long the celebration lasts but I expect do know I have an appointment for some on Friday morning, suggesting there will be a considerable extension of festivities.

The enclosed article speaks for itself, -- a travelogue which I had a portion of the piece read to me over the phone and it sounded as though it had been handled alright although there are the usual errors, especially the Melrose part, the mix-up of Marie Therese, being assigned wrong husband, in that Thomas Metoyer was her husband and not, as the article suggests, Louis Metoyer who was, after all, her son, not her husband. But these little details don't matter for the majority of newspaper readers and if research workers ever I to the article for information, they will only get more confused by the misinformation if they follow it. As for the illustrations, they strike me as being so dark as to give little value to the article itself. The picture of Ghana, of course, was taken a couple of weeks back on a dark day when the photographer with the child who frightened away the peacocks, passed this way to get the pictures. Perhaps the ink was too heavy on the printing job so that already dark pictures got darker in the reproduction.

There was an odd bit of business going on Sunday afternoon about which I learned one or two details today. Along about 2 in the afternoon I was impressed by the acrid scent of burning rubber. It seemed like a strange day of the week for the garage to be disposing of trash but I dismissed the thought by assuming perhaps the artist or somebody was operating a smudge pot. I learned today that Ezra who lives between the bridge and the Rand camp, had seen some smoke and come over toward the gin to see if there was a fire. What he found was several tractors throwing off exhaust and one of the tractors had somehow had its exhaust pipe placed adjacent to a big tractor tire that was smoldering away at a rate. From what deduction can be made, somebody got drunk and for no reason at all, started up all the tractor engines which continued operating, happily out of gear, until the gas in each was exhausted and in the case of one, the hot exhaust pipe had come into contact with the tire that was making most of the smoke. How playful can the intoxicated be.....

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Memorandum:
Tuesday, June 8th, 1965.
Hot, cloudy and sticky. Thunder rolled most of the afternoon and that hit us as a shower but we got none and tonight the moon has the sky all to herself except for a few stars. It was so nice to have the letter from Lyme awaiting me this morning. I naturally did not wait for a noon secretary but made the most of the first opportunity when it appeared at dawn for the noon secretary never did put in an appearance.

It was so nice to have the letter from Lyme awaiting me this morning. I naturally did not wait for a noon secretary but made the most of the first opportunity when it appeared at dawn for the noon secretary never did put in an appearance. I was so glad to know how things are turning out in the business world. It sounds all hurly-burly and fills me with wonder both as to little Miss Lee's ability to keep in balance when things are turning so mightily and at the same time I find myself wondering how things are going to pan out for the business world as the date of departure of the main prep approaches. I am so happy to meditate on the happy anniversary of a happy contact. June, always a lovely month, has always meant so much more in the wake of that happy event you mentioned. An interruption prevented me from going on to the clipping which shall have the pleasure of taking up on the morrow.

In today's mail there was a wire for the Walkers from the Independent Features Service, New York stating they were prepared to sponsor Plantation Memo. I have no idea where Douglaston may be but assume in may be somewhere around the metropolitan area. With the Walkers in Manhattan, it seemed wise to transmit the message directly to them on the assumption they could contact Independent by phone before they sail on the 10th and perhaps come to some kind of a conclusion regarding the column. The wire from Douglaston reached Hatchitoches about 5 p.m. which

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would be 7 o'clock Manhattan, if not Douglaston, time. The telegram to the Walkers, accordingly, might not reach them before the Cor Kronkeit dinner but ought to be received early by tomorrow morning, I should think. It happened that I was just writing a column about Marly when news of the receipt of the wire in town from Douglaston reached me. It gave me pause to re-phrase a sentence or two so that the column, primarily intended for Louisiana readers, might be broadened to cover a wider field.

From the Chamber of Commerce today, I learned in a conversation with the new secretary, Mrs. Adams, that a local paper plans to re-print the Martha Wilson article about the Hatchitoches area, -- the page of which was sent along with yesterday's memo for Little Miss Lee. The errors in the article didn't matter in a Baton Rouge paper particularly but it seemed to me the same errors might be more grievous if published in a local paper, especially as the article might naturally be consulted by future writers or historians who would certainly get off the track on some of the erroneous data concerning Melrose personalities and historical notes. I thought it better not to contact the owner or editor of the local papers directly but rather, taking a page from their former practices, direct Carmen's attention to the errors which she had received a copy of the paper and undoubtedly recommended its printing to Charles. I accordingly called her tonight. She was not at home but I got the phone number of the place where she was attending a frolic. Sometimes such articles are published a day or two before the paper itself appears and there was no time to lose, with such earlier publishing probably being done either tonight or tomorrow morning. She said Charles had written the Baton Rouge paper, requesting permission to re-publish and would probably have a response tomorrow morning. I asked her to call me early tomorrow so I might point out the errors that should either be corrected or the statements omitted entirely.

As for the afternoon of entertainment, everything went off very pleasantly. There were lots of clergy from around and about and as far away as Rhode Island, a few old friends, many who were new comers to this area. Many of the dumb ones preferred sitting under a ceiling fan in the summer dining room to stepping inside the big house, strolling in the gardens or inspecting Yucca, banana and the African Mouse and that was all in the good side for they were physically comfortable there and their absence from making the grounds gave more space for others. I understand Celeste, Luncheon went off nicely, too, and so everybody had a fine time and now all I have to do is some of the mail, attack a ten o'clock salad and call it a day.....

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Wednesday, June 9th, 1965.

Memorandum

Partly cloudy, humid in the 90's and warm in the same bracket. The surprise of the day came at supper time tonight when that lady from Shreveport blew in for a few days of visitation.

The second surprise of the day which came a little earlier in time was a call by James from the artist's house, saying he and Kay were there and asking if they might drop in. The hour was 2 and they remained until 4. James reported difficulties in getting rid of his cold. I am sure it is the one he caught from me which I picked up from Mildred McCoy the day Thelma and I went to Cloutierville to see the old Chopin restorations.

There was a gift package brought by the Registers containing the ingredients of a salad, avocado, lettuce, etc., and strawberries, cream, pumpernickle bread and so on.

Conversation was pleasant but as uninspired as the ozone in today's atmospheric situation.

News of the Walkers came from two sources, one this afternoon from Clara Genung, the other tonight about 10 from Mrs. Chopin. Clara Genung read me a letter received today giving details of their pleasant surroundings in the East 57th Street apartment. There was also an account of the Kronkeits. It was assumed Walter would be flying in any minute from Houston where he had been broadcasting the space flight. It seems that all the Walkers came down with colds in Chicago and accordingly are wheezing and coughing their way through the Manhattan social whirl. I take it they will need all the rest they can get when they climb aboard the France tomorrow and head out for Europe.

Tonight Mrs. Walker phoned Mrs. Chopin for a pre-sailing chat. She said they had received the telegram last evening before going out and had immediately called Mr. Rogers of Independent Services at Douglaston, somewhere in the Flushing, Long Island area. Mrs. Walker told Mrs. Chopin she had written a full report covering the conversation and this report was already en route to Louisiana. I assume any commitments regarding syndication will be made by the details about what in the European tour when the report comes to hand.

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Memorandum, June 8th, 1965

I was asking Carmen yesterday when she mentioned something about the brother of Bill Larson, inquiring what the Bill Larsons were up to and if they were coming down this way this summer. Carmen called me today to say Bill's mother had had a letter from the Larsons, saying the wife, June, had given up the idea of doing something during the summer session at the University of Texas but would come down this way for a week in July. Bill Larson is in some Manhattan play. Carmen couldn't remember the name of it but thought Broadhurst was a word in the title. Anyway, Bill is understudy for the lead and plays some minor role in the piece which, according to Carmen, seems to be running along alright on Broadway. I like the Larsons and am always glad to hear from or about them. Bill's younger brother who was lent by the Navy to the Army to guide some sort of instruction at West Point has bowed himself out of the D. career and has brought his family to Hatchitoches where he is undertaking a construction job with his step-father, Marbury Jones. It rained a little over an inch in town last evening, June 8th. June 8th is St. Medar to Cane River folk and St. Swithin's Day to other sections of the nation. If it rains on June 8th, it will rain for forty days in succession after that date so perhaps the water will eventually get down this way but we haven't been thus favored as yet although the presence of clouds and the sounds of thunder every afternoon suggest there might be a d.b. of need here. I laughed tonight at Mrs. Chopin's account of her day. In the morning before Mrs. Ann Murphy who used to be the dispatcher of the Texas and Pacific Railroad at Derry, but now retired and living in Hatchitoches, asked Mrs. Chopin to drive her to Shreveport so that she might take her little dog to see a doctor of dogs in that place. Mrs. Chopin did so but, on their arrival, Mrs. Chopin didn't have time to open a coke bottle before Mrs. Murphy was out of the veterinarian's and back in the car, ready to return home before Mrs. Chopin had finished her first swallow. Lucky dog...not having to wait and worry before contacting his physician.....

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Thursday, June 10th, 1965
Partly cloudy, scant ozone and 90.

Clara Genuing called me a little before 9 this morning. The W. L. Kers had phoned her around 8:30 our time, --10:30, I suppose, New York time. They said the S.S. France sailed at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Naturally the mother was delighted with the little chat, the assurance the travelers were just fine, their Manhattan days and nights had been busy and happy and the prospect of rest during the impending sea voyage holding great promise for them. Well, power to them.

Just before supper tonight, two ladies appeared and asked for Sister. They were acquaintances of hers, visiting the new tenants of the camp behind Fugabou's cabin, now leased by some Shreveport people named Lloyd. Sister suggested it would be better if the two ladies returned on the morrow and asked me what time I would give them a tour in the morning. Ten o'clock was agreed upon. Sister went somewhere toward the front gate with the ladies, J. H. and the clerk came to supper and the three of us supped without Sister showing up. Then, just as I was leaving, she came racing through the place, saying she would like to get rid of them tonight and asked me if I would take them on if she ran down to the camp and brought them back. I would. She did, but instead of bringing two she picked up five and when I met them at the side gate they said two more were coming in their own car. We waited and the hour advanced and twilight set in. Sister said she wouldn't make the tour but would meet the ladies at the big house where the tour would be concluded. After a while the missing couple of ladies caught up with us at the little chapel and we proceeded from there to the African House, Chang and thence to the big house where we couldn't find Sister. I finally eased them all out to their car and that was that. Then, about half an hour later, Sister appeared on my gallery. She explained the Hayfield had caught fire and she

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had had to take off to participate in getting that put out along with overseers, half a hundred field hands, many water wagons, etc., etc., and I'm sure her presence must have been of the greatest assistance. And that was why she hadn't met the ladies as promised.

As people first visiting the old plantation so often remark: It would be so easy to write a book here where it is always so peaceful.....

Somebody, instead of sending me the front page of the Shreveport Journal of June 5th, if that was Saturday's date, sent me the enclosed clipping. It would have been more interesting if the entire page had been sent. Still, it is interesting that the paper is giving Plantation Memo a dab of free advertising.

I was happy to find some fair sized peppers, --bell and hot, the plants today. Although non-tomatoes have been picked as yet, the blue jays are already finding them sufficiently promising to sample them. New plantings of mustard greens along with turnips, lettuce, radishes, etc., offered up food for today's table and theokra will be supplying a serial for both the gumbo pot and the deep freeze by next week. There are a few gourds a large as croquet balls but not many for the majority of the gourd vines are still in the pre-crawling stage. The first crop of figs are already falling off the trees to make room for the second crop which is the edible one. A few of the crepe myrtles are in flower and a few dozen crepe myrtles trees are just on the point of tossing out big bouquets of pale pink blossoms, watermelon reds, white, lavender and so on. In short, although still a while off, summer can't be too far away.

I must drop a note to Georgia Spinks tonight. I have already forgotten the name of the author and book she mentioned in the letter enclosed with yesterday's memorandum and I shall ask her to jot it down on a card and send it along so I may request the Library of Congress to record it. I meant to remark yesterday in regard to her letter that I was impressed by the amount of water Crockett has experienced this spring and I must urge her to go ahead and run for the school board which probably goes mostly to men in Texas but it would be a good idea to let the men know that a woman is sometimes interested in school board matters regardless.....

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Friday, June 11th, 1965.

Memorandum: I was called away from the house at 10:30 AM. I had to go to the hospital to see the General because he only has one sister. Generally fair. By you, Datchez got a dab of rain which did us no good. We are increasingly in need of the stuff.

Father Calahan's niece, Madeline, and one of her kinsmen, a Sister Rose, came to have coffee across the fence at 9 and to make a little tour afterward. It went smoothly enough without any of us ever encountering the Shreveport number.

At noon Miss Shreveport headed southward, telling J. H. she was going to New Roads but telling everybody else she was going to see the General because "he only has one sister". "One too many" is the obvious quip, of course.

J. H. suspected B't n Rouge was her intention and admonished her not to go there but, of course, she will do as she pleases, just as she always has, paying no attention to any of the tons of advice, any morsel of which might have helped her, had she had sense enough to listen. She threatens to return on the morrow or Sunday but nobody pays any attention to what she says since she says a half dozen different things on the same topic to half a dozen people. Be that as it may, the afternoon was peaceful so it is tonight thus far. Naturally one enjoys to the fullest the peace that is obtaining, always hoping it will extend further than it usually does.

James appeared unannounced this noon a little after 1:00 o'clock. His cold, even as mine and Celeste's, seems to be definitely on the mend. He brought some peach ice cream, suggesting I put it in the ice box against tonight. But there was an ample supply both for tonight and this afternoon and I immediately set him to work dishing out a bowl for himself and me. It tasted just grand.

It was my understanding that S. Willard was to be in South Louisiana all week but James told me she returned to Datchez on Wednesday. I haven't heard from her although she may have tried to reach me. She wants to be back for the Saturday wedding of Anne Lambre which ought to be a fine wedding if one likes such social festivities. It reminded me of the wedding of Anne Lambre which ought to be a fine wedding if one likes such social festivities. It reminded me of the wedding of Anne Lambre which ought to be a fine wedding if one likes such social festivities.

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me I haven't sent my present as yet.

I intended watering some parterres at Ghana after supper but J. H. sent me some Dallas people who had asked particularly for me although none of us had ever met. But they were civilized and I didn't mind strolling with them instead of working and dusk dark came on before they were gone.

Interruption. . . Sam Brown has just appeared, asking me to write him a letter about financing his car to some Alexandria concern. . .

When the thermometer gets into the 90's as it is now, it seems to be almost too warm for social gatherings but funerals must go forward regardless and there will be at least four this weekend, -- two at St. Paul's, across the river from Beaufort, one at St. Mary's-on-the-Bayou, one at St. Mathew's. Spotlight died Wednesday and his wife's brother the following day, neither of the cases being accidental. Come to think of it, I'm not sure any of the deaths were accidental or not but at least none was the result of a wreck. In the case of Spotlight's brother-in-law, death came with an operation. There was a muscle in his foot had tightened and the doctor said it required only a slight make it alright. . . The foot was accordingly lanced and right then and there the patient died.

This evening the gardens seemed unusually fragrant with combination of sweet and spicy perfumes. The cape jessami bushes bloomed later than usual this year and the grandiflora magnolias are unusually prolific just now. The purple vitex, an aromatic tree, is spilling its spicy fragrance through the walkways and something I haven't tracked down, perhaps it is the palms in flower, contribute another essence, all of which combined this twilight hour to fuse into an atmospheric combination that is wonderful.

Oddly enough, two telephone calls, one from Arkansas, the other from Texas, came through within half an hour of each other this morning, each caller requesting interviews because of a wish to do a biographical sketch. Word pictures like portraits in paint often seem like the results of a lot of effort to very little point. "Know thyself" said somebody, perhaps an ancient Greek but I haven't turned that trick yet and so I'm afraid I couldn't be of much help to the callers. . .

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Sunday, June 13th, 1965.

Cloudy and humid but no rain. The weekend was comparatively quiet. The little build-up that there was came on Sunday afternoon. Last Thursday, I learned subsequently, Jerry McCook had called J. H., saying she would like to bring a couple of ladies down on Sunday afternoon but I did not learn of the call until Sunday afternoon, an hour before the ladies were scheduled to arrive. -- 3 o'clock being the magical hour scheduled. Three o'clock came and went, three thirty, then four and at 4:30 I figured I had better feed the animals and birds since it was obvious the visitation would, if ever started, dragged on until dark. Around quarter of 5, I chanced to hear voices and discovered the two ladies who had come with Jerry. Heaven knows how long the party had been going for, instead of coming to Suca for me, they had been exploring on their own hook. Jerry had a stroke a few years back and walked very slowly but now, it is evident, she navigates much more leisurely, making about an inch at a time. One of the ladies who turned out to be her nurse, a Mrs. Blackburn, asked me if we didn't have a wheel chair. We didn't. By dint of endless doings and hunting up a chair from the big house, still last somewhere in the gardens, they had assisted Jerry almost half way to Suca where she sat on a bench and remained until it was time to leave when it took the combined strength of Mrs. Blackburn and Leston to get her in an upright position. It required about an hour and ten minutes to make the 25 feet between the bench and the car at the side gate. . .

In the midst of all this doings, Sister blew in from New Roads and Baton Rouge and things got to going in circles right off. I shall skip the pain of the boring details. Finally and at long last I got the McCook contingent into their car and half an hour later, Sister into hers and headed toward Shreveport and although the birds and animals had to go without their supper, the relief and quiet of the afternoon merry-go-round was wonderful.

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On Saturday, Mrs. Chopin received additional mail from New York regarding the column and the Independent Syndicate. It seems the Walter Kronketts and some friends of Mrs. Walker's who is up on newspaper business, -- Landau, I believe is the name, agreed that the Independent Syndicate might not be the one to do business with and it was better to sample around for another house to carry the column, -- if carried at all. It seems that some of the syndicates specify in their contracts that half of all money received from publication goes to them. They do not guarantee the number of publishers who will take a column and accordingly unless such a promise is undertaken by the syndicate, one would do better in specialized material, to have no syndicate service at all since one might be likely to come through with much remuneration through private approaches to publishers than through a syndicate that is going to take half the money as the primary basis of undertaking anything. And thus we can afford to let the Kronketts-Landau contingent cast a while the Walkers are in Europe, arriving at a decision on their return and one has whatever there is to be considered at that time. It seems the Kronketts have long been interested in Canadian Memo as they have been reading it over the years and they feel it is worth syndication if one can make the proper connections.

In the midst of the afternoon on Noop-la, Maria Krimmel 'phone from some place in Arkansas asking if she and somebody might come to see me on Tuesday. They invited me to dine with them but I demurred, suggesting they suggested they come early on Tuesday afternoon and that will be pleasant enough if we are along, as I hope for the balance of the week. I have some clergy on the morrow from the Bishop's office and thus the week will get started. I wanted to keep Tuesday fairly open for my memory serves, that if the anniversary of Ray and James' nuptials and perhaps I shall be getting a call from that quarter by way of observing the day.

Celeste reports the Saturday afternoon wedding of Anne Lamb was darling but the humidity and the thermometer, both in the 90 made it rather on the sticky side in spite of attempted air conditioning. This afternoon everybody who contributed to the 1964 Birth celebration in town celebrated the doings in a sort of mutual admiration gathering, everybody receiving gifts from money in surplus held over from costs of the birthday party of a year ago and so the world, as you see, turns round and round much as usual.....

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Monday, June 14th, 1965.

Memorandum:
Fair, hot and humid.

A letter of Friday, the 11th, from Lym, arrived in today's post. It goes without saying I was distressed to learn of Auntie's latest problem. I appreciate your thoughtfulness in giving me an account of the situation and, of course, I shall attend with utmost interest additional particulars whenever they come to hand. Even as little Miss Lee reported, so has Lestan known of several cases in which this particular type of ailment has been overcome successfully. Off hand, it seems to me that a growth of this type which somehow centers and expands in a limited area, often is eradicated completely without the lingering aftermath and tendency toward spreading which sometimes accompanies the smaller, more limited centers. I must say it does seem as though Auntie has had so very much more than the usual share of afflictions and I hold the thought the present one may come to a successful conclusion and that it may mark the end of such a long series of major and minor disasters and that smooth sailing may be hers in the years ahead just as soon as the present difficulty has been disposed of.

I can readily imagine the hurly-burly swirling around little Miss Lee these days. If the ensuing month can be negotiated to little Miss Lee's satisfaction, perhaps there will be a moment or two for her to catch her breath before taking off to fairer, quieter realms of rest and relaxation.

I am so glad to know little Miss Lee received the Marly negative. I suppose the legend mentioned in the letter refers to a statement of identification concerning the subject being illustrated in the sketch. I should be interested in this legend at present undeciphered if it gives the name of the artist who drew it and the date. I have written a Plantation Memo on the subject, calling the

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article:

"In the Beginning was Marly."

It simply covers the material, --especially, the horses, as touched upon by a recent memo. I began the opening paragraph by saying that a long mailing tube had just come to hand in the post from the home town of our friend, giving the name of the town.

I got off a letter in a acknowledgement of Auntie's last letter in which she mentioned the Marly matter, writing my letter a few days before the mailing tube arrived. The I got off a second letter letting her know it had come and how much I appreciated it. Perhaps both letters reached her before the latest disaster struck. If not, I trust you will sometime mention to her that two letters, one before receipt of the tube, one afterward, were addressed to her.

In reference to the inquiry about the Paris maps, I trust you will not let this loom as an important project requiring untold effort but simply keep them in mind as desiderata if you chance to stumble over one or another of them. They have long been on the market, I believe, and I know they were listed in that two volume set of blue bound books we had in 45th Street.

I am listing the names of books and publications in print, the name of the publisher, etc. I remember having ordered and received copies through the usual channel, 27 rue de Seine. As I recall each of the three folios was priced at about 20 or 25 francs. It may have been listed under the title, --Carte de Paris, or some such. As I recall, each folio contained about 9 pieces constituting a map of the city in these sectional pieces. Please don't let the matter cause any special effort but merely serve as something to pick up, should one unexpectedly encounter it. There were three folios, each listed separately, one map being comparatively early, perhaps Renaissance Period, say 1500, one of the Louis XIV era, perhaps around 1680's, the third in Louis XVI's time, say around 1780, and the streets were indicated, public monuments, etc., and many if not all streets carried the separate houses with their gardens, --the several sections comprising each map being in black and white.

I had a couple of priests this afternoon from Bishop Gagnon as confidants. I got them to de-frock themselves so far as coats were concerned before we ventured out into the heat. They seemed grateful for my suggestion as well they might before the tour was over for they and their cameras were all dripping before we were really well started on the go-round.....

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Tuesday, June 15th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot and sultry until 4 when we had two tenths of an inch of moisture, much to my delight, followed by sunshine. About 7 tonight the heavens began hanging again and the winds blew and down came what I estimate to be about a full inch of rain, followed by a drop in temperature from the 90's to the 60's, promising a grand night for sleep.

The Krimells from Arkansas arrived on schedule at 1:30, bringing a 14 year old boy from St. Louis with them. We had a nice little chat indoors under a fan and then a little tour in spite of the heat while the boy got some pictures with his new camera. They headed back for Arkansas by 3 and the visitation was memorable in that they arrived on schedule, everybody was pleasant and they departed before anybody got too tired, three elements which do not always emerge in all visits. They wanted to know when they could drive down and pick me up and take me home with them for a prolonged visit. I said I couldn't possibly think of such a thing before the mid October pilgrimage, hoping they would forget all about it by then.

The clerk was not here during the afternoon, being in town to attend the funeral of the wife of his wife's brother. The lady was in good health, seemingly. She awakened at 4 in the morning to say she had a severe headache, took an aspirin and fell back on her pi dead. Fortunately there were no children.

The artist just called. She said she had been trying to get a word in with Mr. Pipes all day but she reckoned the phone must be out of order because she always got a busy signal. I said probably the wire was being repaired. Actually the busy signal at that particular number usually indicates the lady is resting during the day which suggests she has not been sleeping at night. Today was their wedding anniversary but I did not try to contact them by phone but sent along a floral greeting instead.

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Tuesday, June 15th, 1965.

MEMORANDUM

Hot and sultry night when we had two tentacles of inch of moisture. much to my delight followed by another. About 7 tonight the heavens began raining again and the wind blew and down came what I estimate to be about 1/2 inch of rain. followed by a drop in temperature from the 80's to the 60's promising a grand night for sleep.

On their
October evenings, hoping they would forget I don't
possibly think of such a thing before the mid
night. I said I couldn't
down and pick me up and take me home with them for a
minutes. They wanted to know when they could drive
three elements which do not always emerge in a 1
and they departed before anybody got too tired.
the arrived on schedule, everybody was disappointed
by 3 and the situation was memorable in that
with his men company. They headed off for Arkansas
in spite of the heat while the boy got some pictures
taken under fan and then a 15 the tour
down with them. We had a nice little out
at 1:30, arriving a 14 year old boy from St.
The animals from Arkansas arrived on schedule

The clerk was not here during the afternoon, being in town on Tuesday the 14th of May at his wife's brother. The lady was in good health, seemingly, and looked at in the morning to say she had a severe headache, took an aspirin and fell back on her bed. Fortunately there were no children.

[illegible]

The Walkers' first day in London began today. Mrs. Genuing called to ask how soon I thought she would be hearing from them regarding their crossing. I guessed she would be having an air mail about Thursday.

Mrs. Chopin phoned about 8:30 this morn^g, saying she was casting about for a feature story for one or another of the wire services but had come up with nothing as yet. Smart me, I thought I had one up my sleeve and so I hung up the phone, dashed off a few pages and handed it to a passing pilgrim to drop it in the post in town so I reckon she will be provided with her material which she can work over and get going in the direction of the wire service. Tonight's electrical storm has probably knocked out communications between here and town but there's enough data in the story I sent about gourds to provide her with sufficient data to go ahead without consulting me by phone about details I have omitted.

Newspaper news from town indicates the Enterprise staff has been moved into the same offices with the Times, that everybody is buzzing and that the place is a mad house of confusion. The bank called Charles Monday, suggesting it would be well for him to send along a check for fifteen thousand dollars he owes. Charles complained that when he bought the Enterprise, he only got a skeleton and no skeleton was worth the hundred and some odd thousand dollars he paid for it. Of course he should have thought about that before making the purchase. The telephone operator in the joint offices of the Enterprise and Times is under instruction, on answering the phone, to say "Charles Group" and not "Times office" or "Enterprise". Some calls are cut at that point because the person calling never heard of "Charles Group" and, assuming the wrong connection has been made, hangs up.

Bertha Haupt called tonight to say that Kate Perkins had written her, asking her to call me to say that Miss Kate's brother is having stomach difficulties at 87 but has been relieved of pains by the insertion of a tube into the stomach.

A letter from Edward's China and Glassware indicates the shipment to me on May 6th has been lost and that payment covering same has been equally lost, --so nobody got cheated in that transaction. Smile.....

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The "Winklers" first day in the new
today, Mrs. Winkler called to see how
she would be feeling, but she was not
feeling any better. I guess she would be
feeling better.

Mrs. Winkler called about 8:30 this morning,
and she was feeling about the same. She
was feeling about the same. She was feeling
about the same. She was feeling about the
same. She was feeling about the same.

Newsman from town today
at 11:30. He was feeling about the same.
He was feeling about the same. He was
feeling about the same. He was feeling
about the same. He was feeling about the
same. He was feeling about the same.

He was feeling about the same. He was
feeling about the same. He was feeling
about the same. He was feeling about the
same. He was feeling about the same.

13670

13669

Wednesday, June 16th, 1965.

-- just had a good night's sleep and
was feeling about the same. I was feeling
about the same. I was feeling about the
same. I was feeling about the same.

Memorandum: to all who are interested in
the weather. I was feeling about the same.
I was feeling about the same. I was feeling
about the same. I was feeling about the
same. I was feeling about the same.

I feel Dorcas deserves at least one column but I
know not if I shall attempt it. As of the moment,
I am quite sure what I should write might distribute
a little more and so perhaps I should let the memory of the
fade a little before I undertake a symposium inspired by her.

There was a call from town this noon, a young gentleman
who had been in Crockett, Texas, yesterday and said
that Georgia had asked him to bring me half a pound
of cake and a jug of pickles. He said he
would like to come down this afternoon if I could
give him a ride. I suggested 2:30. He said he
would be there. They turned out to be Episcopalians
and perhaps in his 20's who had apparently been
to Northwestern at the same time the Spinks youth
had attended that institution. He is now attending
summer school here, perhaps, but lives in
Banks Street in the Village and is attached to
some sort of an Episcopalian thing at Fulton and Broadway.
The other gentleman, perhaps in his 50's is perhaps doing some
summer school at Northwestern. He is
a good fellow. I asked for news of the Spinks family and it all sounded
good. I must say, however, I was a little puzzled
about the Spinks boy who is finishing his studies at
Texas A. and M. which is--I always forget
where, but somewhere in Texas. He is supposed to finish

13670

his formal education there in January and then, --
and this is where the surprise came in, follow through his career
by taking up some position with the Government,
concentrating on Wild Life at, ~~not~~ all places. --

Rye, New York. I used to go to Rye beach for summer swimming in the Sound and cannot remember it as a particularly favored spot for the study of wild life and this, in spite of the fact that some of the Rye beach bathers might qualify as wild but that was a long time ago. Perhaps with the passing of the years, Rye has grown wilder but, even as years back, it is in the human rather than the animal category. I suppose the young Spinks will take his wife and child with him and life will unravel at Rye but somehow none of all this seems to make much sense to me.

I should have liked to chat more about the Crockett layout but it was too warm to chatter and I had other people waiting for me and so I didn't even ask the two gentlemen to sit down and off they went after one of the shorter tours I can ever remember having given.

I notice when writing the name Banks Street, I have forgotten if there is an s on the word Bank or not. If memory serves it got its name this way.

sometime in the 1820's, perhaps a little later, when there
 was the usual summer distempers running about Gotham,
 and especially Yellow Fever, some of the business men,
 especially the bankers, decided to move up town from lower
 Manhattan for the more salubrious air of Greenwich Village.
 It chanced that several different banks set up their counting
 houses along a lane having no name but which gradually
 took on that of Bank Street or possibly Bank Street.
 But after all these years, I find I cannot remember is Bank or
 Banks is the correct spelling. I should not
 wish to say of all institutions that habitually had
 an only guest spoke of Abington Square in that neighborhood,
 recalling that a pirate who had made lots of money in
 colonial times had settled out in the country above Manhattan
 where he held property of considerable acreage. Wanting a
 life of respectability for his beautiful daughter, he took
 her to London where she found a husband in the person
 of the Earl of Abington, proud of name but poor of pelf. The
 pirate's Greenwich Village property became the home of the
 Earl and Countess of Abington and a portion of it was conveyed
 to the City Fathers as a park, a scant portion of which remains in
 park status to this day.

13671

Memorandum: *[illegible]*

Fair and in the 90's. I thought it was first day when I awoke this morning, having forgotten the moon for a second morning in succession. It was so delightfully good in the upper 60's, I wished I might turn over and get another hour's sleep in such delicious atmosphere. I glanced at the clock and to my delight discovered it was only 2:45, providing me with just the second nap I had just thought would be so pleasant, as, indeed, it turned out to be.

...travel items came to my attention today; not first, I learned that Natalie had been to take her travel shots within the past few days. After all the changes in plans, she and her husband will go to Scandinavia in August. That's all I know on that score but it seems definite.

second, over the coffee cups this morning, I learned from mine hostess that she and her husband are planning to go around the world in a thirty day jaunt. August is the magical month, -- Los Angeles, Honolulu, Tokio, Hong-kong, Singapore, Bangkok, Rangoon, Calcutta, Benares, Delhi, some place I heard of, Beirut, Istanbul, Belgrade, Brussels, London, -- and all in 30 days, and don't ask me why. I don't know why, either, that I forgot to include Terheran, famous for its but probably not particularly so in August. Paris and Rome were skipped for Brussels and London because Celeste has never been to those two cities and since she is planning to visit both of them later on another trip. And that concludes today's travel news, most of which tires me to contemplate.

Kay called me at 2:15 this afternoon, saying if I would see them, she and James would be down within the hour. She was calling from Hatchitookas. I would receive them and they came within the hour bringing some fruit which I shall sample later tonight, including a nice ripe canteloup and a luscious looking plum, both of which are at present cooling in the ice box. I thought both parties looked fine and I noticed that although Kay was "wearing" her cane, she wasn't using it.

..... And now for a bit of work, followed by a bite of fruit and then

13672

Thursday, June 17th, 1965.

Just before supper tonight, along about 5:30, I passed in

During the past year or two there has been considerable speculation about Sibley Lake as just mentioned.

supply some of the town's needs. For a while after the thing was damaged up to impound the water, it didn't seem to fill. Finally, however, the water began covering the bottom of the thing and now in spite of the drought, there is sufficient water in it to drown a person which it did this afternoon. A colored youth with four friends were splashing about on the shore of the pond and one of them found a little plastic raft children use when they frolic in the water. The youth settled down on the raft on his back and using his arms as propellers, moved about on the surface of the water. Somehow the raft tipped over and the 20 year old youth who couldn't swim, drowned in six feet of water. His three friends couldn't swim either and although they tried to reach him, couldn't make it. It seems to me every one I know can swim and yet very once in a while an exception come along to prove the rule. There was the case of Mitchell the one who lived across the river from the store and traveled back and four four times a day in all kinds of weather but never did I know how to swim and apparently never did get his feet wet.

to my downy pillow..... And now for a dab of work, followed by a bite of fruit and thence

1364

13673

Friday, June 18th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and, according to the thermometer, hot. But I don't feel the heat for my cold started coming back on me and in spite of the perspiration, I seem to be as cool as a cucumber. Doreatha decided a couple of days back to have her cold all over again and something told me I would be following suit as indeed I am but I got started with some contact pills during the afternoon and perhaps I can break up this attack with greater neatness and dispatch than the one of a few weeks back.

Clara Genung 'phoned me this noon to say she had had a note from the Walkers, posted on Tuesday in Southampton. It was a very brief note which simply said they hadn't been able to locate the trunk containing the typewriter. I have looked for trunks on ocean liners and have some notion of what a needle in a haystack such a thing can be. I must say, however, I was surprised something was mentioned about the voyage, how the three members of the family made out, etc. Perhaps the trunk with the typewriter came to hand, once they were ashore in England and some other bit of news will be forthcoming shortly. Come to think of it, the Walkers had stated before starting out that they were not traveling with a trunk.. Perhaps the staterooms didn't accomodate the 9 pieces of big hand luggage or, possibly, while in Manhattan, they invested in a trunk.

Carmen was full of chatter today and much of it seemed to center around I. S. Willard. From what Carmen had to say, it would appear Charles is gunning for I. S. Willard for the latter is said to have written him a note, complaining about some detail or other regarding the 250th birthday celebration and the way it was handled in the local press. Charles didn't like the letter and said I. S. W. should be retired from her State job but was careful to tell that, not to I. S. W. but to Carmen and that at was in the fire since Carmen always finds the id of Charles just perfect and so the gunning gets under way. Perhaps I can do something to save I. S. W. but I shall have to do so without letting her know about it for I. S. W. is not the type to be helpful in handling delicate matters, especially if it is rescuing her from danger. This is because she apparently has always had a guardian angel to protect her from misadventures so that explaining a campaign in advance to protect her would be just like giving the plans to the enemy since she would very likely spill all the beans without ever realizing she was doing so. I suppose it's about time for her to retire anyhow but I don't relish the prospect of Charles and Carmen ganging up on her at a time when she is so maturely and so I shall busy myself at other things.

13674

Trigona, June 18th, 1965.

With the weather as hot as it is, the thought of transplanting anything seems a little wacky and yet the stuff I have moved about, --mostly plants I don't care much about, seems to be growing like mad. I did not save any morning glory seeds last autumn, assuming the plants would self seed abundantly and they did just that. The morning glory bush produces flowers that seem to be identical with those on the morning glory vine but the plant is preferable to the vine since it is easier managed and takes up less room and at the same time pleases climbing space for ge-rds. The plant grows about five or six feet in height inclines to be bush and is perhaps six feet in diameter in the middle. I transplanted a row of the young plants on Tuesday, --perhaps a couple of dozen seedlings and every one of them has been busily taken. Some of the volunteer plants that got an earlier start are already in full flower and their pale blue balances off nicely against the yellow of the sunflowers in back of them. The morning glory flower inclines to be a little more pale than the ones on the vine of the same name and for that reason I find they are a little weak, color wise, for extensive use. Unlike flowers in the garden to have stronger coloring, the sunias being excellent examples of what strength in coloring can do in individual flowers not larger than a silver dollar. There is something about strong reds, yellows and orange that suggest greater vitality than the flowers with less intensity. Perhaps it is because of my indifference to what the morning glories will attain that they grow with such luxuriance.

Now and then a field hand, sent to Yill out the day by lending me a hand, will manifest a desire to plant something of which he chances to be fond, and I always like to let him try his hand at cultivating his pet flowers. This impulse on the part of the helper sometimes gives an odd twist to the pre-conceived notion on my part as to how a garden plot is going to look when the vegetables and plants attain their usual height but the presence of these unexpected additions to the general scheme always pleases me even though visitors are probably often puzzled as to "why in the world do you suppose he put that row of plants in there?"

I am holding the thought that the impending weekend may be a quiet one. I have a lot of odds and ends I want to attack with it. If I don't have to fiddle around I hold the thought quiet may obtain at Lyme, to.....

13675

Sunday, June 20th, 1965.

Memorandum
Fair and warm.
It was quiet a weekend as I hoped it would
be and I hold the thought it may have been ever the
same at times.

to witness and Natalie called me this morning. She said she expected to write little Miss Lee today, telling her of the Scandinavian plans which will be getting into fruition about August 8th, I believe she said. It seems to me she said she and her husband would fly to Brussels and then to Amsterdam and Copenhagen, after which they will go to Bergen, two or three places I don't remember and then to Oslo, Stockholm and so on.

I was impressed when she casually remarked she didn't know why she was doing the Scandinavian tour other than she thought many places might be pretty. I suggested the scenery might fill in colorful spaces in the panorama of her memory that would provide pleasure in retrospect even though the anticipation of seeing them did not give any feeling of urgency.

I asked if she still anticipated re-visiting Greece one day and she replied firmly it is a must. She said, however, that it was too hot there in summer but thought it might be ideal in March or April. One hears Greece is quite cold in winter and from other quarters, one learns it is awfully hot in summer. If one sees Auntie's son, it might be interesting to ask what time of the year he visited the place and how the thermometer stood at the time.

I find myself thinking so often of Auntie. I should like to write her a letter whenever you think the time appropriate. I think when people are under the weather as she is bound to be at the moment, letters might turn out to be more of a worry than anything else. But when recuperation sets in and one feels relaxed and has some sense of the length of the days, letters seem such a natural thing to keep one over the span of time to normalcy.

.....and tried to place the

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There was quite a lot of talk about the

possibility of a parade of CORE marchers coming, it is speculated, on the morrow. A speech by Mayor Scott was broadcast from the local station several times on Saturday and today as a part of the news programs. The point of the Mayor's speech seemed to be aimed in the direction of hill billies, members of the Ku Klux Klan, etc., although no organization, of course, was named. He spoke of the necessity of avoiding "incidents" which I assume refers to scuffles and killings, especially in Bogalusa, or however one spells the name of that south Louisiana mill town close to the border of the State of Mississippi and heavily populated with hill billies. The Mayor also read a letter he had received from town and parish colored people, advising people against participating in the impending parade. I noticed the names of quite a few people of color whom I know or know of, including Bill Jones from this area. My guess is that I am not the only one who has seen a CORE parade in a town like Bogalusa unless CORE wants to use the phrase, "eldest town in the Louisiana Purchase" which seems doubtful. I am sure that racial leaders and participants in the present CORE movement probably aren't much interested in historic aspects revolving about 18th century doings in this area.

Mrs. Chopin told me she would not take any pictures or do any reporting to the wire services if and when a CORE parade is staged. She says she doesn't want to have her camera smashed or herself either. I have no doubt the wire services will have field reporters accompanying the marchers, if, indeed, any march comes off. Since no definite date has been mentioned by the out of State CORE directors, I assume the possibility of a march is more a device for tightening nerves than anything else. Mrs. Chopin is unreconstructed in racial matters and I suppose that may be her primary reason for deciding not to report on racial doings. I laughed in my beard at one point but in my phrase in the Mayor's address when he referred to all the citizens of the parish, "white, black and in between." That phrase must have made Bill Jones jump. I am sure it did. I learned from her that both American Express and Cooks have a travel service in which reservations are made for travelers, representatives of the company, who are requested to pick them up again at the hotel and escort them to their train or plane whenever ready to proceed on their way.....

13677

13677

Memorandum:
The Weather Bureau didn't say when summer would arrive today, that is, at what hour. But I am convinced it has been here for quite a while and today with its 90 degree thermometer reading, fair skies and a pleasant breeze gave every indication that the season was already well established.

At 12:30 this noon there was quite a bang, reminding everybody in the Parish of the pipe line explosion, I guess. I had heard on the radio that a bomber squadron was moving from some place in Florida to Darksdale Field at Shreveport and I reckon the boom was a plane breaking the sound barrier. Mrs. Chopin came down this morning to take some gourd pictures for her special feature story on the subject. I had prepared settings a couple of hours in advance of her arrival, thinking she might be a little behind on schedule since she had an appointment with Thelma for Pilgrimage publicity and usually conferences with Thelma have a way of running longer than anticipated. What had been anticipated actually happened and so I was glad everything was ready so the shots could be made without preparations for same after her arrival. She snapped three or four shots of each of the four settings recommended. The first scene taken from the front of Yucca about where last autumn Forestry took the one that captured the big peacock. In its summer dress, however, the setting was lush with foliage, a big gourd vine ascending from ground to eaves, partially concealing many of the gourds but catching enough of them to make the picture interesting. The next shot was a conventional one taken on the gallery showing gourds, much like the one Carolyn took in color for Dixie Roton in 1957. The third one was taken of the east end, --direction of African House, on the Yucca gallery or rather of the Yucca gallery, again showing lush foliage and a string of gourds along the eaves. The fourth and final setting was at Ghana, showing gourds during where the were suspended from the eaves.

The wonderful thing for news photographers about poloroid cameras is the speed, --about a minute, with which the photograph comes through in finished form so that there is no period of uncertainty as to whether the camera has taken the photograph or not.

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could never be sure about his success with his camera work until after the films had been sent away some where to be developed. Mrs. Chopin was pleased with all her strikes this morning and the whole undertaking was accomplished in about 10 or 14 minutes and she could be on her way.

Carmen called this afternoon and reported the Thelma - Chopin conference about publicity for the Pilgrimage. She said Thelma is asking Ethel Holomon of the Alexandria Town Talk to come up to do a story about the Pilgrimage. I shall not tell this to Mrs. Chopin but, were I Mrs. Chopin, I should object to Thelma calling in Mrs. Holomon to pinate on Mrs. Chopin's province. I shall point out this fact with considerable clarity when I see Thelma. Carmen reports Thelma found me some water hyacinths somewhere and is bringing them down to me shortly. This will afford an excellent opportunity for me to mention the Town Talk matter. Because Charles is Carmen's ideal and because Charles loathes Mrs. Chopin because she had the courage to stand up to him when he tried to force her to go along with a purchase of her own "la-bors" when he acquired The Enterprise, Carmen has to take pot-shots at Mrs. Chopin. In speaking of what Mrs. Chopin might or might not achieve in the publicity she will be doing for the Pilgrimage, Carmen remarked: "You know, Mrs. Chopin is just plain lazy."

I said I didn't know although I had been told she maintained a beautifully kept home, had raised four fine children and worked like a slave all the years she was doing so. That seemed to give Carmen quite a turn, suddenly realizing, I suppose, she wasn't talking to Charles, and immediately began backtracking. There was no ripple on the placid surface of the Parish today, so far as the predicted parade by CORE was concerned. Whether the Ku Klux Klan was dusting off its blunderbuses or not, I wouldn't know. So far as I know, people of color register as readily in this area as do white people. I suppose it was this matter of registration that caused such a rumpus in Alabama this Spring. I am sure there are lots of parishes in the Pelican State especially and particularly the northern parishes where few if any colored voters could cast a ballot. It would seem that CORE would be inclined to do their parading in those area rather than locally but one never knows about such matters.

There were letters from Southampton for Clara Genung, Ann Chopin and Leston today both ladies gave me a verbal account of what they had to report. I shall be in touch with them as to their meetings as and the others....

13679

13679

Tuesday June 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum: I got a round to read the Walker letter posted in Southampton. It was pleasant in its reference to having received a note on sailing from Manhattan but the burden of the letter had to do about French cuisine, various types of butter served, etc., with a request at the end asking that I send it along to the mother to go with other letters being sent her since it contained some points not mentioned in other letters about the boat trip. I shall acknowledge the letter tonight, dwelling on seeds recently painted in the Ghana garden with a post script, suggesting the letter be forwarded to Reuter's Seed Company of New Orleans. Smile. Mrs. Chopin called me tonight to tell me she had gone to see Thelma today. She told her she had decided she would not undertake the publicity for the Pilgrimage and I think she was quite right in doing so. The Hysterical Ladies have never displayed any sense about what they should pay for their publicity, either in the case of Miss Ramsey or Mrs. Walker and certainly not in today's post.

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in the present case. Mrs. Chopin suggested that Thelma get Carmen to do it but Thelma said what is especially desired for this year is Dixie-Roto coverage of Madam Beaufort's house and that Carmen and Beth don't get on together. After casting about on the subject for a few minutes, Thelma announced she would get me to do it. I was glad to learn about this from Mrs. Chopin and when Thelma visits me in a day or two, she will learn from me that I shall not tangled up with La Beaufort either although I don't mind if the ladies make use of a Cane River Memo I did two or three years back. --Fortress of Flowers, or some such, I believe was the title. As for undertaking to get the Dixie-Roto to publish it, that will be entirely up to the ladies and since Carmen and Charles are as thick as thieves, I shall suggest letting the "Charles Group" handle that angle.

I shall not be having 9 o'clock coffee with the usual hostess tomorrow morning as Celeste and J. H. are going to New Orleans for two or three days. While there, I understand, they will make their final arrangements with whatever agency concerning their August 30 day flight around the world.

I don't recall if I mentioned in yesterday's memo about the surprise at supper last night. In the morning while August was doing some work in the Ghana garden, he discovered some vegetables which, contrary to custom, he plucked and turned over to the kitchen without consulting me. There was a couple for supper last night, a Mr. and Mrs. White of Monroe. Off in the direction of J. H.'s place, I saw something looking like whole beets, each about the size of a silver dollar in girth and quite round as, for example, a globe. Everybody was impressed by the appearance of the things and J. H. opined I had let the radishes grow too big. And radishes were exactly what they were, the radishes August had plucked that morning, saying nothing to me about them. The surprising thing about the taste of the things, however, was that although the size of apples, they really didn't taste badly and weren't as tough as most over-sized radishes turn out to be. I'm still laughing, however, every time I think of their appearance and the impression their presence obviously made on everybody present.

And so to the table, followed by some strawberries and a slab of Spinks plain pound cake and thence to my downy pillow.....

13681

13681

Wednesday, June 23rd, 1965.

Memorandum: I was in the 90's, with one or two sprinkles amounting to nothing except to increase the already high humidity.

Thelma called me this morning. She took up the matter of the Beaufort article for the Dixie Roto once more and once more I told her she could use the Enterprise article, -- Fortress of Flowers, I had written a long time back but that I had no intention of satisfying Auntie Beth's whims by doing an article about Beaufort. Thelma opined I could put the "joy" in joyous. I asked her why she didn't get Carmen's friend, Charles, to do the work, what with Carmen and Charles being such buddies. Of course Beth and Charles weren't speaking the last I knew but that is only detail. Be that as it may, Thelma asked if she could bring down the water hyacinths John and I scooped up for me somewhere in south Louisiana Friday morning seeming to be the proper moment all around and after lots more talk about a dozen things, we finally decided to resume a couple of days hence. Later in the day I learned from the grapevine that Thelma had paid a personal visit to the Times-Enterprise office, asking several people there to do the article but everyone declined. Poor Thelma, so accustomed to sweeping everything before her, she must feel quite confused when she strikes a curb that holds.

I was happy to find the shipment of Plantation Wash Day tiles at the store this morning where the Texas and Pacific had just delivered same. From a notation on the paper accompanying the shipment, it appears it reached Alexandria, La., on June 18th which is quite a stretch of time between May 6th and now in view of the fact that in the past the delivery time has been from 7 to 14 days. I must inquire about the transportation cost before paying the bill, -- \$25.31 which is much higher than ever before. Add to this cost the tax the State of Louisiana slaps on to such shipments of merchandise originating from outside the State, not to mention the actual cost of the merchandise itself and it sends the cost of the individual unit sky high.

Clara Genuing called to say she had just received a letter from her daughter covering the Netherlands interlude and that everything was all right.

18361

13682

gone just perfectly in the low countries and that they were
anticipating the trip down the Rhine with vast anticipation.
Stuttgart was mentioned as one of the place along the journey that
would carry them down to Zurich. Clara will be 80
on the 17th of August and either her age is beginning
to tell on her mental operations a little or, perhaps, a snort
of beer at luncheon had gummed up the mental processes a little
for there was an occasional interlude in the conversation
that gave me pause. An example was her reference to
"that doctor we both know and her three children". I couldn't thin
of any physicians of mutual acquaintance being the proud parent of
three offsprings. When I confessed by stupidity in identifying the
doctor she said: "Oh, of course you know Eleanor Worsley." "Of course,"
I replied, "letting at least two of the three
children shift for themselves since Eleanor was, as you know, only
the adopted little girl." "I didn't get around to reading much mail today but I
shall get caught up on the morrow. There was a letter from Mildred
McCoy which I read saying, as it did that she was attaching a coup
of pages of data she thought I might find useful in
publicity regarding the Kate Chopin museum. I shall drop her
line, thanking her for the material but shall not tell her
I have already wrapped up the article, made up almost
exclusively from a quotation of an earlier letter Mildred had writt
me about her plans for restoring the place.
The folks next door left before 9 for New Orleans
this morning and so I am indeed in full possession of
my office of Master of the House. I don't know if they
plan to return Friday or possibly Thursday night, so
the exercise of the office will not be so extended as when they
went off to encircle the globe in 30 days in August. I
think the August 1st is still hush-hush and so no
mention should be made of it, should there be occasion to
write one of no capital importance to send out and
I called Mrs. Chopin tonight to tell her I had
received some data, as yet unread, from Mildred McCoy and that
if she wished, I would pass it along to her since she is
planning to do a feature story about the Chopin museum,--
a house by the way that Mrs. Chopin ought to be ble
to write about with some authority since she herself lived in that
same house for a number of years prior to 1935. Another day,
another impulse for a snack and so to bed.....

18361

13683

Thursday, June 24th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair in morning, partly cloudy in afternoon with
once in a while a few sprinkles which were quite pretty
with the sun shining through them. It's a disorganized sky tonight,
with patches of unrelated clouds, some white, some
dark gray which may, I hope, consist of rain clouds
that will come down before morning. The static
is such that I could get no news between 6 and 8 o'clock. I trust t
electricity will have departed before the 10 o'clock news comes on
James came to see me at 1 and remained until 3. He has been
having the same difficulty Dorothy and I have experienced, ability
to master the cold but not to get rid of it. He brought
along some ice cream sandwiches, Eskimo pies or some such
and we went after them with gusto. There was some
was some sort of a peppermint flavor, but them, not
particularly noticeable while they were being eaten but of sufficien
lingering power to remain even after one had had a coke. He
said Kay had not been sleeping at night of late but
otherwise seemed to be pretty well. He said Kay's
sister in Reno remembered the Register's tenth wedding
anniversary and sent flowers and had a nice long
chat with them over the phone. The Bluffs remembered the
anniversary and sent flowers, too, --to Kay. One thing must be
admitted, the idea is novel, sending wedding anniversary greeting to
one member of the married couple. There was also
a nice long telephone conversation between Aunt Willie and Kay.
So long as James can retain his sense of humor, he will
make it alright and if he has been able to adjust himself
to wedded life for ten years, I reckon he will encounter
no insurmountable difficulties in the next ten years.
We had quite a nice chat and much of it was centered
upon little Miss Lee whom he has long admired. He spoke of the
contributions people with intellect on retiring can make the
every body's satisfaction including their own. He
mentioned a metropolitan service that concerns itself with
bringing together people with brains who are
are not content to withdraw from the world when they retire
from business, and how this organization is said to have
lists of organizations, and private persons seeking the
assistance of people with brains. I must inquire further about this.

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13684

James reported that I. S. Willard had

threatened to return from South
Louisiana on the morrow, --Friday, --but that he
and Kay had noticed the Willard car at her house last
evening when they journeyed up to 1226 to
park the dog there for the night.

I learned today that Love Hinkins will accompany Celeste
and J. H. on their whiz around the world in August.
Love used to be a salesman with the R.E.A.,
after which he became a salesman for some
electrical parts company which probably does business
with what I heard described on the air the other day, speaking of
Valley Electric, as one of the larger R. E. A. organizations in
the country. Love frequently accompanies J. H. on trips,
Florida, Minnesota, etc., in the role of driver. Celeste
says Love is a love, such a darling driver, and
that ought to qualify him as a passenger companion on a
globe encircling jet trip, I suppose. I suppose further,
naturally, that one check covers the expenses of
all three travelers. Love and I have a ways
at an occasional me, I and in spite of the fact
our political enthusiasms are never identical, what
with Love having always worshiped the late and unlamented
Joe McCarthy as something divine and later declared
Harry Goldwater to be the greatest man the country has produced.
Clara Genung phoned me this afternoon. She had received
a letter from her daughter, penned on Sunday, I believe, in Brussels.
She went to some length in describing some place, --
I never did understand where in Brussels it is situated and in what
form of edifice it is, part, perhaps a hotel, in which
the amount of brogue decoration of the great hall, the
amount of marble, etc., impressed her profoundly
and to the extent she asked Clara to read the letter to me. She
reported an examination of the shoe shops convinced her Brussels
and, like all Americans abroad, remarked upon the length
of time that could be stretched out in part, king of a dinner.
Apparently everything about the tour thus far pleases everybody.
I believe the group numbers 30 including ten teen agers
and ground 14 which is about the age of the Walker boy and perhaps that
supplies things easier on parents traveling with their offspring who do
not have teen age companions instead of parents.....

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Friday, June 25th, 1965.

Memorandum: Spring weather in this first week of summer. The sun
readily dominated the sky until 11 this morning, when all of a sudden a series of clouds swirled around, dumping
six tenths of an inch of rain which everybody loved. Then the sun came out for a while, after which the clouds took
over and this sort of game went on for the balance of the day.
I was enchanted to discover Wednesday's letter from Lyme
in this morning's post. I think little Miss Lee would be well
advised to let a post card serve during such hurly-burly times. I
marvel that even an attempt should be made under existing circumstances
but I do appreciate the word pictures coming to hand of how
things turn. I assume the confusion will increase proportionately
as the time for a final farewell approaches. As I pause to calculate
how many days remain, it strikes me the hands of the hourglass are
running out very fast. I hold the thought little Miss Lee may win at it
too much hesitation.
It goes without saying I sympathize completely with the
sentiments expressed and the speculations made in regard to Auntie.
If her order was to be undertaken immediately, it is probably
over by now and she is recuperating. It will be
so good to have news, however, and I, of course, shall
be tremendously indebted for the thoughtfulness in passing it along.
In these days of rapid communication, air mail should keep one
abreast with things in two or three days from the posting of a
letter. This brings to mind, --the mention of
the self addressed envelope sent by little Miss Lee, that there
should be an international system for air mail postage
stamps, enabling the traveler to put air mail postage
on letters, acceptable and accepted by every country. I'm
thinking of the trip Thelma and John made two or three years back when
they visited some thing like 7 countries in 10 days or some such.
One wouldn't have much time writing when covering so
much ground in such a short time but it certainly would be
convenient if one could purchase a few air mail stamps
to have on hand with full assurance that they would
serve their purpose, no matter in which country
they might be posted. It has been my experience
when covering considerable distances in a short time that I could
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find time to dash off a card or a note much faster than I could
hunt up a post office in a town I did not know.

Thelma came down at 8 this morning. She brought
much food, some of which I have already given away and some
of which, --cucumbers in sour cream, etc., are or is awaiting
me for a midnight snack. We broke our session by going
across the fence for coffee and then returned here to transfer the
Japanese water hyacinths from her bucket to the big sugar caudrons.
I recommended she get my Cane River Memo about Beaufort from
the college library and make what use she wanted of it. In the man
Carmen dug up one she had written for a Baton Rouge paper a few
years ago. Perhaps by pasting some of these
paragraphs from these articles and others, the ladies can come
up with some kind of an article but my guess is the Times Picayune
will discover it to be just about what I imagine it will actually
emerge, a dreadfully dull hedge-podge. Perhaps some
of La Beaufort's photographs will help persuade Dixie-
Rote to publish but I doubt it and, naturally, don't care.

When Thelma and I were heading toward the front gate, we
caught the sound of small voices in the path beneath
the old magnolia tree by the side gate. Obviously
I had become a grandfather although how many times was
difficult to determine, so fast did the new born guineas
dash about among the ivy covering the ground, perhaps
9 times, perhaps 12 times, but it was a guess.
Along side the proud mama was the rooster and
the third grown member of the guinea trio, the white one
whose nest was recently smashed up by the old armadillo. Some of the
little ones were all brown. The brown will turn to gray when
the present fuzz is replaced by feathers. Some of the others
ported little white vests and were gay enough.

The half inch of rain that followed was not good
for the guineas. The same could be said for subsequent
sprinkles during the afternoon. But at noon the clear
gave me a hand in coaxing the parent birds with
their offspring into the wire enclosure in front of
the Unicorn House. Low Paul didn't seem to
welcome the intrusion but the papa rooster immediately
put Low Paul in his place which turned out to be on the
far side of the big mud puddle where he and Louella remained.
I rigged up a little house for the new tenants in the enclosure and
shall see if they have any luck in spite of the dampness and probably
a rat or two. I made them a little ladder which they
could hop from rung to rung and so read a low bamboo pole the
papa may use for a roost. So things turn
and may it be as pleasantly cool in Lyme as loudly tonight....

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Sunday, June 27th, 1965.
Heat at 95, humidity at 100. Saturday was mostly all
sunny. So was today until 4 o'clock this afternoon when some clouds
performed rather than rolled in. A sprinkler ensued, making the
air a little cooler and the baby guineas a little damper.

In my last memo I intended to reply to your inquiry regarding
the name of Dorcas. It's a name given a lady in the Old Testament,
noted for her good deeds. As I recall, her name wasn't
exactly Dorcas but for some reason, faded from my memory or perhaps
never made clear in the Good Book but be that as it may, her
real name was something else but she was known as Dorcas
even as, say, Francois Arquet of the 18th century was known
then as Voltaire.

The weekend was quiet enough but I'm sorry to say I didn't
accomplish much. There was an amusing young couple on Saturday
afternoon whom J. H. had told to walk about the gardens if they
pleased. It pleased them and finally they caught up with me in the
Ghana garden. The girl was from Shreveport, the boy from Houston.
When we were half through strolling about, the girl said she
told me she had been reading a column in the Shreveport paper
and asked me if we ever seen the Shreveport paper down here. She
said there is something about Melrose that reminded her of a
column she has been reading. It is called Plantation Memo, she
said. I asked her who wrote it and she said she couldn't remember
but felt so certain I would enjoy it, she would be glad to
send me one or two she had saved. I told her I appreciated
her kindness but I might as well break down and confess that although
I had not read them, I probably was guilty of having written them
and we all laughed together.

Thereupon the young man said there was a bottle of champagne on
ice in the car and asked if he might go for it. I responded negatively and
then they said they were thinking of having a picnic supper
somewhere along the river and invited me to join them. Again I
declined as the hour was advancing and I had many little
chores to attend to but I found the half hour with them during their
town all together amusing.

This morning one of the Chevalier men, now living in
Oklahoma, California, 'phoned. He had seen Celeste in Church and told her
how much he would enjoy seeing Melrose before leaving for the
West Coast tomorrow morning. She suggested he call me and I suggested

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he and his family come around at 1:30 which they did. His sister is married to a Roque and I didn't know the rest, for there were 9 people all together. When the tour was half over, James Brown, a wacky negro youth of some 20 odd summers, grandson of Victoria Batiste, floated into the group, a little high which seldom goes well with a light brain. I had never thought of it until I saw then that the word, Roque, if repeated enough, even as any word, I suppose, can become silly if not funny. In a matter of minutes, James recognized first one Roque, --they are all neighbors from across the river, and James, at the sight of first one and then another would say "Roque", followed by "Roque", until it degenerated into "Roque, Roque, Roque, Roque, sounding exactly like a dog barking. Needless to say, I led James away and went on, undisturbed, with the Chevalier - Roque tour until, again, as out of nowhere, Myra Schlette Friedman appeared with two or three people. She asked if she could bring the others. I asked how many there were. She said four or five. It turned out there were precisely twenty one and I told Myra she was out of order. And so the original tour petered out into nothing much and that was that.

Tomorrow Mrs. Murphy whose dog recently died, will have a visit from her Bilexi sister whom the lady doctor summoned by 'phone to come and see about doing something for la Murphy. The latter appears to be entering that mental stage in which she is not quite responsible, is frail physically and yet has sufficient will power to try staving off efforts to have her looked after. It's a problem confronting lots of families all the time, I suppose, and it must present lots of difficulties for everyone concerned. It seems to me a similar problem may be emerging in the Genuing household but may not be recognized for a few months or perhaps years. I suppose one of the reasons for the joys of childhood stems from the fact that youngsters seldom sense the existence of such problems in their own families and even if they are made acquainted with them, seldom have any of the responsibilities in having to solve them.

Saturday's meeting of the stockholders of Valley Electric went off to everybody's liking, apparently. Everyone user of electricity is a stockholder and everyone attending the annual meeting at the Fair Grounds or some such place receives an electric light bulb. Then numbers are drawn and prizes given, ranging from deep freezers and electric stoves to electric flat irons and so on. It seems to me too, --most likely very expensive, prizes went to just the right people and places, one color and one white stockholder being the lucky ones and happily each dwelling in different sections of the region. In the category of people receiving pressing irons, a mulatto across the river drew one while another went to St. Augustin's Church, a negro organization, on Little River. There seems to be some doubt about the blessings of the electric irons since those inventions use more electric power than almost any other gadget so that regardless of the individual stockholder winner, Valley Electric becomes out best in the long run.....

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Monday, June 28th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair, humid, temperature in the mid 90's. Thus far, and perhaps I had better pause to knock wood, the by guineas seem to be doing fine, all 10 of them. Heaven alone where they are sleeping tonight and how many of them there will be in the morning if the old Armadillo catches up with them where ever they are in the gardens for I turned their parents out of the Unicorn House enclosure this morning on discovering that the children were sufficiently small to pass readily through the wire netting and, instead of remaining inside with mama and pap, were spending their time outside the place with the white guinea. It seemed to me the combined efforts of papa, mama and the white guinea might be much better than the sole attention of the white one who, after all, wasn't even a parent.

I turned out Lou Paul and Louella, too so they might pull a dab of grass while there was still dew this morning. Long since I had thrown away Louella's eggs on which she never bothered to park her hips for hatching purposes and both geese really had a frolic, hunting up favorite types of green edibles. A couple of hours later, however, they both were ready to return to their favorite mud puddle and I had no difficulty ushering them in without the golden pheasant coming out.

The James Livingstons from town called around 10 to ask if they might bring a Livingston brother of California, his wife and their teenage grandchild down. They might. All of them had been here before but, as they explained, they wanted the teen aged youth to broaden his education about the South. The teen ager obviously was one of those victims of adoring relatives and had not the slightest interest in what he had to see and not the slightest attention of paying any mind to what was being served up. It's a wonderful thing, I imagine, when a young person, genuinely desirous of seeing something, is engineered into a position to do so by people who can open the proper doors but there is something so wasteful about youths and mai dens forced into such a setting as provides nothing to stir their imagination.....

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James dropped in this afternoon, bringing some wallnut ice cream which we sampled with delight and which before folding up my beard tonight, I shall re-sample.

He mentioned with what delight he had read an article in the current issue of McCall's the article about Margaret Mitchell and the writing of *Gone With the Wind*. He did not mention the author's name. These days are too busy for reading anything but I thought I would mention the article. I should the issue he encountered and space between her and her side against autumnal or winter perusal.

He reported I. S. Willard as being in town and I told him what Thelma had passed along on Friday -- the fact that Thelma and John are making plans to be relieved automatically from their Presidential post at Northwestern because of age and the fact that I. S. W. had consulted Thelma on the same subject because I. S. W. is a beauty already beyond the age limit and is likely to be unseated any time. According to Thelma, if the local Fort could be built and I. S. W. made its curator, I. S. W. would be interrupted.

Mrs. Choppin called to give me some notion of today's mail from Germany, -- Rottenburg, I believe, and the travelers anticipating reaching Vienna today. They were charmed with the story book town and were looking forward to delving deeper into its charm before heading further south. I find it an interesting co-incidence that one of the travelers in this particular tour is a twin sister of a former typist at The Enterprise although none of the travelers had never chanced to meet in this country.

Today I found myself beginning to wonder when the impending 4th of July weekend may be expected to begin, especially as regards a visitation from Shreveport as has been announced. I grow to anticipate holidays and what they bring with them and, although it never meant anything in particular to me in the old days, now I'm beginning to set high store on Labor Day as one of my favorites, not for the people it will bring but rather because that holiday suggests that most of the road runners will be getting back into some sort of a routine when September rolls round.

And now I must investigate that ice cream and a slab of the *Apple Pie* from Crockett and trust I shall find the news I seek as palatable as the food.....

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Baltimore Sun

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Tuesday, June 29th, 1965.

Memorandum: All the news and in no wise to be

Fair, hot and humid.

The enclosure is of no interest but I mention it first because of the presence of the photostat which might suggest something of interest but does not. On reading the letter from the Baltimore newspaper, I was reminded of the letter penned by the Shreveport Times editor in which he said he might as well admit he had made a mistake in letting Plantation Memo spill through his fingers and into the hands of the Shreveport Journal. That reminded me of the old adage that "confession is good for the soul", although if the Times has no one, it must be of lamentable design.

Thelma just called to say that John had been re-appointed President of Northwestern for another year, -- a question revolving around in her mind the other day when she was here. They plan to drive to Chicago early in August the day summer school finishes and will fly from there to where ever it is in Germany he goes to buy a little car, after which they will concentrate on the Normandy section of France with cameras and thence back home in time for the opening of the autumn semestre. Their expenditure of time seems to be just about like that of Natalie and husband in their Scandinavian hejira.

I believe this is the third or fourth car they have picked up in Europe and brought home with them. Recalling the freight charge of over \$25.00 on the shipment of tiles from Maryland to Melrose last week, the figure of \$80.00 transportation cost for sending an automobile from Europe to the United States made an impression on my mathematical mind.

I am happy to report that the 10 guinea grandchildren seem to be doing just fine. They are lucky in having two ladies to look after them for their gray mama and their white aunt combine in common effort to look after them while papa stands about to

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warn the mother and nurse if danger should approach. This morning Bub was in the banana garden near the spot where Dorcas died when he heard the papa guinea sound a warning to the family that marauding dogs were about, giving Bub a chance to get a stick and drive off the enemy while the baby birds scatter in every direction among the grasses and leaves where they chanced to be.

Perhaps I had better knock off a column tonight before folding up my head, something about guineas, I suppose and the messages they can convey by intonations of a single note. Every once in a while I try to jot down a column in hope of having a few ahead of schedule late this summer when preparations for pilgrimage claims so much of my time. Clara Genung called to say she had had a flock of pictures taken by the Walkers on the S. S. France and on their arrival in London. She said the Walkers send the pictures, or rather the undeveloped films to some place in New York which processes them and then forwards them on to Hatchitoches.

The World and his wife continue road running and although most of the people are turned away when stopping at this bend of the river, still a few, by one means or another, succeed in getting into the gardens. I had quite a few today and although I found them interested and interesting, still none of them brought a hoe to lend me a hand and my time ran out before I had accomplished half I wanted to do.

Tomorrow Celeste is having some ladies to spend the day, -- kin folks and friends from down Mansura-Marksville way. She has asked me if I would give them a tour. J. H. says there will be three or four men for dinner at the big house tomorrow, -- agriculturists, the editor of the Progressive Farmer, or some such publication, based on Memphis and J. H. says they will want to look around the gardens probably if they are interested in such details when preparing an article for the magazine on Melrose and pecans. The contingents from both sides of the fence plus the road runners spilling over the front gate ought to provide me with enough people to prevent me from getting a sun stroke at gardening.

Juanita B. called me today for a little chat and to ask if she might get, -- of all things, -- some banana plants. Of course she is welcome to all the banana plants she wants for there is a super-abundance of them here, 10 or 12 feet tall and impossible to transplant at this season of the year without cutting the stalks which would wither if dug up in the present heat. I persuaded to wait until March for this particular operation. She said she and Pat and the children are driving to Miami next month on a vacation. Power to them, especially in taking the children along.....

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Wednesday, June 30th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and warm. The official temperature was reported at 98 but the local instruments read four or five degrees higher. All I know is that it was warm.

I had news of the lady at Briarwood in a round about way, -- Carmen reporting a chat with Thelma last night, following a visit of Thelma on Dr. Dorman whom Thelma found looking worn and definitely on the decline. Caroline reported having made the final corrections on "the book" which she reports will be on the market during the autumn published, I suppose, by the Baton Rouge place that has been fiddling with it since withdrawal of the manuscript from Harper.

I. S. Willard called late last night. I was half asleep and can remember little or nothing she reported except a letter from her son in London, just back in England following a few days in Paris where he had made it a point to run out to Versailles to look the place over and send me a message via his mama. His report was that the whole place and particularly the gardens were in great need of attention and especially so at the little farm. It reminded me of Ora's disappointment with the place a couple of years ago, -- the big palace, for I believe she never did get to the gardens or Les Trianon. At that time, I remember attributing Ora's disappointment to the fact that the palace was not furnished. I do hope "tall Charlie" has been neglecting the place. It seems to me that if the Grand Trianon has been renovated to receive distinguished guests, it ought to be in order at least but Willard, fils, didn't mention the pink marble palace specifically. I must say I shall await with impatience the report of little Miss Lee on how she found the domain.

My day turned out busy enough with people and telephone calls. There were five men for dinner beside the clerk and me, -- four pecan men from the Federal Experiment station and a Mr. Wilbur or Welborn or some such from the Progressive Farmer in Memphis. Dinner was gay enough and the tour following dinner not enough but it went off alright. Celeste had hoped her guests would come early so she might take them to Magnolia for coffee and bring them back for a pre-dinner tour. Instead of coming directly here from Mansura or Marksville or where ever, the ladies decided to go straight to Hatchitoches where one of the ladies thought she might have

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a chance to call on a friend she thought was in the hospital. It turned out the friend was not there but the time consumed in making the journey knocked out Celeste's plans for the morning session and how Magnolia ever fitted in to any picture, I have no idea. I know I gave a tour around 2:00'clock in the afternoon when the heat of the day was at its maximum. It was a great waste of the time of the ladies and the energy of their guide. I thought one of the ladies best expressed my failure when, at parting, I expressed the hope I hadn't tried to point out to many details, to which she responded: "Oh, no, I don't mind walking, in fact I think it's good for me." Clara Gennung called me this afternoon to say she had had a letter from Lucerne from the travelers. Obviously Mrs. Walker had been enchanted with the place and the flowers encountered everywhere there. She reported her husband as still contending with the same old cold he had taken unto himself while in Chicago. Verily, Chicago to Switzerland, a single cold, traveling by boat and train, sounds like quite an endurance struggle. I am happy to report mine has about vanished. I note, however, that I never seem to stop drinking mostly water, sometimes a coke or a glass of milk but never do I seem able to quench my thirst. I have heard it said that water is good for one but there must be some limit to drinking the stuff, I should imagine. Mrs. Chopin called tonight to ask my advice on a paragraph in a letter she had written the Walkers in which she stated that their boy, about 16, ought to be told to drop his grandmother a post card at least. I suggested she drop the paragraph and in its stead, add a line to a couple of sentences about Clara's frame of mind, the added sentence reading simply: "Whether the boy should have had to be told to drop his grandmother a line is something to consider in the first place. That his parents should have failed to tell him to do so is something in the second place. For Mrs. Chopin to get the notion across that the grandmother would be pleased to hear from her one and only grandchild is, of course, something else again. Life Magazine, which usually arrives Saturday, surprised me by arriving today. I believe there is something in it about Vegas but I shall have to explore the issue on the morrow...."

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Thursday, July 1st, 1965.

Memorandum: Clear and hot. A cloud appeared around 4, banged away impressively and then vanished without dropping a single pellet of moisture. Tonight's radio announced the death of Congressman T. Ashton Thompson of Louisiana. I never met him but felt appreciative of his generous assistance on occasion when he exerted pressure on the politicians in the Library of Congress when I insisted on a recording of this or that book being made and when the politicians balked but T. Ashton Thompson used pressure or persuasion on behalf of my wishes and put the stuff through. The remarkable thing about the Thompson assistance was to be found in the fact that he was doing the work for a Louisiana resident who didn't even live in his Congressional District. Mrs. Chopin phoned this evening, bubbling over with satisfaction because the article about the Melrose gourd, together with the pictures, --two rather than four or five which she took" appeared in this evening's Shreveport Journal. I think this is the first feature, outside the pipeline explosion, that she has done outside her straight news stories, that has been published and it seems to give her sufficient enthusiasm to try her hand at some other things. No sooner had she hung up than Carmen called to tell me there was a story about gourd in the Shreveport Journal, written by Mrs. Chopin although, according to Carmen, the article reminded her of one she had read, so far as the wording was concerned, of one Mrs. Walker had written last year. I told her I didn't remember Mrs. Walker had written one although I never kept up with gourd stories. On second thought, Carmen said that perhaps it was the story by Rachel Danie in the Times Picayune a number of years ago that she was thinking of. I didn't tell her I could remember that although I certainly do and still remember what a poor excuse of an article it was. The opportunity of speaking with Mrs. Chopin impelled me to tell her I could think of some other features with illustrations she might cook up, --the one about little private chapels, for instance, and one about the big old iron sugar pots, rescued from the deserted sugar mills and brought forward to race garden layouts. I shall try my hand at knocking off a couple of such articles and send them along to her in hopes of inspiring her to dust off her camera and get busy taking pictures.

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1965, July 1st

Clara Genung called during the afternoon to say he had had a note from the travelers, as penned from Vienna. She said it was a short note and mentioned there had been detours because of floods. I believe they had traveled 10 hours by bus one day and fourteen hours the following day which certainly is covering a lot of ground at the same time providing a lot of opportunity for getting exhausted. I should imagine. It is my understanding they go on by bus to Venice and Florence but I should imagine they might go by train from Florence to Naples. After that they will head north to Rome and thence through the Riviera and so into Spain, Portugal and then on to Paris. I shall be especially anxious to hear about the Rome-Riviera part of the trip since it will probably cover the same territory but in reverse procedure, the roads covered later in the season by Little Miss Lee.

As for travel plans of the folks across the fence, I heard at the coffee hour this morning that there is some kind of a meeting someplace late in July which the merchant-planter will attend and from which he expects to return home by August 1st. It is hoped that the encirclement of the globe may begin at the following Sunday but what that date may be, I haven't any idea at the moment. The plan, however, envisions wrapping up the whole thing within the 30 day period and so I assume there will be no time lost along the way, lingering no longer than for a glimpse at whatever unfolds from hop to hop.

Celeste said she saw Ora in town yesterday and thought she looked worn out, --an appearance one never associates with Natalie. I trust the Scandinavian jaunt will provide an opportunity to catch one's breath although the trip across the Atlantic, I suppose, will be by air and accordingly of too brief an interlude to get caught up on much rest before touching the good earth in Denmark or wherever and so heading out on the Norway-Sweden jaunt.

The number of grandren has been reduced by one half so that now there are only five baby guineas. What with the dog and mamadillo doing these days and nights, it wouldn't be surprising in the number is further reduced to the vanishing point. If the present five surprise, however, that will be just fine for I don't care about having a very big flock and it is quite possible that the white guinea will attempt another hatching before the current season plans out.

The Franciscan bowl, brimming over with sliced small tomatoes, drowned in sugar and milke, is awaiting me in the ice box. I shall have the final slab of the Spinks pound cake and a sliver of cheese to go with same and feel well round out by beard-folding time. The enclosure from Georgia Spinks arrived today. I like to hear her talk about pickles and their making, vegetables and so on....

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Friday, July 2nd, 1965.

Memorandum: Temperature and humidity in the 90's. It seems to me there used to be a July 4th slogan: "Safe and Sane". Those two words are something to keep in mind for every holiday, especially a prolonged weened one.

Doatise Baby arrived at 1 o'clock today and sometime later took off for Leesville where she may remain a day or two or four or whatever. Her mama blew in about 3. In spite of the heat or perhaps because of it, she appeared quite animated. Off hand, one would have attributed the state to alcohol but she explained it was the heat. The absence of stockings helped one get the full benefit of air circulation from the ceiling fan in the summer dining room and by leaning back in one's chair and putting one's feet up on top of the table, one got the maximum of coolness; so far as circulation was concerned.

Today's post brought a two page letter from Helen. What with secretaries scurrying in every direction, I found no opportunity to read it and can only hope I shall enjoy some break between now and next Tuesday or Wednesday or whenever. What I hope Helen's letter does not contain is any notion about passing this way this weekend.

Mrs. Chopin called to say she had been happy to receive words of congratulation from several people on her article about the gourds. She discussed subjects of feature articles with me and I know that her impulse to get such material into print has been perked up by this one about gourds, she probably will be putting out a story or two more within the near future.

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Getting a radio news cast is never easy when people are visiting here but I am glad I caught a segment of tonight's broadcast, having something to say about President and Mrs. Johnson attending the service of baptism of their daughter, Linda, into the Catholic Church. It will be interesting to see if the news media devotes much space to this event. In the old days there would probably have been gobs of hoop-la about it but once the Kennedys had demonstrated Catholics could live in the White House without the country going to the dogs, there will probably be much less space in print devoted to today's service. I found it interesting that the Catholic Church has subscribed to the idea that once a person, once baptised in any faith in Christianity, there is no need for a second baptising if the person joins another church. One unidentified Catholic churchman tonight was quoted as saying it was understandable if the members of the Episcopal Church might be quite concerned about today's Catholic re-baptising, since the new convert had long since been baptised into the Episcopal Church which was all the baptising anybody needed. This reminds me of some crack pot broadcasts I occasionally hear out of Chicago wherein there is much stress made on the fact that people do well to be baptised plenty of times for it is possible, it is explained, that in the first baptising, one may be submerged only in the name of one of the three making up the Blessed Trinity, and if the first time, for example, only the Father and Son may have been mentioned, there is the Holy Spirit which ought to get in on the act and accordingly a re-baptising is recommended and often such newly "ducked" parishioners you emerge declaring that at long last they now realized they have indeed been sanctified. With two sprinklings to Linda's credit, perhaps she may now count herself at least one step ahead of her sister on the way to salvation. In the current issue of Ladies Home Journal, there's a condensation of a story, The Rabbi, in which some space is given to a girl of Gentile birth and rearing, is being baptised into the Jewish faith and I must say I had never thought about the Jews going in much for baptising, but one lives and learns, it is said.

I hold the thought there is peace and quiet in Lyme.....

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Sunday, July 4th, 1965.

Memorandum: no more on baptism today. It was hot around 100, cloudy and humid around 100. Being a creature of habit, I feel all at sea and without any notion as to which way I should hoist my sails when weekends such as the present one rolls around. There seem to be lots of people from Shreveport visiting camps along the river and since both Sister and Dotsie Baby enjoy drumming up people for tours, I waste most of my time bracing myself against their arrival, bothering with them when they are here and re-bracing myself against the next batch when the preceding one has departed. It wasn't clear to me why Sister, before leaving Shreveport on Saturday, stopped at a pet shop and bought some young ducks, bringing them down here where they are parked in the summer dining room until she returns to Shreveport with them. Yesterday she drove to Little River where she gathered up some young guineas to share the summer dining room with the young ducks until she returns home. Last evening the guineas got out of their box and concealed themselves in the winter dining room and the library, it was supposed. At dusk dark there was much commotion about finding them but eventually they were discovered and returned to their box. Gods of food was thrown out on the lawn at the foot of the back stairs in spite of my repeated admonition that food thrown there only attracted the dog from across the fence. He killed five of my baby guineas yesterday and he was working on the remainder this afternoon at dusk dark. Verily, mother and daughter make a profound impression the scheme of life -- and death, -- by their presence. There were rounds and rounds of campers here yesterday and today. Some of them were pleasant enough but the air, of course, was oppressive as it always is when the wrong people are noising around. Yesterday I did recognize a daughter of A. J. Hodges, -- a Mrs. Smitherman, who conveyed greetings from her papa. Having heard his health was delicate, I inquired about him and learned he is "just fine" and is currently constructing an aviary of impressive proportions. I didn't get an opportunity to inquire what kind of birds he intended housing but I assume they may include peacocks which, for some reason, he has always kept incarcerated.

13790

2005. 11. 11. 10:00

The coming and going of pilgrims is old stuff but new patterns are forever appearing, surprising one by their variations. Today offered one with a new twist, although not very interesting. One batch of people Sister rounded up from one or another of the nearby camps were from Tennessee, guests of some people of Shreveport whom Sister knew. I had met the Shreveport lady before and remembered her pleasantly enough. She was accompanied by the Tennessee man and four younger matrons. We began at Yucca and when I had finished rather completely, we started to move toward the back gallery when the lady who explained she had been here before, said she would wait inside the house until her son arrived. She said if I went on ahead to the African House, Ghana, et she would give a tour to her son as she knew her way around. I said I appreciated her proffered lifting of the load by one pilgrim from my shoulders but that we could all just as well wait and complete the tour together, since they were traveling in the same car. I asked her what was detaining her son and she explained he was in the war car waiting for them but felt sure he would join them sooner or later. I said we would wait. Of course the son never did show up and eventually we arose and headed toward the African House. Then, out of no where, Luther Harrison of Shreveport arrived, bearing me a bottle of wine which he said he had left on the front gallery at Yucca. He wanted to buy some tiles. I placed the wine inside the house and offered him the tiles, explaining I was ordering no more what with the present prohibitive prices involved in securing them. He selected eighteen dollars worth, tucked the money in my shirt pocket and departed, threatening to return with the Gordon Randolphs before long. I went into the house and placed the money in my desk, --five bucks, --and then returned on time to the Tennessee Shreveport group and so got rid of them before a new contingent of people arrived.

There was no mail for Clara Genung from Vienna in the last post. I reckon the one day of ten hours riding the bus, followed by a second day of fourteen hours on the same vehicle must have put a damper on letter writing. Today, the Travelers are in Florence and tomorrow Sorrento.

And now I'm going to try my hand at something hung
on your report about the armadillo" litters, each of a single
sex but what kind of a Plantation Memo it will make
is anybody's guess.....

13701

Monday, July 5th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair, hot and humid even as of yesterday.
I was so busy enough but not
so dizzy.
It seems so early in the morning, I reckon,
if one is still in the bed, so late if one has
already been astir for a couple of hours and more.
But I waited until 7:15 before calling Mrs. Chopin who
had phoned me yesterday to say she was journeying
to Cloutierville this morning to get some pictures
of the Kate Chopin museum, inside and out. I was
afraid if I waited any later, she might be up and away
and so I called her then, reaching her before she was out of
the house. I suggested that since she was making
the trip or 10 miles to the south end of the
river, she might find it desirable to stop off here and
snap some pictures of garden pieces, illustrating
the article I wrote for her on the subject last night,
an article which she is supposed to re-phrase, thereby
putting the stamp of her own personality on it. She
thought the idea a good one and said she would be here by
8:30. It turned out she was a little late because
she found stores carrying camera supplies not open until
9 in town but she didn't wait after discovering several
were still closed.
She got good pictures of the big sugar pot
on the south lawn of Yucca, the smaller one in the
Northside, St. Giggin's Fountain, the wash pot at
Ghana, swimming in a sea of Angel's Trumpets and
several shots of the copper pot-sundial in the
center of the Ghana garden. She seemed well pleased
with her morning's photographic success here
and then I handed her the article about the pots so
she might take it home with her, beat it into Chopin phraseology
attach the illustrations and so get it off to the papers.
She almost startled me when, out of a clear sky, when
she had looked at the papers, she gravely asked:
"Why are you so kind to me?"

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"By golly," is responded, "Don't you realize it's all pure selfishness on my part, hoping as I do that I may see photographs of the fine old pots in the papers."

They I presented her with a two page memorandum about the Register, dog, including the Register phone number, the idea that the use of the dog's picture in the papers with an article entitled:

"Arctic Dog
Summers in Louisiana".

My thought was Kay might not object to an article if engineered in behalf of comfort for all dogs. I said I would write Kay a letter, indicating Mrs. Chopin would phone her for an appointment and that was that. Then, after a coke, I bundled Mrs. Chopin off with her camera, papers, etc., in the direction of Cloutierville. She seemed happy at the prospect of having some more special feature articles in the making. A little before 8 o'clock, I got in a quick tour for half a dozen people of color whom Ezra brought, -- people from Chicago. We had quite a lot of fun, especially in the Hunter section of the African House where I pointed out various pictures depicting how strange colored folks are, forever having weddings in the Spring, just like the white folks. It was fun feeling these Chicagoans smile and finally burst into peals of merriment. I worked in a couple of more tours during the morning. -- Nebraska, Jennings, Louisiana, etc. and so on and ever got around to give August, already feeling pretty happy, a drink just as the clerk arrived for his shift before he and I went on to dinner. The fact that August got a drink didn't make the clerk happy but, after all, it was my wine. Right after dinner I called Clara Genung, figuring she might be a little depressed, what with no mail delivery today and therefore no letters from the Walkers. But because she wasn't depressed and seemed quite satisfied with the world. S. Willard had called her last night and was stuck for half an hour, -- short for a Willard call, -- but the conversation terminated by a Genung on the exercise someone was at the door. La Genung sometimes gets things twisted and so I never accept any statement she makes without a measure of qualifying doubts and such was the case when she said I. S. Willard, in speaking of religion, had said that she was born a Catholic and remained so until maturity when she gave thought to Christianity and then, now that the Church is liberalizing, is maintaining stronger ties with her Catholic faith. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. And so runeth the holiday and the visitors are still with us.....

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13703

Tuesday, July 6th, 1965

Clear to partly cloudy, humid and upper 90-ish.

"Peace, it's wonderful!" Mother and daughter took off this afternoon.

I got around to run through a little mail at long last. Perhaps I was still wacky as a result of conflicting personalities but, however that may be, it seemed to me Helen's letter wasn't up to standard. Perhaps because I had heard the same old story about Carolyn so often. I found the latest rendition of it a little on the repetitious side. Over the coffee cups this morning I encountered a fine example of what tricks the mind will do for memory. Celeste asked me if Mrs. Chopin was successful in getting her photographs while here on Saturday morning. I said the only time she had been here that I knew about was yesterday, Monday, morning and that I had not seen her when she made her second round at 11 o'clock when she finished up her job. Celeste said I must be mistaken about the day for she was sure it was Saturday for she had seen her. She further recalled that I was bound to have been on Saturday because she remembered I had said at that time that I was in a "slow hurry" because I wanted to point out a couple of shots to Mrs. Chopin, racing against time to catch the angels' trumpets before the sun held folded them up. I told her I was "ill" but thought all this transpired yesterday morning but she said she felt positive it all happened Saturday. Mrs. Chopin called me during the day and asked her if she had been down this way last Saturday morning and she said she had not and that the only time she had been down this way in the past week was yesterday. Strange what tricks the mind will turn, certainly of no importance in this instance covering an event within 24 hours.

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it is something to consider when one writes memoirs or testifies regarding a point that may be important, even vital, covering a matter that may have transpired weeks, months or even years back I, for one, would never question Celeste's veracity and sincere belief she was telling the truth I didn't tell Celeste but one reassurance I felt about my own concept of the date of the Chopin visit was the fact that in my pocket I carried a small package which I was about to mail to Mrs. Chopin, --her belt that she had lost at Ghana and which she mentioned on leaving. I made a round in that direction straight away after her departure, found it, wrapped it up and was taking it to the Post Office when I stopped across the fence for coffee. As I stepped over the fence Clara Genun called this afternoon to say she had received three letters from the Walkers, all from Vienna, and a city which they all seemed to fall in love with. The Walkers never fail to puzzle me and the latest puzzle for me is the time Mrs. Walker finds most convenient for doing her correspondence, making note, etc., all on her typewriter. She told her mother that often at night she is too tired to write, following a full day of travel and often she finds no time to write before starting out in the morning. Accordingly she places her typewriter on her knees while traveling on the bus and it us keeps busy while others are chatting, dozing or glancing of the window at passing scenery. Personally, I should knock off ten or a card with some such night messages as "Wish you were here", and let my waking time be spent in taking in the passing European panorama instead of concentrating on a typewriter during the daylight hours. June Carmen called this afternoon to say June Larson is in town and wants to come to see me. She said she had told her she would bring her and perhaps Carmen's sister, "Seesill" could come along with them. Well, they might just as well not come if "Seesill" comes along, a pure hychrendriac of the first water and one who kills conversations by her monologues. I told Carmen I would have to let her consult my calendar to see how things might be arranged. June wants to pick up some Hunter canvas which means that she will be getting down here anyway but I view with no pleasure the possibility of a session with "Seesill".

And now for some work, then a bowl of chilled figs, a slap of pound cake, a glass of ice tea and to bed.....

13705

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Wednesday, July 7th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy, temperature around 100 and so much electricity in the area tonight I couldn't get anything but static on the radio.

It was enchanting to discover an air mail from Lyme in today's post. Fortunately, I got the first sentence read before an interruption came, knocking out all further perusal for this day but I shall be able to proceed early on the morrow and thus come abreast with news concerning auntie.

It was so like little Miss Lee to get off the news with such speed and I shall be jumping out of bed earlier than usual on the morrow to proceed with the letter where I left off.

Road running continues to be the order of the day and this in spite of the heat. Celeste had made a tentative appointment for a tour for the Coleman Martins of Natchitoches who had friends from Yuma, Arizona, visiting them. Celeste had said she thought 2:30 might suit me as indeed it did. Seven or eight persons came but before they arrived, I dropped in across the fence for five minutes of chatter. Celeste said she really had no time for the impending guests as she and J. H. were having the Lemoynes, the Jarved Pratts and the J. H. Williamses for supper tonight and had a million things to do. I said that would be taken care of, --the road-runners, not the dinner guests by simply escorting them to their car at the termination of the tour. She thought that was fine and at that moment she saw their car park at the front gate and she and I walked through the side gate and to the front to greet them. Quite a chat followed among the ladies while the three gentlemen killed time until the chit-chat had finished. And so we proceeded and when we were heading toward the front gate, one of the ladies said she thought we should turn to the right if they were to accept the coffee or whatever Celeste had insisted on them coming to have with her. I had already gestured toward the front gate, saying I believed they would not be seeing Celeste as she was making preparations for something or other so the news of the invitation for a drink came as a distinct surprise. B

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one of the ladies, by inspiration or sheer lie, volunteered that she felt she really shouldn't linger as her baby at home was running a fever at the time she left and so, happily, everybody turned back to the front gate and were off.

Clara Genung had predicted I would receive a letter from the Walkers in today's post but she was quite wrong. She called me just before the Martins arrived and read me a letter from her daughter, tapped along the us route between Vienna and Venice and everything seemed to be going just fine. Various prices of merchandize were jotted down in the daughter's letter, most of the figures sounding rather high but, surprisingly enough there was one bargain, -- some standard brand coughdrops for a pickle. One must eventually journey to Austria if one's bark returns. Fortunately cold seems to have evaporated.

I intended to enclose the letter from Mrs. Richards and her copy of her story for the Christian Science Monitor in yesterday's letter along with Helen's but couldn't find it but hope I shall not lose it between now and tomorrow. I was favorably impressed by Mrs. Richards when she was here in May although I must confess it took a little prodding of my memory to bring her back into focus, solely because there have been so many people here since May and particularly during July, if I may say so.

Carmen called me tonight, -- something she never does after dark, ostensibly on the trumped up excuse that she had a Red Cross tale to tell. I didn't mention the matter of the June Larson visit but down this way but in the morning when Carmen and June visit I will call, I shall recommend that she and June visit the artist without giving thought to dropping in on me since I am standing uncertain at the moment about impending agenda. There's no point in getting tangled up with "Seesill", especially in this hot, humid weather and Carmen and June can put what interpretations they want to on my position in the matter. I find myself growing impatient to catch the first breath of this year's butterfly lilies. The ones in front of the boudoir section of the house are so tall, almost anyone will probably note their presence by scent rather than sight, what with the stalks being so tall. One of the Martin ladies reported seeing the cone shaped section holding within it the buds but apparently the first following will be two or three weeks behind last year's which, if memory serves, was rather on the early side. The telepathy machine is working over time unwritten thoughts flow in the direction of busy little Miss Lee in these telling days.....

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Thursday, July 8th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot. It was so wonderful to re-read the first page of yesterday's Lyme letter and to sense the progress auntie is making. I found myself enchanted in learning of her natal day. I have always thought people were so wise in arranging to be born on or near a day in the calendar easy to remember. Henceforth, I shall always find it easy to remember that auntie is the second day of summer. I have no doubt we shall be receiving additional good news shortly and let us hold the thought, as touched on in the Lyme letter, that from now on, the good health auntie has been denied so long, may be guaranteed straight ahead.

In regard to the close of this week, it is so good to know that little Miss Lee is approaching it with all flags flying and that there are no regrets in the termination of a line of endeavor that has been carried through with such diligence all these years. What makes me especially happy is that there is going to be an interim between this week and the impending vacation, and while the time between is short, let us hope it will provide an opportunity to establish a new rhythm and provide a measure of different occupation between the termination and beginning of new horizons. The eradication of the trains of business ought to work mightily in giving one back a zest for all sorts of things, deflated by what formerly was a day to day grind. Then, too, the anticipation of seeing auntie and so many others plus the joy of contemplating new vigors of old civilizations should work all to the good in preparing one for the balance of the summer and impending autumn.

The reports from the Walkers continue to be all on the good side and I mention this because right now they are probably covering some of the territory that little Miss Lee will be traveling in reverse before long. In their letters to Clara Genung, they mention with especial satisfaction the hotel accommodations which, to my way of thinking are likely to mean so much in providing one with the rest and enthusiasm to be expended on the day light hours in visiting places of so much interest. I believe they were in Rome this past weekend and by now are probably in Nice, prior to taking off for Spain and Portugal before re-entering France for the trip up to Paris and thence home.

13708

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1965, July 9th, 1965

Clara Genung called me today to read a letter, tapped on the
b s between Venice and Florence. Spending one's time on a typewriter
instead of taking in the scenery seems to odd to me. If people travel
would write not at all or at best, stick to post cards, it seems
to me they would thereby be reserving time for drinking in impression
so much more valuable after the trip is over.

Clara Genung is always getting things mixed up and today
she demonstrated the point by asking me if I had seen the picture
of the Doris Chopin house in Town Talk. How she made Doris out of Kate,
I'll never know. Then she went on to say that another Chopin
lady is restoring the Doris Chopin house. It would give Mildred
McCoy quite a turn if she ever learned she was any kin to the Chopins.

I don't recall if I mentioned I wrote a letter to the Registers, say
if Mrs. Ann Chopin snapped a picture of their fine dog and
did a little story about giving thought to animal comforts during the
summer, some readers might be inspired by the story of an "Aroti Dog"
Summering in Louisiana, which might be the title of the article.
Not only would pets possibly benefit but also Mrs. Chopin would be
earning money by doing the article. Mrs. Chopin called tonight to say
spent a couple of hours in the library today getting brushed up on
the subject of Aroti dogs generally and that she had called Kay this
afternoon but Kay had said she felt it would cause a great deal of income
if publicity were given the dog, -- people wanting to see him and so on.

Ruth Pierson, la Beautort's half sister, called me this afternoon.
She lives on Jefferson Street in town and is a lovely person.
She wanted to ask some thing about day lilies. I had not realized
she spent May and June in Japan, having made the trip, I believe,
with flower enthusiasts from this country. She said she
spent ten days in Tokio concentrating on instructions
in flower arrangements by authorities there and got a great deal of
pleasure as well as information out of the meetings.
She said the group was received very cordially and that the Crown Prince
had attended one of the receptions for them. Like everybody else
with feeling with whom I have ever talked about Japan, Ruth was
enchanted with Kioto which she visited after the Tokyo
visit. After that she flew on to Hong-kong and
thence home but did not say if she came back over the Pacific or
went on through India and Europe. She is coming down for a little chat
one of these days. -- I hope she doesn't bring Beth, and I shall be all ear
to learn about her travels.....

13709

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Friday, July 9th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot. Wednesday letter from Lyme in this morning's
post gave the impending weekend just the right start.

Alphonse Daudet has to his literary credit a short
story under the title of The Last Class. I
have been thinking of that title so often of late as we
approached today. Naturally I have dwelt with little Miss
Lee by the hour in thought as this Friday approached. I
am holding the thought that it turned out pleasantly all
the way around and when opportunity presents itself, a vignette
of the days' happenings will perhaps be forthcoming
and I shall love every syllable of the word picture.

It was so good having the agenda for the final
gathering of associates, the name of the institution where
the festivities were to take place and the identity of
those participating. I all turned as I should I trust, and
the honored guest undoubtedly felt that unique combination of
sensations, the tinge of nostalgia that comes with the breaking
of such a long pattern of endeavor, mixed with the joy of
finally and at long last having reached "the last day of
school".

While I think of it, and I may have mentioned it before,
Robert Payne in "Splendors of France" has two or things to say
about points of interest along the route of summer and
autumn travelers in south France. One of these has to do with
the restoration of a portion of the base of what must have been
a tremendous monument, built by one of the Roman Emperors
in the Nice area. Amos Tuck was the prime mover in the
restoration work and this comparatively small fragment of
restoration must be worth looking at and easily espied by travel
in that area. I found the Payne account of Carcassonne
quite uninspired but I imagine almost any encyclopaedia
might give an account of this medieval structure that would
provide some notion as to when it was constructed and what it
was all about.

With Fontainebleau being so close to Paris, I reckon the to
stop there will give one an opportunity to see the palace
and perhaps there will be no occasion to linger in the town for.
If there should be a coffee break, however, it seems to me the
place to get it would be at L'Aigle Noir, slap across the

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road from the entrance to the Fontainebleau palace. Of course I can't imagine what changes the years have wrought, but in the old days there were so many interesting broadsides from the Emperor to his troops, framed and decorating the walls of this popular old caravanserai and coffee house.

I hope the day is fine when one explores this area, for although one will probably be whizzing along at a great rate, still it is moving to sense what an historic neighborhood it is. How the modern highways penetrate or avoid old towns, I do not know but it probably passes close to Sceaux and further along the town of Melun where Julius Caesar built and fine camp and a few miles east of the town where Fouquet built his Vaux-le-Vicomte. I think I may have touched on all these things before but I mention again for the sheer pleasure of mentioning them and hoping the repetition may echo a harmony of anticipation as one breezes through the neighborhood.

It was so thoughtful of little Miss Lee to send the clippings regarding T. Ashton Thompson's tragic death and news about the new James M. Cain book about which, the new book, --I, of course, had heard nothing. I wrote him a while back about "Years With Ross" covering the time when James M. was one of the many editors breezing through The New Yorker establishment. I forget now what point I inquired about but I reckon I shall be hearing from him shortly and in the mean time this clipping will supply an excellent excuse for another letter from me. A letter arrived today from the Walkers, written on a bus somewhere between Sorrento and Rome. I read only half of it before an interruption knocked out secretarial assistance. One point made in the letter was satisfaction in "doing" Europe with a group in that it provides the son with other teen-agers in the group. Personally, I think it a waste of precious sight-seeing opportunities from the bus to spend one's traveling time concentrating on a typewriter when post cards would serve as a message and the time spent in letter writing could so much better be invested in gaining impressions of the countryside or related by word of mouth. Whether there be a request to send the letter to the mother to be kept as a memory refresher later, I know not but if not, I think I shall send it along regardless as I did the earlier one by request. And so the 9th draws to a close and I rejoice with little Miss Lee that it is so and may she now relish the golden opportunities for rest before the next chapter begins.....

13711

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Sunday, July 11th, 1965.
Memorandum: I thought of little Miss Lee this weekend, wondering how things were jogging along in the newly acquired freedom. Of course I realize it is too early to gain any sensation at all for it takes a while to realize the opportunities now coming into one's grasp, even as one cannot anticipate the headiness of a new wine by the first sip. I reckon about 3 or 4 months will have to elapse before the full realization is really felt. In the meantime, let's rejoice that it is in the offing and what's more, let's hold the thought a measure of leisure may be experienced within the ensuing few weeks so that one may feel rested and ready for new horizons when it is time for them to appear. I must say I had a ridiculous morning. I awakened before 6, told myself it would be an excellent hour to dress and day to transfer persilable stuff from my icebox to the one in the big house while I de-frosted mine. And so I be-stirred myself and did just that and it all went along smoothly enough although, as always with me, t de-frosting of the icebox entailed a lot more time than I had anticipated. I told myself that before attacking the box, I ought to "dress" my bed and tidy up the house but I wanted to get the box taken care of and so I resput that off. When the things were back in the refrigerator to eat again, it was time to serve breakfast all around to furred and feathered friends which I did without looking at the untidy appearance of the house. Then there was just a little ardening to do, --as though there ever were just a little gardening. And so I did that and I again told myself then it was mid morning and I was all adrip and so, instead of tiving an eye to the menage, I underdressed and got to work on my long beard and then it happened into the tub. In the midst of that, Natalie phoned. I talked with the receiver in one hand, a towel in the other. That was the point when somebody knocked and standing behind the door, I learned it was Dr. Somebody from the Pecon Experiment station, wantin' to see me.

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to give his wife and children a tour. I asked them to wait on the front gallery. I detached Natalie, straightened up the undressed bed, found some fresh clothes and faced the world. They said they were heading for Hodges gardens but thought they would stop off here. The hour was 11. I told them Mr. Hodges had a vast garden and that they would do well to knuckle down to tending by making the Melrose one a hot, skip and jump and then race on to the five thousand acre affair. Then I said I was merely saying that because, as the Dr. knew, having dined her often, we break bread across the fence at 11:30 sharp and I wanted to get to their way. And so, eventually, I got them to the front gate. They told me the hour was 11:26. That gave me just time to scurry home, don fresh raiment and make it across the fence at 11:3 which I did and where, to my amazement, I found the whole batch of people whom I had packed off at the front gate and who had immediately hot-footed it for the house across the way. I shall never cease to marvel how people lose all sense of common courtesy, once they get their footsies into the big road.

As hinted at above, Natalie and I didn't get far in our conversation but we did have an opportunity to speak of little Miss Lee, which always provides both of us with infinite pleasure. She asked if I had seen the article in McCall's about Margaret Mitchell. She said a while back she had attended some meeting in Atlanta at which the Atlanta Librarian who had been in charge when Miss Mitchell was doing her research, spoke. She said much of the material in McCall's article was familiar to her because of the Librarian's acquaintance with the Mitchell research at the library. She spoke of a dab of odd spelling she encountered in a composition the other day when looking over some papers she had asked her class to write on the subject of "The Town Where I Live". I believe one of the students was of color, stemming from this bend of the river. She said the composition began by stating that the writer's town was famous for many reasons including the presence there of a writer named Fron Gesco and she couldn't remember the spelling of the last name and we got a laugh out of that.

The plantation didn't work much last week and accordingly things were said to be dull at the honkey-tonk last night. Fug, boy was drunk all week and so didn't mind so much at first when he dislocated his shoulder. He was minding it more today, however, and was taken off to the hospital. Mention of it reminded of that iron ring in the ceiling of the Council Chamber at Florence, through which in Savannah's time, the Council used to run a rope, attached to an offending citizen's wrists, tied to his back. The body would be pulled up to the top of the chamber, then the rope suddenly released dropping the man speedily and then suddenly jerked short just before the body hit the floor, usually dislocating both arms from their sockets. Well, Lord, what a note to end on.....

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Monday, July 12th, 1965.

Memorandum: The drought is becoming a matter of concern. I regret the loss of many a fine plant but at the same time am filled with gratitude and astonishment so many have thus far weathered the dry oven heat.

Annie Gibson of Montgomery, La., called J. H. last night to say she would like to bring her daughter, the latter's new husband and the latter's two boys and the former's daughter this afternoon. I may have touched on Annie before, who, with her sister, Miss Nellie Regan, used to visit Miss Cam often.

Annie's daughter lost her first husband a year or two ago when he died of pneumonia in Las Vegas where he had something to do with automobile sales. I know not when but the girl re-married the superintendent of Schools at Lincoln, Nebraska and now she, too, is superintendent of a school in Lincoln. --the first such combination I ever heard of, both husband and wife being superintendents at the same time.

The thermometer stood at 106 when the folks arrived, -- Annie, her daughter Frances, the latter's spouse and the three offspring. Frances appeared weary but instead of remaining at Celeste's fine air-conditioned home, she decided to go with the rest of us around and about the gardens and houses. She slumped into a chair or onto a bench at every pause but quite surprised me when I thought the tour completed and we were almost at Celeste's, when Frances asked me if they all couldn't go upstairs in the big house. I said they could and we all turned back and made the additional round.

Annie, a retired school teacher, herself, surprised me mildly when she asked if I had ever thought of writing for the newspapers. Hatchitookes is the nearest place to Montgomery having a newspaper. Annie apparently had never heard about Cane River Memo or Plantation Memo either.

Clara Genung called this afternoon to read me a letter

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from her daughter, penned by hand at the table on the
Rome-Genoa express while the Walkers were awaiting dinner on
the train. They reported a fine time in Rome and were especially
impressed by the staging of Aidan the ruins of the baths
of Caracalla. The doings lasted until 1 A.M.
Clara had some difficulty in the handwriting and the reading
was slow and disjointed. I got the impression Mrs. Walker
had been disappointed in the Sistine Chapel but was altogether en-
chanted with the appearance of the Pope whom they saw at one
of those big audiences, -- so called, -- in which the Pontiff
makes an appearance. Borne aloft on his throne or sedan chair or
whatever, he passed within 6 feet of them so they had
an excellent opportunity to see him at close range and reported him
as being much finer in appearance than most of his photographs
suggest.

Today the Walkers are in Carcassonne, after which they head out
for Barcelona and the Iberian Peninsula.

Celeste and I got quite a laugh out of something she heard
when she stopped at the laundry in town and the man stepped out
to pick up the clothes. He greeted Celeste
by saying he knew she was happy to hear that Lestan
had been named man of the day. She hadn't heard about it
and as there was a car just behind her approaching the laundry,
she didn't think she should take time out for conversation and
hold up business. She asked me what I knew about it and
I had to confess I had never heard of such a thing. We
conjectured that perhaps the local radio which neither of us
ever hear may have some program that makes a gesture in
the direction of this or that resident of the area. Whether
this be correct or not, neither of us could tell, however.
It would seem off hand as though the radio station might advise
a person about such a program, but perhaps not. Be that
as it may, Celeste and I got a laugh about the coronation about
which we knew nothing.

The figs are just coming into production, about a week or
so later this season. I thought of gathering some this morning
before the birds finished them off completely but just
as I started for a bucket, I heard the sound
as of many rushing winds and looked back to discover a
big old pecan spraying machine was at that moment showering the
pecan tree just beyond the fig tree. I was content
to put off my gathering of the fruit for another
day after tonight's dew has washed off the poison filtering down from
the pecan tree area.

I have thought so often of little Miss Lee today, wonder-
ing, as I hope, if she was getting a chance to catch her
breath at home base.....

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Tuesday, July 13th, 1965.

For the past couple of go-rounds, Life has been arriving
on Tuesday instead of Saturday. I was impressed today when
this week's issue arrived bearing a likeness of President
Kennedy. The notation along side it indicates it is
a heretofore unpublished portrait and mentions an
article by a former member of his official family. I
am eager to read the story which I assume this article
may be the first in a series.

The world was so pretty this morning at 4:30 when a
dreamy haze veiled the inevitable heat that would
be coming along with sun up. I wanted to gather
a couple dozen big peppers of the bell persuasion so the
big house could stuff some for today's dinner
and perhaps the house across the way could use some, too,
although the lady had mentioned yesterday she would be busy
at the country club at a luncheon or some such. I
wanted to get ahead of the sun to gather some okra, too,
and the tomatoes were all dewy on the vines. I was
especially delighted with the Cezanne composition that
emerged when I tossed a flock of vegetables into
a basket for across the fence, -- light greens, tomato reds and bee
reds, yellow squash and the dark green of the bell peppers.
The whole composition came into vantage when I plucked a
snowy angel's trumpet and inserted the stem down into
the basket, letting the trumpet lean along the
handle of the wicker basket and I thought
how much fun it was playing Cezanne for a moment at
dawning.

I had to play another role, that of cowboy,
before I had quitted Ghana, however, for just as I
was leaving through the gourd garden, I caught sight of
a black cow tromping down the zinnias and an old fashioned
vegetable and flower garden is not precisely the ideal

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place for a cow, not from my point of view, although the
clow seem well enough pleased with the surroundings in
which she found herself. I engineered her
from Ghana to Dr. Miller's and thence across the African House
greenward and out through the picket fence beside the
eistern west of the big house and thence through
the size gate into Celeste's yard and so toward the
cattle gap there when the dog rushed upbarking and
the cow bolted off to the 1 ft in the general direction
of the oak in front of the big house but she was no
longer my worry since the front gallery of the store had
caught sight of her and Clyde Anthony and Morel, his nephew, came
jumping to guide her out of the place.

Celeste was in Cloutierville or town or somewhere yesterday
and somebody spoke to her about the "Man of the Day" business
at of the day or so before. It seems that Leston was not
mentioned on the Hatchit chee radio but a Shreveport one,--
KIEL, or some such, an NBC affiliate or some such. Neither of
us know what the program was about but we assume it is
one of those programs in which somebody is singled out
for a fanfare and I have no doubt that there must be
many a person like Leston who certainly never heard the broadcast
and learned about it only from chance listeners who did.

According to report, there were quite a few people
around the Parish who received post cards, posted in
Germany and Switzerland, from the Walkers, arriving in
yesterday's and today's post.

Carmen called today and mentioned having received a card
from one of her friends who mentioned especially the
beauty of some of the Spanish restoration work, and
the Alhambra was particularly mentioned. I had heard a few
years back that the Alhambra was in need of repair and restoration
work in the line of ender. It seems to me
Washington Irving in his Tales of the Alhambra had some reference
to need of restoration and I suppose that was perhaps in the
1840's. But the Alhambra must have been mighty old then
for, although I don't know when it was built, I do
recall there were no more moors or Arabs in Spain after
Isabella chased out the last of them in the 1489's,
the things is bound to be a dab on the ancient side.
I have never heard anything much on the positive side of
the present Franco regime and it is heartening that restoration
may have been a hidden virtue and I am glad.

I have a lot of letters to write and a snack of salad awaitin.
my attention after that. May it be peaceful and restful in Lyme....

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Wednesday, July 14th, 1965
at 11:00 AM
at 11:00 AM
at 11:00 AM

Memorandum:

Hot. I like to think of a nice hot
billowy comfort, like over-stuffed sofa-like
cloud, just made for two and the two for whom it
was made sitting side by side, getting caught up in
conversation, Mrs. Roosevelt being one, A. Stevenson the other.
And tonight I find myself puzzling as I have so often
puzzled before on the same question: how

How was it, Natalie, professed not to
care for our late Ambassador to the United Nations? I
can believe either her cultural or political estimates
were influenced by members of her family, that is to say
her husband or members of his family, all of whom
were undoubtedly Republicans. And even though
Natalie may or may not be a Republican, she certainly
doesn't let her political feelings have anything to do
with her admiration of a person so wonderfully
endowed as the gentleman from Springfield, Illinois.
I talked with Clara Genung this afternoon. She
had come from Europe but enjoyed recalling old
days in Denver and I enjoyed listening. She
mentioned that for a number of years in her family,--
the Mattie family, there was a servant who was
a Cherokee Indian, having come from Ardmore, Oklahoma
where she had lived on an acre property belonging to Will Rogers'
family. She said Will Rogers was interested in the
woman's welfare and whenever he was in the Denver area,
made it a point to drop in at the Mattie house to see how
things were going. After this servant had married
a pure negro, a pullman porter from whom she was subsequently
divorced, she continued working in the house and her
daughter went to school as a matter of course
with the Mattie youngsters. The mother re-married a
negro chef and Clara's father helped them purchase a
home of their own in Denver. The house
had a second story gallery and one day the husband, reaching out
for a branch of a tree switching against the
gallery, suddenly plunged to his death
when the bannister broke. Their daughter married
young and at 19 committed suicide. This latter fact impressed

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me particularly for it has always been my understanding that neither
Indians nor negroes incline toward suicide but perhaps this is
merely an impression on my part without any foundation in
fact for I certainly have never seen any statistics on the
subject.

At 10 o'clock this morning the clerk called me from the
store, saying Dan had just called him from town to say the daughter
of his friend, Bubah Reidheimer, along with some friends, would be
here for a tour at 10. The clerk said he at that moment
saw a car driving into Celeste's yard. I made a round and
discovered there were friends of hers there but nobody ex-
pecting a tour in the 100 degree heat. That I could understand.
At noon, just as the clerk was coming this way for a drap
and to pick me up for dinner, the 10 o'clock guests arrived.
He told them I was at dinner and to return in half an hour. That
was the last we ever saw of the Reidheimer contingent.

Doreatha told me today her nephew, Robert Anthony's boy,
Morel, had gone to town to get his birth certificate this morning
in anticipation of getting married in a day or two. I
had seen Morel earlier in the morning and if he had told
me about his need for the certificate, I could have had
it forthcoming in a jiffy simply by calling a friend at
the proper agency. Morel has reached the ripe old age of
nineteen and is heading into matrimony with a girl who
is a bag, coming from a family, designated by the welfare
workers, as the worst bunch of mulatto bags in the
Parish. Doreatha predicts the marriage might last two
weeks. There's some parallel in such a gesture reminding
me of the seasonal revival services that come to think of it,
ought to be getting under way almost any old day now, when
the converts, like Frog, retain their conversion about
two weeks before falling off the water wagon first and out
of the honkey-tonk in rapid succession. Poor human beings and
only a pattern of trial and error ahead of them, with many a error
and many a trial stretching ahead. One interesting
factor in the impending nuptials are the facts that one of Morel's
cousins has be-gotten a child by the prospective bride and an
uncle, possibly two uncles, have already had her as
mistress. One thing seems certain, it's all going to be
in the family. And now for some listening on the radio covering the career of t
gentleman from Illinois.

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Thursday, July 15th, 1965.

Memorandum: I started at 10:30 AM and went to the
Post Office. I took them on a quick tour to their satisfaction but
because of their presence, did not get a round to pick up my
super-incoming mail until 1:00 o'clock. No sooner had I
returned to Yucca than James appeared, and so I did not
get around to open the mail until 3:30 when he had departed and
I could round up Bub who dropped his gardening to help me with
the mail. I loved the letter so much, I surprised
Bub when he had finished it by asking him to start right off at
the beginning again and re-read straight through. Everything
was music to my ears and I have the letter tucked away
in the armor awaiting the morrow when I shall indulge myself
with another reading, as soon as the first secretary comes into view.
It goes without saying that I am equally enchanted to have the
brochure enabling me to keep pace with one traveler in
the days ahead. And speaking of travelers, I must report

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1965, July 16th, 1965

Clara Genung phoned me this afternoon to read me a letter just in from Nice, penned on Sunday. Everything seemed to go swimmingly with the Walkers but I did want to mention one fact that may or may not be of service. Instead of going for a tour of the naval base, --Toulon, I suppose, they went to Grasse to see where perfume is manufactured. What was reported was this: their guide advised them to purchase toilet water only at Grasse, saying its quality was far superior to the conventional perfumes sold at the manufacturing places. I don't know if this is based on fact but I pass it along, thinking one might take a second sniff of the perfumes and compare them with the toilet water, should one be in Grasse and contemplating making purchases. Why this difference should be I cannot imagine.

Today's Natchitoches Times carried a story from its Robeline-Marthaville correspondent, --hill billy country, that people from Alaska visiting in the area were looking for a dipper gourd to take back with them to a 95 year old man who remembered having had a Louisiana dipper gourd once and wished to obtain one again. It was stated the visitors to the area would be happy to pick up such an item if anyone chanced to have one for the venerable Alaskan. Naturally I re-acted immediately, writing the correspondent I was sending a couple of dipper gourds to her Robeline home and asking her to pass them on to the visitors. I am not sure of the date, but I believe it was 05.04.30 while working on the dipper gourds this afternoon on the front gallery, the perfume of the butterfly lily came to me. By following my nose, I finally discovered it atop an 8 foot stalk the first of the season. And thus the 1965 miracle of birth of this miraculous flower took place. I left it where it was and shall leave it open; the envelope of this memo and before sunup on the morning tomorrow, I shall pluck it and enclose for little Miss Lee.

James' visit was brief. He stayed during the past month, to the Kay had slept little at night and naturally, although he did not say I suppose he slept little day or night in consequence. He was going back to town early to take Kay to see the lady doctor. H. Kay and he will drive to Shr. report Tuesday where Kay will board a plane for Charleston, S.C. next morning at 7. He reported the dog to be just fine and apparently is comfortable in the 1226 dog house which has recently had an air conditioning unit installed for the dog's comfort at night. The dog spends his days inside air conditioned 406. Lucky dog.

James brought some cherry ice cream and I look forward to attacking same in about an hour from now when I have finished with the mail. Again my thanks for the grand letter.....

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Friday, July 16th, 1965.

Memorandum: A short note about the day. I was at the college for a three hour session at "doing" an article about Clementine Hunter but taking time out every now and then to speak not only of Miss Hunter but of our favorite character of Lyme.

Natalie called me at 1 o'clock, saying some gentleman at the college had contacted her to say the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate wanted a story about La Hunter together with colored illustrations of her work. The office contacted their representative, it was said, and Natalie called upon to do the job. This information impressed me because Mrs. Chopin's Natchitoches stories appear frequently in the Advocate. Natalie wanted to know if I would lend a hand and said she could be here in 45 minutes. I replied affirmatively and in 45 minutes she arrived, bearing a piece of elegant cherry pie and two slices of jelly roll cake, set aside for reference at 10 tonight. She departed at 5, after a quick look at the Ghana garden to see about the progress of the coccomb, the seeds of which she had presented, and bearing a stunning study of zinnias by Hunter which may lend itself to the newspaper illustration in color.

Except for this 3 hour interlude, my day was quite busy, for doing an article was only fun in contrast to physical labor of moseying around in the heat of out of doors. In the morning there were people from Brazil and from Texas and 10 minutes before noon dinner Mrs. Jack Fullilove and a friend appeared. I off my beard at 5 and started to bolt toward the big house for supper when I bumped into some of the Rogiers from up the road, one of them now a Houston resident who wanted to show his wife the local layout. Tonight, after supper, there were plantation callers, asking for council regarding tom nuptials. I am a total yam squatter and at 8:00 p.m. I am a yam squatter.

The prize episode on the plantation for the day revolves

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around Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morris, mentioned in memos of a year or so
5 years back, when Noon Batiste, styled "The Bride" be-
came the wife of Jack Marcel Morris. Noonie comes to see Jack and
child once a month at Old Age check time when she extracts
Jack's check from him and sails off on a honkey-tonk party.
She has been living with Andy and his brother for the past year or
two. Today Noonie went to Jack's house with a big bundle
and proceeded to use the water, --precariously low in
the cistern because of the drought, to wash Andy's shirts and
pants and hang them on Jack's line, but made it plain she
wasn't going to wash any cloths of Jack or their child.
This distressed Jack so much, he marched to the store to
complain to the merchant-planter about his wife's scandalous
doings and asking the merchant-planter to have Mrs. Morris
arrested for doing the laundry of another man in his
wash tubs and making use of his clothes line to dry them. I'm sure
J. A. got quite a kick out of all this incredible doings.

A copy of this week's Hatcherches Times, July 14th
or 15th, goes forward along with the Leesville paper in
tomorrow's post. The Times has the appeal by Vera Hayes for the di-
cund for the 95 year old man in Alaska. I don't
know where the appeal appears and so I send the whole paper. I
thought you might like to clip to notice since there will probably
be some follow-up story next week concerning the consumption
of the business when the grounds are received by Mrs. Hayes and
passed on in the direction of Alaska.

My friend, Morel, is getting married Saturday afternoon and the
infair will be held Saturday evening at the honkey-tonk, --
and Saturday evening at the honkey-tonk ought to guarantee no
end of doings. The prospective groom came to
see me tonight asking for my assistance in procuring
a cake for the festivities. A cake, --preferably a store bought
cake, is the ultimate symbol of social success whether at
Christmas which is imperative or, if possible, at one's
wedding. Somehow it's lime the myet or lily of
the valley kids in France had better present to their mamas on
a particular day in Spring, --it simply is a "must".

And so the matter of the cake was disposed of and now
all the groom has to do is relax until things start turning
and bottles start flying on Saturday evening. My
guess is the marriage may last a week or
possibly two but when one is 18 or 19, two weeks is probably a
long, long time.

And now for a couple of letters, a slab of cherry pie
and thence to my favorite pillow.....

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at more, philipo soicu illrde a yd batontto cam noitthato ym
I .sased yd edt roan urtato edt yd atoy tedoig alitil
wel gured yhal edt, alquoo edidw b busch and beguist Sunday, July 18th, 1965.
reble bun relict nomeltuey edt, hat-yale bun

I nahu ytilitieded to sased tucoe som yilideng stait
stap thery edt no ngle edt Memorandum: yest yd batontto
:dise, nomeltuey edt yilideng, yhal wol alitil edt
Hot.
edl mo I sud angirio ngle edt uce su, say, 40"
troquered to yilideng edt -- yd I'm hoping it was as peaceful in Lyme as
at "nomeltuey edt of locally -- There were lots of people coming
and woda othetow I had sponed and going at the wrong times but peace was the main
ingredient of the weekend and I liked it.

-deage atoy tof sased retted My friend, Morel, having reached the ripe old ag
and ede an, illw alom woot yist of 19, took unto himself this day a wife of
edil edt tuce a mid sase bun mo account, or rather yesterday.

to reitish, sused I mid tof sason beechi adw hoinw to
lootocedil edt to tuc houn atstay He appeared on my gallery on Saturday
qu bechil ede e'nam tie edt morning, saying that the bakery truck serving the
to putre edt bun alir yhoum CaneRiver stores, carried cakes and that one could
toq nague die elget anice one for seventy five cents and a real
spiffy one for a dollar and a quarter. I had never
ment to edol bun anitely yugiven much thought to the cost of a wedding cake but
team edt tof bun an yrothe figures named struck me as being quite reasonabl
-at ton bun see. This business of the groom providing the cake gave i
bing saskm sypmle bun dices just the proper Melrose twist, it seemed to
bakidw ed sbaip sypmle stome, too. And so the wedding took place
syoudw mo I, gntuea tuot, in town at the home of a Baptist preacher serving th

youw reit areamon Sundays, and at 5 o'clock, the infair or rec
got under way at the local honkey-tonk, a place
ingin teal y tedo alitil guaranteeing a large attendance, I should think, for
me y neasted snitgarknow of no place on earth half so busy on a Saturday
at at geale e'ingh boep a teg I night as the local honkey-tonk I should have
an enil tie of bu snitgare e'liked to have been among those present but

entromit seemed unfair to me to do so since such social
events are customarily attended by plantation
to swan oibor houn ffolks of color only and I was glad to hear this
bno snidom yilideng a, oimorning that, contrary to manya Saturday night,
edl haly muel, ynb to acethe bottles did not take to wings last night
at Agourd's edidw yilideng and everything rocked along with gaiety and
statidw edt snitish without soufl n' sone boep
ym bun an sasedig bun sasedig houn bunatshay edw
toqtoq alom edt initil I so Morel came to see me this evening about first

-- ed hno yilideng dark to report on yesterday's festivities. He said
it stawa thery gnithing went off just fine and that the cake was just
betuoc to, equit ynam etoo. edt yd batontto
houn bechitue mo tud it toed This morning when en route from Yucca to the Un
House to pass coffee to the feathered friends,

soile a, mosto edt yttado to dab a tof won bun
.....bed of os bun sase alor yilideng to

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my attention was attracted by a shrill voice calling from the little picket gate by the cistern near the big house. I investigated and found a white couple, the lady being low and sixty-ish, the gentleman taller and older.

There probably was scant tones of hospitality when I inquired if they hadn't seen the sign on the front gate. The little low lady, obviously the spokesman, said:

"Oh, yes, we saw the sign alright but I am Mrs. So-and-sot of Bosiers City, --the Brookly of Shreveport, "and Uncle Will" --pointing to the gentleman," is 84 and just down from North Kansas and I wanted to show him something he had never seen before."

"I can't think of a better excuse for gate crashing," I replied and immediately took Uncle Will, as she had identified him, under my arm and gave him a tour the like of which was indeed novel for him I believe. Neither of the two were capable of getting much out of the historical, or architectural points but the old man's eyes lighted up at the sight of the old Kentucky rifle and the string of floats for the seine near the old sugar pot.

There were other morning pilgrims and lots of them yesterday but they didn't worry me and for the most part they were simply out to see and not interested in what they were seeing and that always makes guiding mighty easy. I think they are always glad to be whisked through fast and, it goes without saying, I am always enchanted to speed them on their way.

folded up my beard a little after 7 last night
and except for 3 or 4 interruptions between 7 pm.
and 2 o'clock this morning, I got a good night's sleep in the
wake of the preceding week's exertions and so felt fine as
a fiddle on awakening this morning.
I must say I didn't get much radio news of
late, what with lots of static, a faltering machine and
general sleepiness at the close of day. I am glad the
pictures of Mars taken by the rocket are coming through in
good shape which is bound to delight the scientists
who understand such matters and pleases me and my
non-scientific mind since I think the whole project
a marvel in what human ingenuity can do, --
325 million miles and traveling right where it
was designed to go. Like so many things, of course,
I understand nothing about it but am entranced such
achievements are possible.

And now for a dab of cherry ice cream, a slice of jelly roll cake and so to bed.....

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Monday, July 19th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot. In the travel department, J. H. takes off Friday, I believe, along with all the other gentlemen who are heading out toward the great Northwest, -- Oregon, Washington, and etc., on the Bankers' Special, a train trip through the country such as seems to be an annual affair. I know not how long the trip will last but I assume something like ten days, surely not so long as to cause any alterations in the present plans for him and Celeste and Love Hankins to begin their 30 day globe whiz on August 7th.

I haven't heard of the gentlemen who will represent Natchitoches Parish business on the Northwest fling but I suppose J. H. Williams, Jarred Pratt and so on.

I elevated one eyebrow this morning when at the store after all the various laborers had been sent in a dozen different directions to work that "it would have been just as well if only half as many had come out this morning since we didn't need 50 percent of those sent out."

What caused the twitching of the eyebrow was the fact that the store had stolen my sole helper after Thursday when there was lots of stuff for which I needed an assistant to lend me a hand, --gathering of perishables such as okra, figs, tomatoes, etc., and on top of this, the statement that not half those people sent out on jobs were needed for the work. Practice, however, makes a trend toward perfection and over the years a d.b. of training has enabled me to keep the eyebrows fairly well under control. I think, I shall have someone to lend me a hand at gathering things on the morrow.

I just notice, n all this eyebrow business that I seem to have duplicated my error of yesterday in effecting a pure Deuholme margin on the left of this page. --

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The postman was early today and, as usual, that usually means he got away from his starting point before the 1st class mail had arrived. This mean, perhaps, that I shall have something other than magazines and throw away stuff on the morrow.

The grapevine filled me in liberally covering the infair on Saturday night and the doings of the Sabbath following Saturday's nuptials. One does better no to try to understand such doings even if one accepts the facts as they unfold. It seems the early part of Saturday evening went off just fine. Then some of the youths became boistrous. There was a scuffle between the groom and Morris Peace, nephew of Sam, but that turned out alright, -- the word is what the grapevine used, -- alright, -- for while the groom by then was fairly high, Morris was even drunker so that the groom came through comparatively unscathed even if Morris didn't. The newly weds repaired to the home of the grooms parents somewhere between 2 and 3 on Sunday morning but the groom was up and abroad again early on the same Sabbath morn and did not put in an appearance again at home until after Monday had struck on the family clock. As for the bride, she never did seem to be interested in the groom except to get herself legally married. As for the groom, the grapevine indicates the wedding was over as soon as the cake had been cut and so was the marriage in all but its legal status. It is said the groom is likely to vanish in the direction of Houston any day now. His cousin over there, -- Doreatha's son, has already urged the groom a week before his marriage, to come yonder where a fine job is awaiting the new-comer in the police garage or some such place. -- That really one wonders why these children ever went into the marriage business in the beginning since nobody seemed to love anybody and there was no advantage for either party in going through with the thing. The only persons seeming to take of the whole thing as a matter of course is the contracting couple and although neither has education perhaps both see clearly enough what is nothing but mystery and confusion to everyone else on the sidelines.

Clara Gehung called today to read me a letter from her daughter, penned en route from Seville to Lisbon. The train service between Barce and Madrid was 1st rate but Spanish food did not compare with that taste elsewhere along the way, -- the quality nothing to complain about, the taste nothing to praise. Leston is beginning to wonder about when his final summer letter to Lyme should be posted.....

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Tuesday, July 20, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot.

People, people and more people and perhaps it is just as well since being entangled with pilgrims prevented me from spending much time at gardening when the unending heat, -- around 100, reduces energy and encourages flattening out at sundown to catch up on the siesta and natives of warm climes so wisely incorporate into their daily routine.

I got ahead of the heat this morning by getting some gardening done before sunup. A little after 7 o'clock, people were sent from the store for a look at gourds and from then on for the balance of the daylight hours there were people and more people.

I took time out for a cup of coffee across the fence. The lady seemed very happy in anticipation of a party being given at the Town House by herself and three of her friends who were entertaining 95 of their girl friends and a tonatically making twice that number unhappy by not being included.

There was one point brought up over the coffee cups which I found interesting. Celeste has a friend living in the Los Angeles area whom she looked forward to with pleasure in seeing when the world tour begins. It now appears, however, that the stop over in Los Angeles is so brief that one will scarcely have an opportunity to see anyone, much less have an opportunity for a chat. Whether this will be so at every touch-down along the route, I wouldn't know but surely the opportunity to see much is mighty limited. Perhaps the trip will in fact be something of a rest cure on wings since one will probably spend all of one's time in the plane with no chance to expend any energy sight-seeing. I was asked if I didn't think it was wonderful that J. H. would take time out for such a vacation. I replied I thought it wonderful and I expect to be filled with wonder every time I think about it, although that latter observation I did not voice, naturally.

I quit the coffee cups to receive Mrs. Chopin, her daughter

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and the daughter's husband, Mr. Finley, and their two children, ages 2 and 4. The little tour went off very nicely and the children had a fine time, too, but it did consume most of the morning. The daughter, Mrs. Finley, has a very attractive personality and is gifted with remarkable ability in sewing for she makes most attractive costumes for her mother, often running them up a thousand miles distant from the person for whom they are executed. People who know about women's clothes say it is remarkable how the girl always succeeds in making the suits and dresses look like a million dollars. --for the mother when stirred up quite beyond geographic possibility of getting around to fit them and yet somehow they never fail to fit.

There are three children in the Chopin family, a married son and a son still in high school and this daughter. All of the children seem to be just fine and the two who are remarried seem happy so, all of which must be in the nature of a compensation to Mrs. Chopin whose own marriage was so unhappy.

The afternoon was an endless parade of people preventing me from ever getting to the mail. Lloyd Wenk put in an appearance while I was trying to get some noon news. He was in search of the death dates of his great grandfathers, Joseph Henry and Stephen Carrett. I didn't ask him what was the purpose of rounding them up naturally. Some people in such a quest might have volunteered the reason for the search, others might have inquired if not told but, frankly, I didn't care.

I had a card from the Walkers, probably posted in Spain or Portugal, has something to say about somebody on the staff of Town and Country planning to be in Louisiana early in August in quest of some material for that magazine. The script was beyond the powers of my secretaries and a pilgrim I enlisted to scan it for me couldn't make out full particulars. Since the message comes on a post card, however, the information it may carry isn't probably too vital and I shall hold it against more successful interpretation on the morrow.

Sunday night NBC, I guess it was, had a 15 minute program in which the speaker speculated on the successor the President might appoint to take over the reins dropped by Ambassador Stevenson. I ran through the list in memory today when the news came of the surprise appointment of Supreme Court Justice Goldberg, a person nobody in the Sunday program had ever mentioned. This evening, Louisiana's top Republican, Charlton Lyons, Shreveport oil man, stated he would never have appointed Justice Goldberg to such a post and I was glad to hear this since it made me think the Johnson appointment might be a good one since, I am quite sure, I should never appoint anyone Charlton Lyons would think good for the post.

I hold the thought things rock along sedately and in the

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Wednesday, July 21st, 1965.

Memorandum: I have been thinking about the gourds I have been growing in the garden since I saw the first one on the vine.

The gourd vine running on the bamboo poles just below the leaves of Yucca, --possibly it appears in one or another of the Chopin articles, is beginning to put forth gourds. From their appearance, and rapidity of their growth, it appears they are going to be large and therefore heavy. The one immediately in front of the abouoir entrance but on the far side of the gallery, seems to be expanding wonderfully, having rounded out from the size of a lemon to a grapefruit in a matter of days. Realizing if it does prove to be a large one, -- the seeds are new and said to be of the bushel basket variety, I realized its weight would break the bamboo poles along which it climbs and the whole vine would come tumbling down. And so, while it was still reasonable cool this morning, I ran strings across the bottom and up the sides of a wicker basket, string of the type with which bales of hay are bound, and, after driving a couple of big nails into the leaves, suspended the basket from the nails, catching the gourd so it would rest within the basket. I anticipated that if the gourd does indeed expand alarmingly, the basket and cord in which it is resting will hold up the weight and so allow the vine to remain running along the leaves as it is at present. If the gourd doesn't keep on growing out of usual proportions, it will do no harm resting where it is, but, on the other hand, if it does swell bigger than estimated, it can simply spill over the sides and, being grounded by the support, will present an odd specimen. The butterfly lilies are so luxuriant at that section of the gallery and the leaves of the gourd vine so thick, noboc passing this way during the day ever noticed the basket hanging high overhead and nestling in the vegetation. Accordingly I shall let nature take its course and whatever happens or doesn't happen will be all right and if the gourd does incline toward something enormous, it can be handled easily when it's time to harvest the crop. I am hoping not too many other gourds will appear on the same vine which, of course, will tend to put all the growth into this early one, off at such a brisk start. It will be fun watching it to see what, if anything, appears. Haven't heard J. H. say anything about his swing through the Northwest, beginning Friday of this week. The clerk and I have speculated on the globe encircling business and

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have talked about Love Hankins and his role in the journey which, I assume, is that of factotum for the couple with whom he is traveling. The clerk observed that nobody could pay him, the clerk, to make such a harum-scarum jaunt to which I added my own Amen. I have tried to examine the thing from different angles and now find myself wondering if, like the Bankers' Special preceding it, the jet and the train perhaps do provide a few minutes of relaxation between touch downs for fuel and i., perhaps, this does provide a certain amount of relaxation, a sort of enforced rest between stops. How ever the thing operates, it is certainly something I cannot imagine indulging in for myself.

We had a dandy watermelon tonight and when it was time for Lou Paul and Louella to have their supper, they dined on what was left and loved it. The pheasants seemed to like it, too in spite of the fact it can't have much if any food value for man or bird although perhaps what the bird gets is as tempting to his palate as to man's.

The grapevine reports strange tidings about last Saturday's nuptials in that nobody can figure out why either contracting party decided on a wedding. It is suggested the girl went in to it because she wanted to get away from her outrageous family but since she is as outrageous as the rest of the Mary LeBonne household, she didn't have much to offer as a bride. As for the groom, nobody can figure out why he got himself entangled. One thing seems to be certain, he wasn't weighted down by responsibilities for the wife and was gaily courting another young woman on Sunday night.

A slight interruption at this point when I responded to a tap at the door where I discovered none other than the groom, of all people. He said he was just passing this way when he saw my light through a slit in the bamboo hedge and thought he would drop by for a little chat and a cold coke if I had one. I asked nothing about marital matters, of course. Several amusing things had happened in the fields today about which he wanted to tell me, simple rural episodes of no interest other than the personalities involved. I didn't have to press him hard for a bite of something to eat and although he declared he had supped in politely refusing food, he nevertheless seemed to enjoy a stake shadwich, a salad, a piece of lemon pie, some sliced bananas in cream and a bumper of chocolate milk. I was sorry he wasn't hungry for I seemed to have no end of stuff in the ice box and accordingly enchanted to encounter a starving soul even though, were the report to be believed, he had already supped.

I hold the thought the thermometer at Lyme is behaving better than her day and night. Little Miss Lee's finding no end of delight in

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Thursday, July 22nd, 1965.

It was so grand to have the letter, penned beside the Pompeian pool, water or no water, and to catch a glimpse of this as they currently turn at Lyme.

It goes without saying, however, that I shall be consumed with eagerness to learn how things came out following the check-up, the X-rays, etc. I shall be keeping my fingers crossed until further news touching on these matters come to hand.

There are a few enclosures either for this envelope or an accompanying one although the three or four items are of especially interest except the recipe from Mrs. Spinks which sounds ravishing and simplicity itself, especially if one has likely melons readily to hand. This reminds me of a fine looking cantaloupe we had the other day, -- so perfect in every way except that it had no taste at all, thereupon reminding me with force that some kind of a flavor is really an important ingredient in such fare.

I really feel as though I should be congratulated in having at long last "arrived" in that I made the society section of the Marthaville news. I shall enclose the page and think you will enjoy reading the whole column if you chance to have time for a bit of tomfoolery.

I had something of a struggle with the card from Venice which turns out to be from Martha Gilmore Robinson. I think Lyle would have especially liked her phrase, "People of Stangers".

My thoughts these days are forever centering on places to be explored during the hajra. Amboise, for example, is the only example of Renaissance chateaux extant and is perhaps more interesting as a curiosity than as a thing of beauty. There is something about Amboise that always reminds me of the New York State capitol at Albany, interesting more as an example of how builders at one period or another put things together than an example of loveliness.

As for Chambord, its crowning glory, of course, is

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its roof, such a remarkable assortment of towers, chimneys, turrets, etc. Oldsters used to say that the roof, aside from keeping out the weather, was designed with providing a pleasant prospect at such an elevation so members of the court might go there to view the surrounding countryside and forests and watch hunters returning from the chase. It's remarkable staircase on which two people may begin ascending from the same bottom step and proceed upward without ever catching sight of each other until reaching the top is indeed something of a miracle in design. It's odd that Chambord has always seemed a little leusive as an edifice with a past so far as my own concept of it goes and this is probably due to the fact that I know so little about the personalities who lived there. After Fontenoy, if memory serves, Louis XV presented it to Maurice, Marechal de Saxe, a romantic figure who, --again if memory serves, was the son of the King of Saxony and possibly the Countess of Koenigsburg or some such. I shall be curious to learn if forests still are in evidence in the environs of the chateau. On more than one occasion, these have been denuded but I am hoping there may again be a vestige of greenery around and about.

It's odd, now that I pause to think about it, that certain localities remain fixed in time like a bee in amber, so far as my own mind is concerned and although I may recognize a place or a community as having existed over a span of centuries and I accept as a matter of fact the evidences and monuments of various eras, they remain substantially within a comparatively narrow segment of time and vibrate primarily in that particular limited sphere so far as I am concerned. For instance, Paris and Ile de France will always pulsate as an 18th century element in my mind. Southwest on the other hand always remains for me as more 19th and 20th century, --Poitou, Poitiers, etc. and I'm forever finding the seal set on the region by such people as Eleanor of Aquitaine, Queen Berengaria, etc., --and come to think of it, how did every did anyone ever lead up a child with such a name as Berengaria. In New England, it isn't the pilgrim that capture my imagination so much as the New England of the early 1800's, and I can't say why. As for the South, regardless of the obliterations, it's ante bellum pattern always persists in my mind, somehow super-imposing itself on the landscape in spite of the changes of all the designs that existed before and emerged since the ante bellum period. Oh, hum, there are so many points along this line we must make mental notes to speculate upon eventually.....

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Friday, July 23rd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot.

Fifty billion attempts at expressing my delight would not suffice if I attempted to express most of my joy in finding Wednesday's letter from Lyme in today's post. And the same rejoicing was repeated over and over again as I explored the contents of the letter holding so much to make me happy.

Best of all, of course, was the good news I had been hoping for in the report of the check-up. It is such a blessed assurance that all is pointing in the right direction as one heads out for a vacation and formulates plans for the future. Problem seems minor when balanced off against the uncertainty that has now been cleared up and one finds that major are alright.

And then there is the matter of the words of praise that came to hand in the wake of the downtown farewell. I suppose in the history of the organization, there have been no message of praise such as was penned to little Miss Lee. And they are all so just but so long over due. Still, that they eventually were forthcoming is heartening and I am hoping you will afford others, such as auntie some of the pleasure that I experienced in having thus been permitted to read the quotations.

As for the portraits, they are perfectly lovely. There is something about each of them and all they stand for that keeps the likeness of little Miss Lee ever before my eyes. As a matter of fact, they arrived just at a time when certain voids had created a perfect place for them and they fit in so beautifully, one would declare the places were just made for them and that little Miss Lee had a gift of clairvoyance that is remarkable. But even more important than the likenesses themselves, stunning as they are, they somehow stand for something so far beyond anything they themselves could cover and so it is but natural I should, on welcoming them, retire to the little chapel to read down especial blessings on the head of the giver of all good things in the role of special hand-maiden to the good Lord.....

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July 25, 1965

Memorandum

to

I didn't get to enjoy the letter from Lyne until around 5 o'clock this evening and I did not explore the clippings at all but am holding them against tomorrow morning. At 8:30 this morning, Doreatha's daughter called the store to say her mama would not be here at 6 o'clock this morning to give breakfast. The clerk and I had already suspected this fact since at 6 o'clock, Doreatha no longer put in an appearance, we decided we didn't want any breakfast anyway and so the 8:30 call was superfluous anyway. Doreatha's grandson had been taken ill at 4 o'clock and she had taken him to the hospital in Alexandria. The clerk and I dined across the fence at noon, after which J. H. departed for Alexandria to catch the plane for New Orleans where he boarded the Bankers' Special for Chicago, Butte, Seattle, Portland and God alone knows where all.

Right after dinner, James appeared, remaining the better part of the afternoon. He had put Kay on a Shreveport plane for Charleston on Tuesday or Wednesday and the dog are keeping house during the ensuing two weeks which, if former patterns of South Carolina visits are to serve as guides, the visitation will extend from 2 to 4 or 6 or 8 weeks.

I was very happy to have news of Dr. Dormon through James. After the several reports I had received of late regarding the feebleness of the Briarwood lady, it was a great relief when James told me that he and Kay had driven up to Spine on Sunday to spend the afternoon with La Dormon. I asked about her feeble state of health and he expressed amazement. He said she was just as full of vim and vigor as always and had kept the ball rolling at a great rate the whole time they were there. As I mull over this fact, I find myself wondering if on occasion Carrie, as Lestan, when bored by some visitors, can put on a duller than usual disguise so that the visitors may feel the impulse to withdraw earlier than otherwise.

And now I must do a couple of things and then scoop out a dab of lemon ice cream which James brought and then call it a day.....

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July 25, 1965

Memorandum: to Lyne, from Doreatha, re: Doreatha's daughter's letter to Lyne, dated July 25, 1965.

Hot.

It was a quiet weekend. I hold the thought it may have been equally peaceful in Lyne.

A phone call from Natalie this morning such, just the proper tone for the day, broken only once by pilgrims who were pleasant enough in spite of their dubious good sense in contemplating travel in this area with the thermometer "hoovering" around 100.

Natalie obviously was enchanted with a letter she had received from Lyne and, as usual, had so many pleasant things to say in praise of her friend there.

She also spoke of her article for the Baton Rouge Advocate. On making inquiry about the illustrations in color to be used, she was advised that black and white would be employed instead. As the soul of Hunter pictures are in their coloring, the use of black and white seems useless but perhaps people not stimulated by color wouldn't know the difference and people reception to color can exert their imaginations and fill in with brilliant hues where only black and white present themselves. Natalie wanted to find a likeness of the artist of which she had nothing suitable for the article. I told her I would cast about to see what I might find and she promised to call me back. I haven't heard from her as yet but perhaps she will call later tonight or early in the morning. I am quite sure the Advocate will use only one likeness of the artist, especially if they propose using likenesses of her paintings but, oddly enough, I found two different pictures that seem just right for the article and, if I do not hear from Natalie before tomorrow's out-going mail, I shall send them both to her and she can make her own choice. One picture is of the artist, clad in white, seated before a canvas on which she is working and the angle is such that one can see the picture being painted. The other picture is the one I had Urbach take showing the Cotton Crucifixion that runs from the ceiling down to the North and then jumps four feet and is finished off just under the mantle piece before which the artist and Lestan are seated. This picture would also be ideal for.....

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the article since the composition is described in the article itself. As seems beyond question to me, the Advocate will use only the picture showing the artist and the close up of her with her brush, as described above, is the perfect one. Possibly, however, the other, showing her mural, might be used for that purpose although the figure of the artist is so small it wouldn't mean much in a newspaper reproduction.

I talked with I. S. Willard today. She expects to be operating from home base during the present week so perhaps I shall hear more from her shortly. We only talked for an hour today which is a triumph in conversations from that quarter. I fear I didn't pay very close attention to the many social events in the Capitol and Crescent City she described but my lack of attention wasn't any fault of the speaker for I think she was making an effort to make an account of interesting although I, on my part, failed to muster up any excitement about the catalogue of people mentioned as being among those present. I got her off that topic and on to the dry condition of her garden and that seemed to go better. I offered her some verbeena which in this region seems to grow and flower abundantly all year round, summer, rain or no rain, and she was happy over the prospect of getting some.

Celeste and I dined together this noon and the resistance piece was creamed smoked turkey and might be delectable. I found it, along with a vegetable salad, piccata, fresh figs with ice cream and coffee. She was ill, is having a party that began at 2 this afternoon for some of her girl friends and calculated to last until 11 p.m. indifferently. I pointed out I would be pretty busy this evening and would forego the usual supper across the fence. This gives her unrestrained freedom to keep her party going in the proper pitch and at the same time afforded me an opportunity to go it alone at home and save the no end of time for such things as hitting licks on the machine, sleeping or whatever and thus escape the resentment of wasting time listening to the biddies cackle.

Only five or six swains passed this way today and so my knowledge of how things rocked along at the honkey-tonk is sketchy. Before midnight there will be others passing this way, ones more gifted in sketching word pictures of Saturday night doings who hit whom with wat and so on. I can hear faintly the beat of a band from across the cotton fields from the honkey-tonk and so I assume, in spite of the heat, the frolic is in full swing tonight. No wonder, in spite of the morning on Monday comes so soon for some of them.

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Monday, July 26th, 1965.

Memorandum: The party across the fence yesterday afternoon turned out to be a great success, as I learned over the coffee cups this morning. As is his custom when traveling, J. H. called the clerk last night. He seems to like to keep his finger on the pulse of the plantation and its climatic prospects for labor in the field. He was in Bismark, North or South Dakota and reported a fine trip. He said he was making arrangements to leave the Bankers Special and fly home from Boise, Idaho or Spokane, Washington. There was no rush about returning, but, according to his custom in such affairs, he soon has enough of it and is glad to leave them and fly back, more because a plane goes faster, I suppose.

I got several reports from honkey-tonk doings before today's dawn and everything sounded as though things had been boisterous both Saturday and Sunday. The bride and groom are said to have had some sort of a scuffle and this morning Morel was called from the Little River - Red River area to take his bride to the doctor. She was said to have had fainting spells which left her "out" for a quarter of an hour at a time. They borrowed Doreatha's car to go to town. Doreatha said her brother, Robert, had quite a busy Sabbath. He had to go to their brother's house, Clyde Anthony, to try to patch up a falling out between Clyde and Betty Jean, Clyde's wife. Betty Jean is Fugabou's daughter. Before Robert patched up that matter, however, he was called home to patch up a rift between Morel and his bride and so things went.

Peanut Williams who lives out Little River way, gave his wife a going over on Friday, Saturday and Sunday and she had to go to the doctor. It was Peanut Williams and his second cousin, Frog Williams, who were so mightily moved last summer at the revival meetings. Both got baptised but didn't stay among the "blessed" very long. I understand revivals began at St. Mary's-on-the-Bayou last Wednesday but it appears the meetings aren't exerting the same magnetism this year as yet, at least. There was other scuffling such as Theresa, widow of the Are, betting chewed up by Cheney's dog, etc., etc.

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Received July 1965

Pat and Juanita B. flew off to Mexico City yesterday. It is said they will return on Thursday. I believe there is some property over there that Pat is thinking of advancing money on or some such. The children will remain at home.

A veil of thin clouds conceal the stars tonight but
the two black cats and I will make our accustomed
round at Ghana where we shall change the sprinkler from one pa
another, after which we shall park in the dark on the usual
bench and let our thoughts flow in the direction of Lyme.....

There is a witness of the fact, betting showed up by Cheney's dog, etc. etc. etc. and it appears the meetings were to be held in the same direction as the meetings were to be held in the direction of Lyme.

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Tuesday, July 27th, 1965.

Memorandum: He so, too, as she. Murphy may have had a slight stroke, too, as she did not know where she was and seemed confused on most points.
Hot.

A note from Letetia Bowman of Alexandria mentions her intention to attend the Chopin museum thing and threatens to honor me with a visitation while up this way. Perhaps she can assist me in climbing into my costume. Heaven knows I don't want any visitations after the affair when my first impulse will be to climb out of the rig and secondly to attend to my pets before night settles down.

Mrs. Chopin just 'phoned. She visited Anne Murphy in Cabrini Hospital, Alexandria, today. Mrs. Murphy used to be the T. and P. Station Agent at Derry before her retirement 15 years ago and now lives in Hatchitoches. She broke her hip in her home last weekend and was perhaps hours alone before somebody dropped in and discovered her plight. Mrs. Chopin wondered

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1965, July 28th, Wednesday

if Mrs. Murphy may have had a slight stroke, too, as she did not know where she was and seemed confused on most points.

Both sides of the fence had some toothsome vegetables from the garden today. The fact that there are any vegetables is rather surprising, what with the prolonged heat and drought. The tomato vines are dying and the okra plants wilting, meaning they are already "cooked" but we shall go merrily along while the fruit of the parterres continues.

Clara Genung reported no mail from Europe today and looks for some on the morrow on the theory that the train trip from Lisbon to Biarritz ought to provide an opportunity to do some correspondence. As her family is in Paris today and for the balance of the week, one would hope they would be devoting themselves to the city which is new to all of the travelers and not exhausting themselves in pen pushing for which they ought to have ample time when they sail on Saturday or whenever.

In a letter from Venice there was some reference to a visit to the more famous, --if there be more than one, glass factory. I have heard of others who have visited that place and am wondering if it is as interesting as it is usually cracked up to be. I am wondering, too, if impending agenda and impulse suggests the possibility of such a visitation in the days ahead. I once saw a lovely glass dolphin that was blown in some Venetian studio and as I like the dauphin motif, I am rather surprised I don't recall ever having seen another from that quarter. My guess is that the fashioning of a dolphin is extremely difficult in glass of that type and that probably artists are well advised to concentrate on more conventional creations. As for the crystal birds transmitted from him to me from his vantage point in the picture constitute rays of joy beyond compare and I never glance in his direction that I do not re-capture a whole flood of happy thoughts which these lights evoke.

A bowl of fresh figs await the approach to the icebox. I shall be making shortly. Garnished with a dab of ice cream and a dab of buttered by a slab of pound cake, they will want for nothing except the wish that little Miss Lee might be sampling same, too.....

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1965, July 28th, Wednesday

Memorandum

Hot. In spite of the drought, I succeeded in getting soaked twice this evening and I must say the coolness felt good. There was a sprayer thing I attached to the hose that was supposed to revolve, throwing an ever moving swish of water about 15 or 20 feet. It worked just fine last night but this evening it somehow got stuck and sent on and on the water in two single streams, both of which covered me from head to foot when I gave the thing a twirl, hoping the force of the water would keep the thing revolving. It didn't. And so I went home and put on some dry raiment and an hour later, assuming several faucets in the system across the fence might have been turned off, gave the thing another twirl and at the same time gave myself a second soaking which I liked as much as the first. I shall try the thing a third time about 9:55 tonight. There will be but one difference in that effort and that will stem from the fact that I shall get no clothes dampened for I shall journey to Ghana in my birthday suit without the slightest likelihood of a mosquito taking a nibble anywhere on all the exposed flesh for airplanes around 6 o'clock this evening sprayed everything in sight and undoubtedly knocked out every mosquito in miles. I don't know if I have remarked upon it before or not, to wit, that although all insects seem to have been pretty well exterminated by the cotton spraying, the bees making the pillar of honey that forms the base of the sundial in back of Yucca don't seem to have been effected by the "silent spring" application, and, wonderful to relate, the humming birds which one time were upset by the cotton spraying don't seem to even blink an eye at the stuff this year but go right on feeding out the honey in the great explosions of butterfly lilies.

I tried to get James on the phone last night to get an address of a Covington lady but couldn't get a response. This morning the clerk asked me if I saw James last night. I said I did not. He said his car was at the artist's at 8 o'clock last night when the clerk who had to take a no vote remained 2 hours later than usual at the store to see about voting boxes, went home. The clerk could have been

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mistaken, of course. Of one thing I am certain, I am glad I was not on the receiving line last night or any night for I could those hours of the day most precious when I can close my door at sundown and commune with the true world and not post daylight callers when shades of night begin falling.

This afternoon I was surprised to see some people on my porch gallery of whom I had not thought in a long time,-- a sister of Alton Johnson, some other lady, a husband and three little colored children all about 4 year of age which they couldn't all have been unless they were triplets and I didn't ask. Alton lives in California, his sister said, and is married. I think today's callers live in Detroit or some such place. They were operating a camera and used flash bulbs and plug-in equipment when the bulbs failed. For some reason, they wanted a likeness of Lestan and I thought he had no objection, of course, although as a think of beauty, and the film will not be able to present much, I fear, for my beard was bushy, my raiment baggy and my body sweaty which is all one might expect in these "dog days" of deep summer.

I heard the President at his press conference in the White House this morning, --10:30 local time. I don't seem to know anything about the new Associate Justice of the Supreme Court whose appointment was made at that time, --one Porter. J. H. Porter had mentioned when Justice Goldberg stepped down that Porter would get the appointment and I forgot to ask him for a thumbnail sketch of that gentleman. I reckon there will be some particulars on the radio almost anytime now as soon as the time account of plans for stepping up scuffling in southeastern Asia gives the mat works a breather.

On the home front, news comes to hand that J. H. Porter has left the Bankers Special and is flying to Shreveport, arriving there tomorrow morning. His sister will drive him down here which means a prolonged weekend and fills me with wonder about the Sunday afternoon reception at the Kate Chopin house.

On the newspaper front, Mrs. Chopin called to ask me to say the tony about the sugar cauldrons as garden pieces which appears in tonight's Shreveport Journal, --four pictures of Melrose garden pieces which, according to my informant, makes a very pretty layout and at the same time, according to my impression, pleases Mrs. Chopin exceedingly.

A couple of letters to write and then an attack on a slab of yellow watermelon awaiting me on the far side of the rice box door.

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Thursday, July 29th, 1965.

Memorandum: A letter from Lyme made a perfect arrival, indicating as it did that memo, dated the 28th and dated at the time of the night. And so the memo of the 28th went forward on the 29th and the circuit will remain inoperative until a signal is received indicating a resumption of two way communication is in order once more after the impending interlude.

I am so glad to have a thumbnail sketch of various manifestations of life as they come into focus on the Lyme front. Perhaps I interpreted these word pictures that wasn't to be read as I did read them. Somehow, however, the thought came to mind that, in their own way, they reflected one aspect of a new routine that called for an outside pattern, as mentioned before, that would provide extra-domestic claims on one's time that would provide ample reason for putting one's self outside now and then, providing moments of outside relaxation and an opportunity to commune with the forces beyond the threshold. In all good time one will be able to work out such details and smooth sailing will eventually come 'round.

News of Auntie means so much to those who cherish her. It was so very generous of little Miss Lee to provide direct quotations from the patient for direct quotations convey so much help in providing one with a clearer notion as to circumstances obtaining at the moment. First off, of course, is the gratitude one feels in realizing she has come through her recent ordeal and that that part of her problem has been disposed of from a physical standpoint. Perhaps it was less strength than will power that enabled her to write in detail regarding her present situation. Be that as it may, she probably was the better for having shared with one to whom she feels so close the prospects of the immediate future, where she may recuperate and so on. It is natural, of course, that one should wonder about the son and how he fits into the picture of recent trying times and the immediate present and the foreseeable future. Because Auntie doesn't fit into the usual, the prosaic pattern of existence, she probably will always find herself solving her problems all by herself, looking to others primarily for consolation and confirmation of decisions she herself has made by herself. She is one of those rare souls who is possessed of greater strength of mind than of body. One is filled with admiration for her.

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such a spirit and regrets only the seeming impossibility of doing more to help establish a firmer physical foundation. I shall await with eagerness the subsequent news regarding her progress as it comes to hand in the weeks ahead. My impulse is to write her from time to time but it occurs to me that it might be better all around if I wait until a little later when I am sure where she will be receiving mail and letters of Leston may be free from the possibility to unsympathetic persons coming into contact with them during the later summer and early autumn when there may be considerable circulation around and about which ever point Auntie selects for her concentration on a return to good health.

Carmen provided today's laugh. She called me this morning regarding the illustrated article in The Shreveport Journal about sugar caudrons, under the by-line of Mrs. Chopin. Carmen said the pictures were very good but that she didn't think much of the article. Leston, having written the same, got quite a kick out of that statement. Poor Carmen can't forgive Mrs. Chopin for not having how-towed to Leston's Charles and accordingly rips into everything appearing in the paper under Mrs. Chopin's name, somehow never sensing that the text could be by anyone other than Mrs. Chopin herself. I shall get a copy of this publication and attach it with other printed material, to be sent along for little Miss Lee's delectation at an appropriate date in the future.

J. H. flew in from Portland, Oregon, this morning, after having left Portland at 10 o'clock last night. This is the first time I ever heard J. H. say he was tired.

The Shreveport mother and daughter are here, too, and will remain until after the coming week has begun. In spite of my former requests not to bring the boxer over here, the boxer was brought to this side of the fence regardless. Just after supper I heard the unmistakable cry of the peacock and rushing toward the big house finally caught up with the dog, jumping about with several peacock feathers sticking to his jaws. I never could find the peacock and don't know if it escaped or was killed. If it escaped, it probably flew off across the river and back toward the Red River woods and may return later, if and when the excitement dies down.

From something said by the daughter, I believe plans are afoot to attend the opening of the Kate Chopin Library, Sunday. That will present some

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Friday, July 30th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot.

I am happy to report the presence late this afternoon of the peacock, considerably battle scarred and be-ruft of appetite. And so all that can be charged off against the boxer for yesterday's efforts is the tenth and final little guinea and one crippled grown guinea. Weekend visits from one quarter surely do make in-roads on the feathered friends.

I called the Knipmeyer's at 7:30 this morning, about a address but had to break off the call when there came a great knocking at the door. It was Doosie-Baby who wanted to use the 'phone. I learned at supper that she had gone to south Louisiana this afternoon. It was noticed at that time that she had left her suitcase behind. As both she and her mama have their cars here, they are quite foot-loose and independent of each other in matter pertaining to travel.

At supper Sister asked me if I wanted to go with her and Mrs. Wagner of Hatchitoches to the Cloutierville reception on Sunday afternoon. I told her I was going with Celeste.

Sister called Blythe Rand this morning, asking her to come up on the morrow to spend the day. Blythe said she was awaiting word from her grandsons who are in New Orleans at the moment and will 'phone Melrose tomorrow morning.

I should like to write three columns on Saturday but something tells me I'll be lucky if I get one done.

The post brought replacements of the photographs sent Natalie earlier in the week. Some youth who has something to do with the college wanted to do a favor for Natalie and so he took the pictures of the photos I had sent on Monday so that we shall have glossy films of the artist. I should have liked the Advocate fail to return the ones sent to illustrate the article. I should have liked to see how the shots of the Hunter pictures, also being used in the article turned out. Since the value

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1965, July 20th, 1965

of the primitives for the most part are in their coloring,
it will be revealing to see what pictures of her own
Natalie selected for reproduction in black and white.

There was a card from Vienna from the Walkers. The
cancellation is such that no dates can be made out but since
the travelers have "done" Italy, Spain and Portugal and France
since the card was posted in Vienna, it would
appear its progress from position to delivery
has been, shall we say, leisurely.

Clara Genung called today. She had received a card
from the Bordeaux area. She reminded me the Walkers sailed
from Le Havre today. As they will probably spend
a week or so in New York and another in Chicago, it
will probably be passed the middle of
August before they reach home. Clara's birthday is
on the 17th and perhaps the travelers will try to make it
by a date which, if memory serves, is also the day
of the Walker boy, too.

Clara said Mrs. Chopin had dropped in to see her
this morning and report a news story she had
gathered up last night sometime after 10 o'clock. It seems
some lady, Clara didn't know her identity, had called Mrs. Chopin
sometime between 10 and 11 to report that some magical
plant she had been cultivating for the past seven years,
was just beginning to unfold its loveliness. Clara
didn't know the name of the plant although it may have been
a Night Blooming Cereus. Be that as it may, Mrs. Chopin, armed
with color film, drove to the lady's house
and got some fine shots of the plant and
its mistress. The flowers were unfolding
rapidly so that their progress could be noted and the progression
of the photographs recognized by the increasing spread
of the petals in each successive photo. Shades of Ufa. It seems
to me I can still see those old films of unfolding flowers
dominating the center of the pictures and a
substantial alarm clock down in one corner indicating the passage
of time which the filming made the
hands of the clock fly around like mad.

A substantial package of pickles and
okra now things, all preserved, came by today's
post. Oddly enough I had to go through the same washing off
of the pickles in one jar, smashed in transit, just as
Spinks had described as having been her chore when
one of her jars smashed at home. The pickles are
wonderful and I shall naturally not report the
misadventure to her.....

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Memorandum: Sunday, August 1st, 1965.
Hot but slightly tempered by clouds without
any rain in them. On Saturday Sister came by Yucca to say she was calling
Blythe Rand to come up to spend the day. Blythe Rand never
came to spend the day but later Sister returned to
Blythe would call me during the morning to let me know when
she would arrive. Of course she didn't call and nobody
has heard a peep out of her since and I haven't a doubt that
the statement from Sister that she was coming was made up of whole
cloth. But Dootsie Baby appeared at noon which should
have surprised nobody. Sister said Friday afternoon that
Dootsie Baby had gone to Jennings to attend a wedding
in Jennings on Saturday. Jennings is down somewhere
in south Louisiana. Dootsie Baby wasn't happy and accordingly
was inclined toward being grumpy. I didn't ask what had
happened to the wedding and all that but the grapevine
reported that Dootsie Baby hadn't intended going to any wedding
in Jennings but had merely decided to run over
to her teaching stand of last semester where she
was courting a youth who doesn't warm to her shins. I
had pilgrims Saturday afternoon and no end of
mother and daughter interruptions. This morning Dootsie Baby pulled
out for Shreveport, having had enough of boredom in the country.
At dinner this noon, J. H. remarked that the trouble with those two is
that they have nothing to do and accordingly were
miserable most of the time. At 2:15 I passed by the
house where I said Howdy to Mesdames Wagner, Les Haupt and a few others.
I. S. Willard had been mentioned as a person who was coming here but
I did not see her and as I left 10 minutes later, never did
lay eyes on her

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As for the Museum, everything was just fine. A wealth of historic souvenirs were displayed without any clutter. Hostess in costumes were everywhere and charming and the people I saw were imbued with the spirit of the occasion. I got an opportunity to chat a bit with John and Thelma Kyse Peyton and Mildred Cunningham Cousin Arthur and wife, Mrs. Chopin and so and most of the hostess of whom I seemed to know many. I also chatted politely with Charles and Ruth Cunningham, some radio people and so on. There may be pictures of Celeste, Leston, etc., which may appear subsequently and later I shall send along today's the magazine section of the Shreveport Times showing the exterior and interior of the house to advantage.

I. S. Willard just called. She seemed to be bubbling over with news. She is retiring on the first of September and plans to concentrate on books and illustrations she has long awaited working on. It took us about 20 minutes to determine if she was planning to assist at Ghana this year.

I. S. W. had news of David Snell and his mama, Ada Jack Carver Sue which whom, --Ada Jack, I. S. W. made the jaunt to Paris in April. All during the trip, even before, and ever since Ada Jack hasn't been very well. She is still in New York at Abbey Hotel in 52nd Street. At long last, her doctor has found out what has been giving Ada Jack trouble. Lyle who loved to kid Ada Jack, would have loved this. What the physician discovered that it was her girdle that was causing all her difficulties. It was made from some coal tar material for which Ada Jack has an allergy. Apparently the cure is simple enough, simply throw away your girdle and you'll be as fit as a fiddle and so Ada Jack has done just that.

As for David, he and his wife went down to some ranch near Houston and spent part of the time with David's father-in-law who lives in Houston, I believe. In any event, although "they didn't know there was a snake anywhere round there", one bit David and he a complete paralysis for two days and there was grave doubts about his chance for survival but he got better gradually and then somehow wrecked his knee and after his return to New York he will have to undergo an operation.

There was a baptism this morning. Although the Church of St. Mary's-on-the Bayou rises on a mound above Little River so that water is conveniently near, the baptism took place in Cane River about half a mile up the Bayou road where the water is clearer. I think there were 70 or 90 converts. Revival services are going on at St. Mathew's this week and so another baptism is planned for next Sunday.

On the matrimonial front, it is said the marriage of two weeks ago is over and everyone is surprised it lasted such a long time. There should be some details about that by tomorrow.....

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Monday, August 2nd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot in the 90's although it did fall down into the upper 60's during the night but shot right up again shortly after sunrise.

Great was the joy around and about when the weekenders finally and at long last headed north around 10:30 this morning. We are threatened to be honored again next week.

Thelma called me this morning around 7:30. As soon as I heard her voice, I realized she had a heavy cold. I am sorry for her and especially that it had to come just now for her schedule must be mighty tight from now until she and John take off on the 7th for Germany. She said she has to go to Baton Rouge on the morrow with John, something about a delegation protesting the sudden altering of the State Budget the Legislature has cut and recommended that the several educational institutions cut the salaries of their top professors and share the savings from same with the other teachers. As college professors in this State are already underpaid, this decision by the Legislature is going to produce many effects and most of them not for the good. People like John who have devoted much thought and travel in hopes of securing top grade instructors may well be suffering right now from one great big headache for all the better heads of Departments are always being skimmed off the Louisiana lists by offers from other States, especially Texas, where much higher salaries are offered. And a college president in Louisiana, after trying to lure good instructors with a view to raising the educational level in the Pelican State, is confronted by the disappointment of seeing the ranks of their staff dwindle and disolve before the economy assault of the Legislature.

And so Thelma, regardless of her cold, will head out on the morrow to accompany her husband to the Capitol, returning in a rush to wade through the series of receptions and dinners that must be engineered through the balance of the week when the flight toward Frankfurt will begin, following their hurried scooting by automobile to Chicago. It all sounds pretty exhausting, especially as they envision filming Normandy during the ensuing 3 or 4 weeks and be back on the job by the day the new semestre begins.

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Thelma called primarily to run through an article for the Times Picayune having to do with Beaufort. She used material from various sources including something I had written in a Cane River Memo. She also read me an extended letter to Warren Ogden and included among her illustrations a likeness of Warren and me while chatting in the gourd garden although what that had to do with Beaufort wasn't clear to me. I told her I doubted if Warren was on the job at Dixie-Roto but she said she was going to send it to him regardless.

There was mail from Paris from the Walkers today, a letter each for Mesdames Genung and Chopin and a post card for me. I haven't read mine yet but the ladies both called and read me theirs which were written from the restaurant half way up the Eiffel tower. Both were brief. There was a sentence in the one to Mrs. Chopin that arrested my attention:

"Paris seems to be a beautiful city and although we haven't seen a thousandth part I shall not be sorry if I don't ever visit it again."

The letter went on to voice a preference for London, Vienna and Rome. Vienna and Rome having a greater appeal is readily understood but London came as a surprise.

I talked with Clara Genung this afternoon and, as so frequently happens, I found myself amused by her ability to mix up proper names and apparently never sensing her errors. The other day, for instance, when I asked her how one spelled the name of the newly appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court which over the radio sounded like Porter to me, she said I was quite wrong and that it was spelled Goldstein, a name she had obviously confused with that of the out-going Justice just appointed Ambassador to the United Nations. Today she mentioned the name of a Hatchitoches business man, Mr. Furbough, father of some school friend of the Walker boy but Furbough was not the name given for la Genung blindly and without any thought of humor declared:

"Oh, you know that man about whom Mrs. Chopin is writing an article.....let me see..... I know his name.....oh! yes..... Mr. St."

Well, so much for foreign travel and local pronunciations. A fine salad in the Franciscan bowl awaits me when I have done a couple of notes and hence to dreamland.....

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Tuesday, August 3rd, 1965.
Memorandum:
Hot.

Because it is so dry and because the thermometer continues wandering around in the 90's daily, vegetation is showing effects of existing conditions. It was still in the mid 80's at 10:30 last night but it cools off to around 70 before morning which may not help the plants much but certainly gives a dab of vigor to human beings. I have never read anything about the cool spell that always seems to develop in August but must consult some authority about the matter. It never seems to lower the daytime temperature appreciably but the introduction of lower temperatures at night makes it possible to grab respite over the couple of ensuing months while summer heat remains throughout the day but refreshing moderation sets in during the night. I am curious to learn if the same thing occurs in winter regarding the moderation of deep winter cold. Perhaps there is a moderating warm spell in January that plays a counterpart to the August pattern.

Instead of a few thousand gourds, there will be only a few dozen this year, thanks to the drought. The ones that are making their bow, however, appear to be unusually pretty and for some reason, only the more interesting types seem to be making it. The one for which I rigged up the support along the yucca gallery continues to expand at a great rate and I shall be curious to see how it will look when it has attained its full girth.

One thing about so many gourds impressing me over the years is the way they so often appear on the vines at just the right place where they display their fine shapes to exceptional advantage. I noticed one today, for example, at just the proper vantage point on a mandarin bush right by the side gate between Yucca and the African Ho. se. If a decorator had spent hours finding just the right spot where it would show off to greatest advantage, he couldn't have hit any other place that would have served so well. I noticed another just at the end of the bamboo fence in front of Ghana. The vine, starting from about the middle of the fence, had climbed over to the end and then turned back, retracing its course of 15 or 20 feet, but not before hanging out the prettiest gourd imaginable at the point where it turned back. I have been waiting for so long to catch sight of it.

I see fewer of those big old bumble bees staggering around at dawn among the vines, their wings all laden with

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adew and pollen. Possibly the spraying of the cotton is having a killing effect on these burom fellows although the smaller sized honey bees seem to be plentiful enough at the latter are not such efficient agents in the pollenizing process, I imagine, and so I am doing a little hand pollenizing with some especially interesting gourd specimens and it will be fun to see what if anything results.

Doreatha took the major part of the day off to journey to Alexandria to attend a cattle auction to buy some pigs for her two boys in Houston who sent her some money to invest in some young pork and to raise it for them. I should think one might be able to find such merchandise readily enough around this neighborhood but then, of course, that would not provide the outing that a trip to the auction barn affords. She found four likely ones which she will raise and when November or December rolls round, her two sons will slide over from Houston, help with the butchering and then take back with them something for their deep freeze.

The grapevine speaks of the further deterioration of the matrimonial plunge of a couple of weeks back. The thing lasted just two weeks, it is said. Day before yesterday, the newly weds decided it would be nice to rest during the full heat of the Sabbath and made motions as though to take a nap. As soon as the groom passed off into sleep, however, the bride arose and putting on her best bib and tucker, sallied forth to the honkey-tonk and an excursion along the highways and byways with one of the Alexandria musicians, employed to make music and not court brides over the weekend. The groom on au manifested displeasure. According to report, he contacted the bride and her musically inclined companion and instructed the former to round up her belongings and depart from their honeymoon quarters. The bride seemed surprised and announced she would take to the bottle and walk the roads. The bottle is understandable enough but in view of the present heat, walking the roads in big day seems a poor choice of endeavor. What the next chapter may be is anybody's guess and I shall make notations regarding same as events transpire.

The fragrance of butterfly lily perfume drifting in through the open door is heady. I must knock off a little mail and then flatten out and inhale the sweetness as the sandman makes his rounds.....

13753

13753

Wednesday, August 4th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot. Clara Genung called me at 9 this morning to say the Walkers had just called her from New York. The S.S. France was scheduled to dock on the 4th and obviously was right on schedule. They reported a fine crossing and were planning to spend some busy days in New York attending to manuscript and syndicate matters. They hoped to get this work wrapped up by Monday, the 9th, when they plan to go on to Chicago to remain until the 15th, arriving in Hatchitoches on the 16th.

The important thing of the day, however, was the mail from little Miss Lee, enclosing the clipping about the doings of Mr. Malraux. I can readily imagine how things must be whirling around Lyme right now as preparations are made for departure. I hold the thought there may be a moment to catch one's breath before the final take-off. There will be so much activity when one really gets going on the far side of the Atlantic.

I was impressed by the delineation of impressions in the comparison of the likeness of L. A. J. and Leston and the expression of little Miss preferences. It seems odd indeed that in spite of all the pictures seen of both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, I have a somewhat blurred concept of their appearance and somehow I find it especially difficult to synchronize the photographs of the bust of President Kennedy with the full length portraits coming my way.

That you should not have discovered any late Chopin items in your quest through the book marts is bound to have been disappointing. I hold the thought there were compensating treasures sighted along the way. I assume the books by this author never went into more than a few editions and none of those very large in numbers per issue. As the museum seems to have about what is desired in that field, it might be as well to check off the items from Desiderata for the moment. I think there may be other items by another set of authors that may eventually capture one's enthusiasm in the field of Old and Rare.

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It goes without saying I am enchanted to learn all that the Times had to report about the restoration of furniture to the chateau of Versailles. Now, naturally enough, I am tremendously curious to know which rooms are being re-furnished. The fact that the B. Hutton gift to the state bedroom of Quatorze is mighty heartening. As I recall, that particular room long had some furniture, probably original, in it, --bed, chairs, chests of draws and so on. Mention of the apartment of the dauphin is interesting for, if memory serves, the apartment was seldom if ever open to the public during the past half century or so. I believe it was situated on the ground floor below the Queen apartments. You may recall the State apartments were on the floor above the ground floor, --called the first floor in Europe generally but second floor in the United States. If one faced the chateau from the garden side, the grande gallerie des glaces stretched across the front of the chateau on this upper floor and to the left, the apartments running back toward the chateau proper and chapelie, were the kings' apartments, --facing North. To the right, still facing the gallerie, to the South, balancing the Kings' apartments were the Queen's, and it was below them that the dauphin had his apartments. It is this section on the ground floor that was seldom open, if ever, and this must be some of the ones being re-furnished to as now housing the original chateau pieces.

It has long been my understanding that about the time of the sale of 1796, as mentioned in the Times article, vast stores of royal furnishings were distributed to various French embassies throughout the world so that many of the pieces must have traveled thither and yon. Then, too, in the aftermath of the convulsions of the Revolution and the Empire, I have no doubt many private collectors who had purchased pieces may have either sold them or otherwise transferred them to museums around the world or that such pieces eventually found their way to museums. I don't know how it got there but there is a big cabinet or jewel case about the size of a large buffet, at present located in the Metropolitan Museum and bearing the initial M.A. and said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette and housed at the chateau of St. Cloud. I assume there may be other such treasures to be found if one started looking and as for the St. Cloud cabinet, it probably was a Versailles piece originally since Marie Antoinette bought St. Cloud just before the outbreak of the Revolution and probably didn't purchase much new furniture for it. will be so much fun putting on one's thinking cap and seeing what one may discover as to the present locations of such furniture.....

13755

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Thursday, August 5th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot. About 4:30 some clouds appeared and one could feel little particles of moisture in the air but so insignificant as to make no impression on pilgrims whom I was accompanying through the Ghana garden. Then the sun came out again and our hopes for moisture quickly vanished.

The hot weather continues to ruffle the placid surface of human relations, exemplified by a sour note between Mesdames Genung and Chopin. From Paris a week ago came a request from Mrs. Walker that Johnny Macker, lawyer of dubious reputation and some nominal up in the sale of the Anterprise, the Paris note asking Mrs. Genung to request Macker to secure a hotel due bill on a Chicago hotel which the Walkers plan to use while there during this coming week. Macker was out of town but somehow a due bill was secured through the office of Charles Cunningham, of Chicago.

This afternoon about 4:30, while I was busy with pilgrims, Mrs. Genung called, asking me to call her back, should I chance to be busy. I told her I would call her back. At 4:45 my phone rang again. It was Mrs. Chopin, asking me to call her back, should I chance to be busy. I said I would call her back.

It seems that in the morning, Mrs. Chopin had taken Mrs. Genung shopping. About 4:15, according to custom during the Walker absence from Louisiana, Mrs. Chopin had dropped in to see if things were going along nicely at Mrs. Genung's. It seems the girls started talking about the return of the Walkers a week hence and the matter of the Chicago hotel due bill came up. Mrs. Chopin opined that she couldn't imagine the Walkers, after all the rumpus with Charles, going to so much trouble to get a due bill and then receive it through the good offices of Charles. She added that as for herself, she felt if she could afford to spend a summer traveling in Europe, she could afford a few nights in a Chicago hotel without having to lean on Charles. These gratuitous observations brought a sharp retort from Mrs. Genung then, as was in the fire and Mrs. Chopin departed. Mrs. Genung immediately called me and on reaching home, Mrs. Chopin did likewise.

I gave both girls a couple of hours to cool off a little before calling either of them.

Mrs. Chopin and her son leave for New Orleans for a week with their family, departing Saturday. I think absence may be helpful for each girl, the one away from the other.

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My neighbor across the fence was altogether
enchanted with her sweet letter from Lyme, and
arriving as it did at just the right time to
extend Bon Voyage greetings to the wife and husband as they
prepared to put the finishing touches on their
preparations for Los Angeles, Honolulu, Tokio and points west. Not
only did she find the message so much to her liking but
she also remarked upon the fineness or rather fineness of the
script, spelled out on the new instrument which
machine the husband interpreted as being of European
manufacture. Named after the Greek god, it is a new one
to me and one of these days I must ask for additional particulars
little Miss Lee regarding this point of origin.

Revivals continue at St. Mathews and it is said half a
dozen new converts are scheduled for next Sunday's
baptism. There is some casting about as to the most likely
place for this ceremony to be held. Ordinarily there are
plenty of places near St. Mathews for such immersions but
the present drought plus the draining off of so much
river water for irrigating the fields has dropped the
water level very low. It was near St. Mathews that the two
brothers and their several children were drowned a number of years
back at the family reunion and the water is still deep there but
a gentle shelf below the water line, ideal for baptism
is now high and dry, beyond which an almost verticle
drop descends to the remaining water. Use of this place would
be almost like jumping into a well to get
baptised and accordingly presents difficulties for its use. I
have no doubt they will find other places suitable somewhere
further along the stream.

Frog Williams who was so carried away by the revival
a couple of years ago, only to fall back into the depths of sin a
few weeks later, is now beginning to voice intentions
for a renewed baptism. Frog got carved up in the stomach
area last Saturday night at the honkey-tonk. After some sewing on
him at an Alexandria hospital, he now finds himself back home
recovering and he declares he will "come through" again
on Sunday and be baptised over again if he feels sprightly enough
to hit the water.

A slab of pound cake and a hunk of peach ice cream are callin'
me from the direction of the icebox and I must up and at 'em.....

13757

13757

Friday, August 6th, 1965

Steady. Marvelous to relate, we had four tenths
of an inch of drizzle. It wasn't much after all the
drought but it was so unexpected that it appeared
wonderful and, we hope, it presented a promise of more
of the same stuff.

It was wonderful to find two letters from Lyme
in today's post, -- the 3rd and 4th, together with the clippings
and the fall of which fascinated me, especially the one about the animal
clock. It is so very pleasant, the pen picture of
little Miss Lee in a sequestered spot in the quiet of the
country, out of doors, establishing the communion of correspondence
in the direction to which it was tuned. Obviously the
time table calculated in anticipation of the
final pre-holiday correspondence reaching its
ultimate destination prior to departure went awry but since
you will be awaiting the resumption of communications a couple of
months hence, it is nice to know that after its prolonged somno-
lence, during the summer and early autumn, it will be waiting resumptio-
nally for the return of la voyageuse.

In the same post came a letter from some Mrs.
Murphy of Franklin Park, Illinois. I couldn't place the person
of the place but on reading the letter I learned the writer to be a sister of Ed Mills and the message
conveyed the news that Ed Mills had died in July. His sister
chanced upon a plastic Canoe River Memorandum which she felt I
had written and accordingly she felt moved to communicate
with me which I greatly appreciate and shall write and tell
her as much.

Ed Mills and I had carried on a very pleasant correspondence
over the years. Once we had established an appointment,
equally convenient to him and me. He had a nephew at
Alexandria in the Armed Forces and we planned that
Ed Mills would journey up from Freeport, Texas, to
pick up the nephew and come up here for a little visit. Something
went wrong with the Armed Forces and the visit was never consumma-
ted. Perhaps a year or two later one busy, rainy winter's afternoon,

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Celeste, who had that same afternoon, had already sent me another batch or two of people from Shreveport, called me to say some man and his wife from Shreveport were at her house looking for me with a view to a tour. I picked them up, gave them a tour and never realized it was Ed Mills until late in the proceedings. I never dreamed his identity and still can't imagine how he suddenly appeared without having advised me in advance, especially as he was so circumspect about an appointment planned a couple of years before. I think he was an excellent craftsman with an overtone of the artist in his makeup and the world will be the poorer for his passing.

So soon had I finished the Murphy letter than Clara Genung phoned to read me a letter from her daughter, addressed to me in care of La Genung, which seemed and still seems a little odd. It was pen on the S.S. rance and covered the Walker Paris visit. The impressions mentioned were interesting enough, the cold weather obtaining in Paris at the end of July, visits to Notre Dame, restaurants at the Royal Monceau Hotel, Eiffel tower and so on. There was a deep about Versailles, the name not even mentioned in spite of my recommendation of it to Mrs. Walker's attention because of her interest in flowers. Some of the letter included me as La Genung sometimes loses control of her telephone and gets what she reads closer to her face than the phone, but, nevertheless, I think I lost only a few phrases. I conclude after some thought on the matter that probably the letter, addressed to me, -- it made no reference to receipt of any letter either in Vienna or Paris from me, that it was primarily and perhaps exclusively a memorandum in the form of a letter, sent through La Genung to hold up the other letters, to serve simply as a manuscript eventually in writing some articles on her impressions of European travel. As a memo. for one's self and for incorporation as a chapter in a series of articles for the nondescript it is undoubtedly a good one. As a personal letter, however, it contains none of the easy-going expressions of friendly chitchat and so far as my concern with it goes, may remain right where it is to be drawn upon the La Walker may find occasion to make use of it.

Mr. Hyde of the Louisiana Motel called me this afternoon to ask if I would receive three New Orleans ladies, one of whom had come here along about 1917 and had been entertained by Miss Cammie. I would although the weather wasn't very pleasant. I was at the gate when the ladies arrived, nice enough ladies but no pilgrims or at least not accustomed to road running. One of them said she couldn't get out of the car because it was sprinkling and she had no parasol. The second said she would like to be driven up to the big house as she was wearing white shoes and the ground seemed damp. There were a couple of other minor obstacles and I finally suggested they all go on their way and try returning in October for Pilgrimage when the weather might be finer. Then one of them said she would venture as far as the big house then and there. The others decided to do so, too, but they simply couldn't think of tiptoeing as far as the African House. That was perfectly alright with me as I had been there before and that was that.....

13759

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Sunday, August 8th, 1965.

Memorandum: The weather was wonderful all weekend. There actually was 4 tenths of an inch of moisture but I fear that didn't make much dent in the drought. It poured all around up and down the road from here to Shreveport, according to J. H.'s telephone call from Dallas on Saturday night but we weren't that fortunate. It remained cloudy today, too, and black clouds swirled around but nothing dropped out of them. We are promised "widely scattered showers" for the morrow.

interruption..... Sister just called from Shreveport. The point of the call was to announce she would be putting in an appearance here on Tuesday.

Clara Genung called about 4 this afternoon. She had just received a phone call from the Walkers who are spending the weekend with friends in Connecticut. Other than the fact that they were having a good time, there didn't seem to be much news although she was asked to tell me that somebody in Chicago, perhaps the Tribune syndicate, was being cooked up for this coming week in Chicago.

According to various reports there was some hubbub at the Shreveport air port on Saturday afternoon when some racial leader, -- Mr. Farmer of CORE, I believe, arrived by plane at the same time the plane bearing the world travelers was scheduled to take up. The air port was blanketed with Marshalls for the protection of Mr. Farmer and all schedules were set back a half hour in order that the CORE representative might have adequate protection. I understand he journeyed to Minden, La., by car immediately after arriving in Shreveport. There was some kind of a rally in Minden which, according to the radio, went off without a ripple.

I talked with James last night, suggesting that if

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Monday, August 9th, 1965.

should find himself down this way on the Sabbath, I should be glad to see him. He said he thought he would not get down, what with the inevitable prospect of pilgrims on this day of rest. He said his past week had been a busy one, what with carpenters putting in new ceilings and what not. He said he had talked with Kay last night and that she seemed to be getting along just fine. According to I. S. Willard with whom I also talked last evening, Kay's "secondary nerve system" is ever so much better and she is in no pain following some try at a new kind of medicine Dr. Worsley had given her just before she left for South Carolina. I explained my ignorance as to a "secondary nerve system" but I. S. W. couldn't enlighten me.

Saturday night was a success at the local honkey-tonk for there was at least one shooting when some Hatchitoches youth fired at Beau D., striking him above the heart. Beau D. continued participating in the revelry for half an hour or so following the shooting until Fat Mat Conday drove him to the Alexandria Charity Hospital where he remained a hour or so this afternoon pawing through photos in search of something that might be suitable for the magazine mentioned recently by La Spinks. I was surprised to discover several I had forgotten although I'm not sure the couple selected will serve her purpose. There was one taken at the Rand camp by the wife of Dr. Simons who Blythe had a flock of blind folks up for the day and there was another snapped by I. S. Willard in the Ghana garden that looked more "gardenish". I thought the time was appropriate for knocking off an article about gardening, too, and so I inserted a carbon in the machine and knocked off one. The original will eventually find its way into a column and if the Arkansas publication wants to use the carbon copy for its publication, that will be alright with me.

Thanks to the unsettled appearance of the sky, there must have been lots of pilgrims today who gave up any ideas about getting into the big road. Happily I never saw any and was delighted with the amount of work one can dig into when things can sail along uninterruptedly. A couple of telephone calls came from discontented people who bemoaned how long Sundays always are but I must say I couldn't subscribe to their cry of Misere. I never got around to tune up the radio all day and so now I'm going to grab me a salad and then see what I can extract from the ether waves. I wonder where and what little Miss Lee is up to.....

13761

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Monday, August 9th, 1965.

Memorandum:
Dazzling sunshine. Steamy. Hot.

It's curious how one little episode can color or dis-color one's day or a goodly portion thereof. I called Clara Genung at 1:45. When she heard my voice she said she had received from Spain some post cards she wanted to read to me and asked me to call back in five minutes.

I called back in five minutes and got a busy signal. As she never talks with anyone but Mrs. Chopin and me and as Mrs. Chopin is in New Orleans, I assumed she was making some call to a store or some such. I called back again and again and got nothing but a busy signal. I remembered the time she got hung up in the ice box and lost a finger as a result and naturally my imagination canvassed a whole gamut of possibilities. After a little while, still getting only a busy signal, I called the repair service at the telephone, asking that the line be checked. The report came back that it was busy. I was beginning to get dizzy although I told myself she had probably failed to return her receiver properly.

Then Messrs McKinsey and Miller phoned. McKinsey is the college librarian, Clyde Miller is the author. They wanted to if I would make a recording on tape for them, something about Miss Cammie. I would if they would come right away.

Before they got here I wrote a note to Clara, asking her to call me and when the two gentlemen left, I asked them to deliver it in town for me. I called Clara just before they left here and found the wire still busy and I called again at 6:30 after I had assumed they had had time to deliver the note. I had asked them to call me in case they were unable to contact anyone at the Genung residence. A little before 7 my phone rang. It was Clara. She said she had the post cards right in front of her, brushing aside the 5 or 6 interval. At 80, one is perhaps permitted such casualness but if one has any feeling, it is likely to be a bit nerve-wracking for the person concerned about the prolonged inability to discover if things are alright. I'm a bit "beaten" too. I'm tired.

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I was glad Messrs McKensy and Miller brought with them a tap recording they had made at Briarwood, Dr. Dormon speaking. I thought it excellent. I was impressed, too, at the difference the sound of some voices reproduce on tape. Carrie, for instance, sounded astonishingly like Mrs. Roosevelt in some passages.

I was impressed when in the Carrie recording, she mentioned something about Miss Cammie's white sun bonnets which Carrie mentioned she herself had never seen Miss Cammie wear. That gave me an excuse to describe Miss Cammie's appearance in her freshly starched sunbonnet the day she and I joined Beth Cloutier and another person or two when we attended the tea at Dr. Hebert Prudhomme's plantation, an episode I probably mentioned in a Memorandum at the time and possibly touched upon subsequently in a CaneRiver Memo.

The marital adventures of Morel Anthony and bride of two or three weeks took a different turn this weekend. I saw Morel on Sunday evening but he made no reference to it. He had put his bride out of the house the week before and the wife spent most of the week, not at her home in Long's garden but rather in riding up and down the big road in a car driven by her former suitor who was angling for her. I guess she threw herself at Morel. Be that as it may, on Friday night her former suitor after one of their rides, tore her clothes off and whipped her soundly. Whether she liked it or not was not stated but it gave her an excuse to call Morel at his home, explain her unhappy situation and demand he come and rescue her and take her home with him which, surprisingly enough Morel did. This flyer into matrimony certainly does not follow usual patterns and it must be admitted, occupies a unique place in the bracket of the unexpected.

As the caption at the end of each episode in the Perils of Pauline used to read: "Next Episode Next Week." I guess the next episode in the Perils of Pauline is: "Next Episode Next Week."

In the Ghana garden before sunup it was deliciously cool and damp this morning, the world seemed so new-washed and equal fair. I gathered a couple of bushels of nice fat tomatoes and a goodly assortment of fresh firm cucumbers and such like, pausing now and then to gaze at the 18 foot high sunflower standing like a sentinel again the rosey sky. In spite of the heavy dew, both black cats "helped" me in plucking the plunder, they leaving me of the selecting to me while they jumped in and out of the baskets and generally got tangled up in my progress.....

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8/10 writing

Wednesday, August 11th, 1965
Memorandum:

Hot.

A card from Miss Kate Perkins announced the death of her long-ailing brother on the 6th.

Sister called from town at 8th this morning, asking me to have the clerk send a car for her as the point of her presence in town was to have her car worked on. Before the clerk could get a car to town, however, she had turned up here. She will use J. H.'s car while hers is being repaired. She remained here for dinner and returned to Shreveport shortly after noon, threatening to honor us with a visit on Friday or Saturday or this week or sometime next week.

As I am never around the big house when family is present, it was only today I learned that the last time mother and daughter were here, there was a great racket that went on because the daughter wanted to go with J. H. and Celeste on their 'round the world' trip. The absence of any sense of being welcomed on that or any other project is surprising but no more so than everything else in that quarter.

I guess it's the August heat that puts so many couples and households into a tizzy these days. I could spin off a dozen examples popping all around. Selecting one at random, we might consider the case of Clyde Claude Emmett Davis, junior, grandson of the artist. He has been cultivating the friendship of Peanut, -- Joe Williams, -- who lives on Little River with his wife and children. It was C.C.E. D. junior who, after learning any of Peanut's plans to go out at night, to crack up his grandmother's car and drive one or another youth back to Little River so the aforesaid youth might call on Peanut's wife C. C. E. D. Jr., parked in grandmother's car, would be near by when the call was completed and pick up the visit and whisk him back home. Of course Peanut finally arrived one night before anybody had expected him and

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while the youth who had been "helping" Peanut's wife escape out the back door of the cabin, Peanut realized C. C. E. D. jur., had two-timed him in learning about his plans and filling in the upid with customers for the wife. In the case where C. C. E. D. jur. was discovered to be the agent in the casual romance, the youth vis the wife was Clyde Anthony. Now Peanut, while he didn't think much of Clyde Anthony for courting his, B Peanut's wife, he didn't resent that half so much as he did the part C. C. E. D. junior, played in the hocus-pokus.

And so Peanut beat up his wife soundly and the next time he encountered C. C. E. D. junior, he had some sort of a scuffle with him. That made C. C. E. D. junior, decide he would like to go to Oakland, California, for a while to stay with his uncle, Frenchie, eldest son of the artist. And so on Friday, C. C. E. D. junior, will leave for the West Coast on a ticket sent by Frenchie, and while he is gone, his wife and three small children are supposed to remain in their present cabin, a house somewhere between the artist's and the honkey-tonk, and thus the house being occupied, it can be held until C. C. E. D. junior makes up his mind about remaining youngdeer or returning home. Now EClyde Claude Emmett Davis, junior isn't worth a damn and will probably find work in California no more to his liking than he does here. How the wife and children will bridge the absence is anybody's guess but one thing there is no doubt about, Clementine Hunter will not put out a red cent on her grandson's wife or the three great grandchildre. Another household currently in confusion is the home of George Harris, a small cabin just about opposite the Church of the Children of Strangers, that is the house is on the East bank of Cane River and the Church on the West Bank. It is on the south side of the highway separating the cotton patch from the Rand camp on the north side of that road leading to the bridge. A ghost is disturbing the Harris household. He seems to be a "little old raggedy man" and only one of the children in the menage, a 10 or 12 year old boy has actually seen him although the ghost is forever taking food and things, including 15 dollars of the house when only the children are there. When he leaves the house, the children say he usually goes down the bank, dives into the water head first and then probably comes up under the river bank which is rather high along there. And so the Harrises insist on having another house assigned to them, --there is probably the real impulse behind all this tomfoolery but the family has so convinced their neighbors about the existence of "The little old raggedy man" that Bookie Moran and Helen Fugabou, his wife and children, are chasing a bout with guns at night, intent on warding off the ghost and everyone in that neighborhood except Doreatha and Ezra keep their electric lights burning 24 hours of the day since ghosts are known to dislike electric lights.

And then there is the Morel Anthony and bride complexities dyetabokhentesssthengwng Bpaxkings cooler weather so things may

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Thursday, August 12th, 1965.

Memorandum: Cloudy. It rained up the road and down the road but not here. It is really extraordinary how close it can come without ever quite reaching here.

Last evening I.S. Willard had asked me to call her at 7:15 this morning as she had hoped to get into the country today. I called her at 7:15 a.m. and to my surprise, she put in an appearance about 8. She was wearing a "chapeau de paille d'Italie sans plume a la vache seduisante" and her figured white frock was very billowy and there was something about the whole get-up that reminded me of Watteau's Marriage en Cythere.

The point of her stopping here, I believe, was to pick up some vegetables denied her through pressure of time on Wednesday evening. Armed with baskets, we descended on Ghana where we found lots of tomatoes and things which I could tell readily enough she wanted although she very kindly suggested I keep some of the plunder. I think she has friends in town with whom she would like to share them and I was enchanted to send her away about 9:30, heavily laden.

A letter from Crockett asked for the address of the man who makes baskets in this area. So far as I know, nobody is making baskets this year in this area. J. H. has been bringing me baskets from the town of Washington, La., when he makes a round to Lafay or where ever down that way and that craftsman seems to be only one engaged in that enterprise anyone knows of around the Pelican State. With J. H. in Hong-kong, I am unable to get any notion as to where the man is located but I think I shall write either directly to the man, addressing him simply as

Mr. Basket Man,
Washington, La.,
or perhaps to the Post Master or Mayor of the town for it is quite probable that the basket man may not bother much with correspondence.

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1965, August 13th, Friday

I talked with James for a few minutes tonight, wonder if the heavy rain in town this afternoon had any ill effects on the roofing going on at 406. He said the carpenters are putting the new roof right on top of the old one, shingles and all, and so I reckon the rain made little difference. I had the same experience the last two or three times I have talked with him. After a couple of minutes the sound of something resembling Chinese firecrackers exploding gets the connection in a dubious condition and one catches at least one virtue in that it impells one to tell everything he knows in about 2 minutes, --not difficult for me, --and after the third minute what either party says, so far as the other person is concerned, is mostly guess work.

or even recalled I saw Dorothy's uncle, Wiley Anthony, who lives below the spillway, the first house beyond the one the artist used to occupy, asked me to come down to see his fine turtles. He had found two behind Montrose on Bayou Derbonne. With the drought obtaining in that quarter, the turtles have a way of submerging themselves, -- of their entire bodies, beneath the surface of the oaking mud where once there had been water. By some magic they adjust their position so that they are completely covered except just the tip of their nose, so small a projection that few if anybody has sufficiently sharp vision to detect projection. People in securing turtles take sounding poles and in what strikes them as likely places, push the pole down into the drying mud and if the pole encounters resistance, it is like to turn out to be the hidden shell of the turtle. Wiley's two which he had brought back with him weight a little over 50 pounds apiece and the shells inclined toward the shape of an ellipse rather than a circle. He demonstrated for me the power these turtle have in their jaws. He handed the cover of a tin can to one of the turtles which snapped at it and cut a hunk of the can cover from the balance of the metal as neatly as a huge steel press might have done. I guess the back of the turtles measured a little over two feet each and were raised rather than smooth the design looking like a series of mountain ranges on a relief map.

I must go and move some water pipes now and thence back to the ice box, a snack and to bed.....

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Friday, August 13th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy all morning, sunny all afternoon and morning and afternoon the humidity registered 100.

At 12 o'clock noon, three airplanes were summoned to spray the cotton fields. The poison will have finished off the weevils at the end of four hours. But today the weevils got a break in that as soon as the air planes had departed around 12:30, one tenth of an inch of rain fell, not enough to make much difference to vegetation but just enough to make life safe for the weevils. The balance of the day was dazzlingly bright and tonight the sky is cloudless.

In looking back over the week's incoming mail, I am impressed by the number of post cards from afar including those from little Miss Lee from afar, Celeste's from the sandwich or Hawaiian Islands and, a little belatedly, one from Pompeii from Mrs. Walker. The mere mention of the place whence came the latter reminds me of the distinctive way in which Miss Cam pronounced the name of that famous Italian or Roman city. In a casual conversation one day and in no intent toward the humour, Miss Cam asked me something about "Pompey-eye". As we had been talking about flowers the moment before, it took me a second to grasp the word she was employing and another second before responding to smother the giggle that welled up because of the unexpectedness and novelty of the pronunciation. She must have discussed and heard discussed Pompei dozens of times with people including the most popular novel of the last century, "The Last Days of Pompei" and how she came by such a pronunciation, I shall always wonder.

My old friend, King Solomon, is on the river for a couple of days before leaving on the morrow for the wars in southeastern Asia. It seems odd that he should already be a grandfather. But that is merely because the calendar has a way of slipping faster than one gets around to calculate and his first born daughter, Emily, is the mother of a fine baby while she and the father of the child still continue going to school, sort of Junior High School, as you know if they have that advanced grade at St. Mathew's. I assume some of Emily's younger sisters take care of the baby when Emily goes to school.

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The artist's grandson, Clyde Claude Emmett Davis, Jr., didn't get off for Oakland, California, today after all. It wasn't because today was Friday, the 13th, but simply because he learned that Mrs. J. C. Moody, wife of my barber, is planning to leave for Los Angeles tomorrow by bus and his Junior already has his bus ticket, sent him from Oakland, he thought he might just as well wait another 24 hours and travel with Frau Moody. What the bus line will think of all this remains to be seen. I doubt if the ticket to Oakland in Northern California, would route one through Los Angeles and one wonders that anyone would be impatient to head out for the City of the Angels right now anyway what with all the rioting going on in that area at the moment but Junior will be able to explain all these things later when he gets back. In the mean time, Junior devoted himself today to doing his best to wear out grandma's fine automobile. He was scooting up and down the road, making a hundred miles an hour flat, and not only tearing up the insides of the vehicle but tearing off one bumper and knocking off one front mud guard and fender, proving in a matter of minutes just what the artist has always maintained: "so trustworthy with a car".

One thing is certain, Junior is probably having more fun today than he is likely to experience, once he is in Oakland working for Frenchy's in the rooming house she operates. I know not in what capacity Junior will be employed but probably not at the desk since Junior, born without a palate, doesn't speak distinctly. That impediment doesn't matter much when he is employed on the plantation as a field hand but will undoubtedly present some difficulties in securing an urban job whether employed in the rooming house or, should he decide he doesn't like that, should he decide to cast about for employment in the greater San Francisco area.

I have had no one to lend me a hand at gardening during the present week until this morning when Bub appeared at the direction of the store. I immediately set him to gathering okra after which he and I combined our efforts to tidy up a lot of things, including the straightening up of the supports that help the butterfly lilies standing upright for the weight of their blossoms is so great they incline to bend toward the good earth, not encouraged to maintain a verticle posture. The gourds, too, especially at the side gate between Yucca and the African House are getting so heavy they are making the Mandina bushes to which they cling, sag, too. I am happy to report that the gourd along the front gallery which was encouraged to develop into a basket, hung beneath it that purpose, has already displaced all the space in the basket and is beginning to overflow this generous receptacle.....

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1965
Saturday, August 14th, 1965.

13769

date below should read 14th

14
Saturday, August 15th, 1965.

The 1833 kitchen, detached from the 1833 Melrose house, burned this afternoon, the fire having apparently started from faulty or more precisely, worn out wiring.

I had been in close proximity to the house at 1:00 when I went to the Unicorn House to see about giving the pheasants and geese some water. Perhaps 20 feet separated the two buildings and everything seemed quite as usual then. By 2:30 the house was engulfed in flames and the heat so intense no one could approach it.

There fortunately was no breeze to carry sparks. Big tank wagons used in spraying pecan trees were brought in immediately and water poured on the roofs of the big house, Dr. Miller's, the African House, the bindery and so on.

The one time detached kitchen was built of mud on the ground floor and wood on the second floor.

During the retreat of Banks Army southward along Cane River, the Army had paused for noon dinner at Melrose in that April or May day of 1864 and had knocked down the gallery connecting the outside kitchen and the big house, using the wood for fire in cooking their dinner. Following the Civil War, after the kitchen had been moved to the big house, the former kitchen was used for a number of years as a blacksmith shop where plantation gear was repaired. In the late 1920's, it was converted into a studio for artists, either painters or writers. The two windows, topped by the great fan light from the Marko plantation, occupied the East wall of the house. At the bottom of these windows which went to the floor, the gracefully curving mahogany railed staircase ascended to the upper floor. The fireplace occupied the West wall.

Two of the most valuable pieces of furniture in the house occupied the south side of the big main room, --a hand turned Jenny Lind bed with pegs in the frame on which the rope springs might be laced. It was a fine piece of furniture. In the northeast corner or rather southeast corner of the room stood a fine armoire of mahogany, about the size and dimensions of any large armoire but the two doors were of single panes of glass.

13770

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The bookshelves were filled with books, including a complete set of the Journal of the Mississippi Historical Society. There were two small draws at the bottom. I often thought what a fine ante bellum china closet it would make, shelves for the china from top down to within a foot from the floor which might have been used for linens for the draws were wide and deep.

There were two Empire sofas and an Empire table, a large chest of dresser draws, the top of this piece being a marble slab perhaps six feet in length and perhaps 2 and a half feet wide.

A gallery ran along the front or south side of the entire building. On the north side of the house, displacing the same amount of space as the front gallery opposite, were two rooms beyond the large main room. To the northwest of this space the bathroom was located. The balance of this north side of the house was another room about three times as long as the bathroom. There was an ante bellum armoire there, a tall chest of draws and I know not how much furniture, most of it, I believe, belonging to Joe Henry.

In the large room that is the main room of the house, were several interesting framed prints on the wall including some Currier and Ives prints and an original oil painting of the interior of the first old convent along Cane River, the work of Alberta Kinsey, who always used this old one-time kitchen at Melrose when painting here.

Ruth Cross and Mrs. Edith Wyatt Moore both lived and wrote in this house and I occupied it a few months in 1938.

The space above the front gallery and above the two back rooms of the house were or was used for storage and the tremendous amount of plunder they housed cannot be estimated.

Aside from its magnificent fan light windows, the other most distinctive feature was the triple cross door with its 18th century lock, the latter bearing the hall mark of a London locksmith. This is the only triple cross door I know in the old south although one occasionally finds one in old New England where, in the 17th century, superstition had it that no witch could enter a portal which opened through a triple cross panel door.

Aug. 15th, 1965.

4 p.m.

13771

1.

List of furnishings
destroyed by fire
August 14th, 1965,
Estate of J. H. Henry,
Melrose, Louisiana.

1 armoire, large, walnut, ante bellum

1 armoire, large, probably mahogany, ante bellum

1 armoire, average, glass, late 19th century

1 chest of draws, marble top, ante bellum

1 chest of draws, plain

1 bookcase, modern, containing about 200 bound volumes, including set of bound copies of Mississippi Historical Society official publication

1 bookcase, modern, containing various newspapers including a complete file for 1 year of The New York Times, including Sunday issues, covering the year 1941 or 1942.

1 revolving square periodical stand.

2 small 2nd Empire sofas, upholstered in leather, with slip covers.

2 metal floor lamps with shades

1 mantle clock, 19th century

2 framed Currier and Ives lithographs, "Life Along the Mississippi" and "Race of steamboats, Hatches and Robert E. Lee".

1 oil painting by Albert Kinsey, "Interior of first Cane River convent.

3 oil paintings by Clementine Hunter.

2 coal oil lamps, metal bases with milk glass china shades

2 coal oil lamps, 19th century, as above, without shades.

2 sets of porcelain wares, bowls and pitchers, 19th century.

2. 13772

- 1 samovar, copper, dated at Toulah and bearing Romanoff coat-of-arms, 19th century.
 - 1 set of fireplace utensils, including metallic accoutrements for cooking and warming food, and also bellows, tongs, etc.
 - 1 metal fuel box from Governor Francis Nicholes home.
 - 2 trunks containing wedding clothes of prominent Cane River residents of the 19th century.
 - 1 sewing machine
 - 3 rocking chairs, cow hide bottoms
 - 3 straight chairs, corn shuck bottoms.
 - 1 combination Morris chair and table.
 - 1 desk, metal legs and wood body, designed for teachers when standing.
 - 1 fire screen, metal
 - 2 beds, iron, complete with mattresses, sheets, pillows, coverlets, 5 hand woven scatter rugs.
 - 3 rugs, approximately 12 feet by 15 feet such as Wilton type
 - 1 floor matting approx. 12 feet by 15 feet.
 - 1 spool bed, the bellum of 1850-Jenny Lind type, hand turned and equipped with wooden pegs for rope mattress, complete with springs and pillows and sheets and coverlet.
 - 1 child's bedante bellum.
- Sundry articles such as 2 or 3 dozen picture frames of various sizes and woods and whatever other articles the 2 closets contained and whatever the chests of draws may have held

13773

13773

Sunday, August 15th, 1965.

Memorandum:

My Saturday's memo is usually compressed into a joint statement with Sunday's but from the foregoing Saturday report, you will note an exception was made which speaks for itself. Last evening, a little after 6, I marched to the store to pick up some food for the morrow and was mildly surprised to see so many men around.

While the clerk was handing me the food, he told me that while he and Pat were over with the others attending to keeping the fire under control, the store had been closed, the back door open but the screen door locked and the front door closed. Somebody had cut the screen door and entered the store and taken four or five hundred dollars both from the cash register, I understood, or perhaps the safe in the office and from the cash draw in the Post Office section. The Post Office, of course, puts the thievery into the lap of Federal authorities and it was some of them, I assumed, whom I saw in the Post Office section when I entered the store. Joe Henry passed this way this morning and he voiced the idea that someone had set fire to the studio in order to draw everyone from the store and then entered that moment when Pat and the clerk were over here. I doubt that this is a correct interpretation of the matter but rather am inclined to believe that someone, seeing the store suddenly empty, made the most of the opportunity to go around the back, slit the screen and enter. If one had been in mind to commit arson, he wouldn't attempt it in the middle of the afternoon when the neighborhood is teeming with people, people who might see him and people ready to hand to put out the fire. Perhaps the Postal investigators will solve the robbery at least. As for the fire, it seems to me it must have been a short circuit although it is true that the whole building was consumed with great rapidity although that may be understandable enough when one considers the prolonged drought we have been having, the age of the building, etc.

I. S. Willard called me last night sometime after the 10 o'clock news. She had heard the report of the fire and robbery over the local station.

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She said the announcer had stressed the point that the building destroyed was not the one occupied by Lestan. Carmen 'phoned, too, and mentioned the same thing. I thought it kind of the station to re-assure friends in this way.

I had half expected Mrs. Chopin to call last night, following her return from New Orleans. It turned out, however, that she did not return until this afternoon, stopping here on her way to Hatchitoches with her son to say Howdy and to bring me a box of hard candy and a soft chocolate eclaire. We had a pleasant fifteen minute chat before she and her son resumed their way home. She had asked if there was any news concerning the Walkers and I told her Clara Genung had reported this morning having talked with her daughter in Kansas City last night and that they would be reaching Hatchitoches tomorrow.

Half an hour after the Chopins left, my 'phone rang and I was slightly taken aback on recognizing the voice of Mrs. Walker, calling from her 1206 Williams Avenue residence. They had arrived a day ahead of time. She said this was merely to say Howdy and to report their arrival. She said there were four or five places in Europe to which she would like to return and that as she had been reading Edith Hamilton's Greek Way on the train down from Kansas City, she thought she would be wanting to include Greece on the next go-round. She asked if I had been advised that yesterday's Enterprise contained a notice stating that that issue was the final one and that hereafter the Hatchitoches Times only would be printed, the Saturday Times taking the place of the Enterprise which of late has appeared on Saturday. I asked if this new move would conform to the contract of sale and she said she didn't know but thought her husband would be interested in finding out. I mentioned Versailles and she said the tour had stopped there in the afternoon from Tours to Paris and they had remained half an hour, I believe she said, and did not get to see either of the Trians and that they did not get out to Versailles during their two or three days in Paris. I shouldn't be surprised if half an hour would be long enough or even too long for most people and perhaps the Walkers were quite satisfied with their glance at the place.

As for myself, I didn't seem to get much work done this weekend but somehow I seemed so busy.....

85561

13775

Monday, August 16th, 1965.

Memorandum: It was a busy day all around, people coming and staying, people coming and going, people, people, people and considerable desk work to boot. Sister and daughter arrived this morning, daughter going on to Leesville by bus right after dinner, Sister remaining here.

Among others coming for a little visit were Mrs. Charles Wood, sr., of Wichita, Kansas, bringing her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Wood, jr., of Jonesboro, La. They tried to make it by 1 o'clock but missed the hour by a half, remaining here, chatting and taking pictures until after 3. I tried to get in a dab of gardening but with the thermometer in the mid 90's, I didn't accomplish much before I was confronted by unannounced visitors, --Randy Jack, just home after a couple of years in Germany and now about to take off for New Haven, Conn., where he will enter Law School in September. With him came a girl who had been going to the American School in Paris. I guess her papa may have been transferred from France to the United States, perhaps Barksdale at Shreveport. With them were a Mr. and Mrs. Hays or some such name, the young lady being a daughter of Bee and Gordon Randolph of Kateland. Mr. and Mrs. Hays live in Crowley, in the rice bowl. Mrs. Hays brought me a loaf of bread, home made by her mother, she said, but when she stated that Bee is at present in California, it wasn't clear to me who had had a finger in the bread making. And then there were insurance people and insurance photographers, etc., and a request for a list of furniture consumed in Saturday's fire. I made the list in duplicate to attach to this memo. I was surprised at the number of things I had not enumerated in the Saturday list I made a couple of days back, such, for example, as the rugs stored in the house, etc., etc.

I know not how many telephone calls I missed but there were lots of them I didn't.

The Chopin-Walker-Genung affair has sagged to a new low. I deeply regret that this should be so for I am inclined to believe all three would find existence the better if

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a semblance of friendly relations were maintained. I think la Genung has annoyed and provoked Mrs. Chopin and the latter has probably done the same to la Genung. The relations between Mrs. Chopin and Mrs. Walker are bound to suffer as a result of this. I think Mrs. Walker needs somebody to look in on Mrs. Genung occasionally and Mrs. Chopin is the only friend Mrs. Genung has had in Natchitoches and now that the Walkers are planning to begin school in Baton Rouge within the month, it will probably be a matter of concern for them that there will be nobody in town who will be ill-used or looking in on Mrs. Genung who turns 80 tomorrow and lives in a house alone. If Mrs. Chopin is going to continue in the newspaper field, she undoubtedly would find it disadvantageous to discover she has put herself off from the Walkers who are so active in that field and acquainted with so many people in that line of endeavor. Both Mrs. Chopin and Mrs. Chopin called me several times to voice their problems, morning, afternoon and night. Among other things Mrs. Chopin reported that was that Mrs. Walker had come to pick up some files left with Mrs. Chopin and the meeting seemed strained. Mrs. Walker reported that her husband's health wasn't promising, --thyroid trouble, --and by the most unexpected phone call tonight from Mrs. Walker tonight around 11. She said we needed to run through a column, --a Museum is born, which she had sent to the column, received on her arrival home, but before doing the column, she wanted to run through a few things in the new Michelin Guide of Paris. We ran through quite a list of places, Arc de Triomphe in detail, Palais de Chaillot, Rodin Museum at Hotel Biron and so on. Eventually we rediscussed the column and it was after midnight before the connection was severed. Nothing was said about Natchitoches or anyone living there. Perhaps the day had been a headache for her even as it had been for me and possibly we were glad to make use of old Michelin as an escape. The hour advanced and I still have some desk work to attend to before calling it a day. May there have been lots of happiness in the far side of the big pond.....

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Tuesday, August 17th, 1965.

Memorandum: Over 100 and remarkably dry. I have been keeping water running on the trees closest to the ashes of the destroyed building. The ground, already dry, was of course further parched by the heat from the conflagration. It is wonderful to see how the earth drinks up the water as it pours from the hose, the ground swallowing the water as it gushes from the hose, and the water disappearing at the same spot, even as water might disappear immediately is run through a fine meshed screen. I have trimmed back many of the branches, seared by the fire. Many sweet olives and crepe myrtles, box and rose bushes were burned beyond any hope of survival but, astonishingly enough some of the more tender things such as Chinese magnolias, althea, etc., seem to still show signs of life and perhaps by dint of some nursing --but I along, may survive. The Walkers had called yesterday to say they would love to have me come to dinner at 1206 Williams for dinner, it being the birthdays of both Clara Genung and her grandson, Kenny, junior, but I declined. They said if it suited my program, they would all drive down here for a little call in the afternoon but I said the merry-go-round wizing about at the moment precluded any hope of an afternoon chitchat and suggested we try it later in the week. Things are quite trying in view of the general dissatisfaction on the part of the Shreveport visitor. The cook is getting lots of Hell and wonders how much longer she can take it. Nobody knows the whereabouts of Dootsie-Baby. She defied her mother's wishes and went to Leesville regardless, using a bus, I believe. It is assumed she remained there over night but if this is so or if today she went back to Shreveport or what, --all is anybody's guess. Mrs. Chopin just called, the hour being after 10 p.m. She said the Walkers called her about 5, inviting her over to have a drink and Mr. Walker drove over and picked her up around 6. She did not remain for birthday dinner as she had already declined that invitation but said the drinks were very nice and that everything was pleasant. I'm glad she made the little round for all of those "girls" are going to need as much moral support as they can get from each other in the days ahead.

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August 18th, 1965

I don't recall if I mentioned in yesterday's memo the error made in Morgan Beatty's news cast last night. He was reporting about some controversy that has been going on for quite a while between two athlete groups. He remarked that "this has been going on for almost two decades, --as a matter of fact, for 37 years". It would be interesting to know if he intended saying almost 4 decades instead of almost 2 or if the person writing the script intended saying almost two score years. Be that as it may, the slip at least gave a little sparkle to the imagination which is somewhat to be said in favor of one sports paragraph.

I was happy to discover today that several of the big Orinoco banana stalks are putting out blossoms. The smaller baby banana plants have been putting forth their pale purple blossoms for several weeks, each pointed straight upward and small but about the size of your little finger forming at the spot where each petal falls off. You will recall that the big Orinoco bananas, on the contrary, let their blossoms hang down, --forming the stalk on which the bananas form where every great red-leather-looking petal detaches itself from the flower, presenting in the end of the flowering season the self same stalk of bananas one used to see in oldtime grocery stores but now probably found more frequently at ports where boats bring them from Guatemala or where ever and turn them over to produce trucks bearing them across the country. With the Orinoco plants having made three false starts this year, --Christmas, mid January and March, only to be knocked out each time by a return of Jack Frost, it was perfectly understandable that the plants would be too late in making a final go of things to beget any blossoms or fruit. But here they come, making their bow in fine fashion and we shall soon discover if there will be any fruit.

The white guinea, after having made two layings of eggs this year only to lose both batches of eggs to an old armadillo, is now making a third attempt. I am holding the thought success may crown her efforts on this time around. The gray guinea hen who lost her ten children during July, doesn't seem to be making any plan about having another go at things but there is still plenty of time before now and November for her to make at least one more effort this season.

One thing I heard from the walkers when speaking of the face-lifting Paris is giving to her public buildings and monuments is that they are not sand-blasting them but rather are using some kind of a soap and "elbow grease". Obviously such material and method ought to be kinder to the stones, I should think.....

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Wednesday, August 18th, 1965

Memorandum: It didn't cool off last night and it didn't take the thermometer long to reach the one hundred mark today.

The radio talks about the drought in the Northeast, -- Pennsylvania, New York, etc., and the Governors of 4 States meeting with President Johnson to see what can be done to moisten things up a bit. If they find how this can be done, I hope the know-how will be passed along to this bend of the river.

At 6:30 breakfast, our housewife visitor was very unhappy and did what she could to make others so. About 9 o'clock, things brightened and she departed for home, not having heard from her daughter whom she assumed to be in Leesville. There appears to be not the slightest influence exerted by the mother on the daughter and from the way things are going, it would seem the daughter will be lucky if she doesn't end up in a ditch one of these days if she continues pursuing Leesville gentlemen who don't seem to be interested in pursuing her at the moment.

The heat being considerable, enervation was the natural consequence of outside activities and so I decided after supper to enjoy a relaxing shower, stretch out on my downy couch to gather in a dab of radio news since I somehow had missed news most of the times the established ones were presented. But just as I got things rigged up and the desired station tuned in, someone called me from the gallery. It was Sylvia Jones, her daughter, Billie, Billie's boyfriend from Hatchitoches and two 12 or 14 year old Jones children.

I pulled on some clothes and gave them a little tour, --really for the benefit of Billie's boyfriend, for, naturally, the younger children were interested only in playing with the boxer, and Billie and her mother are already acquainted with the local set up.

I was glad to return to my shower after I had finally divested myself of pilgrims and raiment, deciding I might fish out something from the ether waves if it was no more than a nap before be-stirring myself to concentrate on some desk work.

But I got no where in that direction for somebody came to

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ask for assistance in reaching somebody on the 'phone and before that had been wrapped up, a call came in from the Walkers, asking if they might drop in about 9:30. The hour seemed strange but I told them to come along regardless since it appears they have a largely loaded agenda before them in anticipation of their departure for Baton Rouge sometime within the next week or two.

I think they may have been anxious to present me with gifts picked up for me during their travels, -- a very nice brown leather necktie from Florence, two tin cans of peppers from Spain and a tube of mustard from France. It looked like a tube of toothpaste and ought to keep in fine shape in such a container.

I thought both wife and husband looked fine and they seemed in jolly frame of mind. Conversation was exclusively about their impressions of Europe. I gather that so far as the lady was concerned, Florence and Toledo were the high points of interest and general delight. I got the impression that the husband's interest in Europe was pretty much on a dead level without any peaks of interest along the way. It was approaching 11 before they departed and what with a couple of telephone calls after that, it was almost midnight when I finally got around to attempting a dab of desk work.

Carmen called me this morning about somebody from the Shreveport Times coming down to do a story about the Pilgrimage. In the course of the conversation she mentioned that she had received a letter from Ola Mae in which request was made for some local historic monument to be sent to some publisher in West Virginia who is doing some stationery for the D. A. R., or some such. That reminded Carmen that she had seen some announcement in a Shreveport paper last week that a Mr. and Mrs. Somebody of Many, Louisiana had just been appointed to look after public relations for Hodges Gardens, the Mrs. Somebody having formerly been with Old Mae's Advertising Mart.

This appears to be in line with something Helen had mentioned recently, -- information which she no doubt had obtained from Carolyn. I recall that she had mentioned to me that the Hodges director general.

And so one views a re-alignment of forces in the Hodges Garden area, the Mr. and Mrs. Somebody, as I recall, being somehow connected with Mr. Byrd who seems to be Mr. Hodges director general. And now that direct my steps toward bed and may rest long since have settled over the couch of little Miss Lee.....

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Thursday, August 19th, 1965.

Memorandum: In town the thermometer stood at 110. It seemed to be in about that position down this way, too. My old friend, Archillius Brown, died in the Hatchitoches hospital today. He was born in 1879, -- eighteen seventy nine and could tell me lots about plantation life in the old days, not only what he himself could remember but also, -- and this is always valuable, what his kinfolk, friends and neighbors had passed along to him about what they remembered from ante-bellum days. As in the case of Miss Cam, so it was with Archillius, the memory of verbal records told by people who had lived in the 1840's provided the ones coming after with a great deal of information, sometimes better set forth than by earlier tellers of tales, since, as in Miss Cam's case, she could remember several sides of events, told to her, for example, by people who had witnessed events from various vantage points, such as her father's account of the Civil War as experienced by a soldier, in contrast to her mother's civilian experiences during the same period. And so it was with Archillius, his ability to recall what some plantations slaves had related to him and at the same time the accounts left fresh in his memory by accounts from slaves living in town, for instance, at the time the army of General Banks occupied Hatchitoches before retreating down this way and thence on to Alexandria, Baton Rouge and so on.

No sooner had Archillius died than his people came to me to inquire various points, many of which they had perhaps never thought about until this late date, as, for example, the name of his wife by whom he had several children and grandchildren who came to ask me if I could lend them a hand in gathering together a bit of information for an obituary.

Nobody seemed surprised to learn that Archillius' wife's name was Randolph, although, since she has been dead for 20 or 30 years, it came as news to her heirs since they had never thought about it apparently. The father of Archillius was William Brown, and that was easy since everybody has become familiar with the name of William Brown, -- not Archillius' father but simply because there appear to be billions of Will Browns in this world.

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The artist came to see me today. It is interesting that she has never been interested in her age and obviously never gives it a thought until required to present some kind of a date of birth, as was the case today when she received some kind of a social security form which the clerk had filled out for her until he reached the place where her age was asked. As she had no idea, she came to see me and I called that office in her behalf. The field worker, a Miss Johnson, was not in and as she has charge of the Hunter file, we would have to wait until Miss Johnson's return on Monday. It certainly is interesting that the artist was never interested in such a matter and once having established it for Old Age purposes, promptly dismissed it from her mind.

On my desk, two lovely magnolias of the grandiflora variety the slowly slowly folding their fragrant ivory globes. It seems late in the summer for them to be here but here they are and I love them. This particular variety has a more lemon perfume than the honeysuckle aroma of kindred strains growing locally. How nice it would be if Leston could but these two blossoms to little Miss Lee to pass along to Auntie who undoubtedly loves them as much as the other two.

On the newspaper front, the confusing swirl continues. It is thought that Charles is probably going to begin slowing up payments of around \$900.00 per month and that, eventually, now that The Enterprise is no longer being published, will attempt cutting down payments to the vanishing point. I assume this will mean a trip to court and a scuffle with the contending lawyers. In the mean time, Mrs. Walker is going to take a heavy course at L. S. U. hoping to get her Master's degree by next June for it seems the possession of a Master's Degree will open up a fine University-Legislative job that pays an excellent salary, an item that may well be important as a consideration all around in the family if a law suit should develop and drag out, for I have no doubt the lawyers would see to it that such a contest would drag unmercifully so long as there was money for which they could contend.

In the mean time, thought has to be given to what lies in store for Clara Genung. I believe the daughter senses that the mother cannot live the life of a recluse much longer and before long some decision must be made as to what the next step will be in that direction. It is doubtful if anyone would live with her and it may be difficult to find any to drop in on her every day, once her daughter and family have moved to Baton Rouge. Verily, the family came home to something of a whirlwind of potential problems that the surroundings just ahead and I shall continue holding that thought.

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Friday, August 20th, 1965.

Memorandum: Hot until 2 when some promising clouds passed this way but their promises never came through with a performance and so tonight we remain as dry as ever.

Today's post brought a message from little Miss Lee, much to my delight. I like to keep abreast with the more hardy souls who do my traveling for me. It is so good to have news of Auntie, too. The loss of weight is attributable, in part, I suppose, to her recent surgery but the figure seems to be so small that one cannot help feeling disturbed about it. Let us hold the thought her present surroundings will be conducive to a desire for food and an immediate physical build-up which in turn may be helpful in correcting other delicate dislocations. Here will be additional reports coming through in all good time and I shall be holding the thought they will all be on the brighter side.

Even as was little Miss Less, so am I enormously impressed by the reproductions of the primitive canvases which verily do put me ever so much in mind of little Miss Hunter. I haven't seen James all week and may not see him for another week or so but I shall have the reproductions readily to hand so we may enjoy seeing them, too.

I did see the artist today but I was busy as a bee when she dropped in and so I withheld the cards until there is a measure of leisure so that she may look at them and I may receive her comments about the work. If she assumes she may have painted them, I shall not be at all surprised. After all, there is such a suggestion of her own work about them in the first place and then, too, there is the fact that at the one man show at Northwestern a few years ago, when many of her earlier canvases appeared, there were several she noticed with interest, pronouncing them as quite good only to discover a few minutes later that they were from her own facile brush. I understood her surprise perfectly for, even as everyone else in this world, I, too, have occasionally failed to recognize my own efforts when a span of time has separated their writing from their subsequent re-reading.

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I asked James if a letter from me to Kay would reach her at the Bluff. He said he had talked with her last night, or, more precisely, there had been an attempt at conversation but the connection between the Bluff and Charleston was so poor that the Charleston operator would take a sentence from one speaker and transmit it to the other which wasn't very satisfactory. He said on the basis of that mode of conversation, he was planning to meet Kay in Shreveport on Monday.

Just as I put the dot on the above sentence, -- the hour is one minute before midnight, the 'phone rang, -- I.S. Willard. She said she had come in from New Orleans and that most of the way had been through torrential rains. She got a flat somewhere along the route but some very nice gentleman from Lafayette stopped and changed her tire for her in the midst of the downpour. During that labor of good Samaritanism, the lightning was intense and that one bolt was so close she could not only feel but see electricity like a sparkler playing around the end of her finger. I hope the fine gentleman from Lafayette did not chance to be holding the metal crowbar or steel wrench usually employed in the business of changing a tire. She went on to say she had just called James to tell him she had received a letter from Kay who said Aunt Willie was having some kind of trouble with one leg and that she was trying to find some to assist Mrs. Crabtree in caring for Aunt Willie. A new overseer for the Bluff is also being sought and that Farley is coming over from North Hollywood to assist in the searching out for such members of the staff. She said she would come home this coming week by air for a week or so and then return to the Bluff to lend Farley a hand.

It all sounds like such a busy summer somehow and what so odd, -- torrents down the road without a drop to be seen here, not to mention sparklers playing around one's finger and Sir Galahads jumping out of a cloud and all.

And now I must drive this steed without sparklers to bed in anticipation of a weekend that will be calmer than last week's.....

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Sunday, August 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum: Partly cloudy, humid and 90-ish. I really thought we would get a shower Saturday afternoon around 5, what with big old black clouds boiling up in the southeast. But they swirled in a semi-circle up Montgomery way on the far side of Red River, cut across Bermuda, on to Hatchito and then southward toward Cypress to the accompaniment of much thunder and lightning and petered out after dropping a little over one tenth of an inch but soaking Bermuda and Hatchitoches.

Some of the Cloutiers were putting on a wedding in town and the clouds opened and drenched everybody on their way to the ceremony. The bride slumped at the altar and had to be revived with smelling salts which, in their turn, set the presiding or officiating priest into swaying motions and the congregation in quite a tizzy. I don't see how this train of events developed but perhaps the smelling salts were dropped when attempts were being made to revive the bride.

The reception at Beaufort which followed turned out rather differently than planned for many of the festivities had been planned for out of doors and the live oak drive lighted with flambeaux but such details had to be changed about and the reception centered inside the house. Some agents reported considerable confusion and hilarity while others merely said things went along as well as could be expected. There was some big rigamarole about the special rolled hair-do of the bride coming undone and spilling about but I didn't pay much attention to the details. With this bend of the river wanting rain so badly, we would gladly have taken it all and left Beaufort to the drought, had any one asked our preference.

At 4:10 this morning our time, J. H. called the clerk from Beirut, Syria, which was probably about noon at that point at the far end of the Mediterranean. He said their trip was running two or three ahead of schedule.

Hazel Rains, -- a welcome name in these dry times, called

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1965, August 23rd, Monday

Saturday night, asking if she and her husband might bring some people down Sunday morning at 9. She might. Hazel is one of Dr. Knipmeyer's main lieutenants at the Health Center, a very nice person and one whom I'm always glad to see. She usually has news from around and about and mentioned in passing that there was much use of the bottle in Pecan Park these days chez le. The v. was very pleasant and I saw nobody else until this afternoon when I heard some children on the front gallery of Yucca. I couldn't establish their identity but accompanied them in the direction of the African House where I met Ann Williams Britton, her husband and a Mr. and Mrs. Wyman of New Orleans. I hadn't seen the Brittons and in I know not how long and it was good to be able to talk about Natalie and all. I took the opportunity to invite Ann to be hostess at the African House during pilgrimage and she said she would do so and, if I didn't mind, would dress one of her daughters in costume and bring her along. After their departure, I discovered Ann had left her glasses and I must look for them and get them off in the mail. Mrs. Chopin called me tonight. She was happy that today's Baton Rouge Advocate had given a full page to the article and photograph she had written about the Kate Chopin house. She said she and the Walkers had gone out for dinner this evening and that as they drove along Front Street, Mrs. Chopin had caught sight of her husband, Mat, down from Little Rock, sitting on a bench on the river bank in front of the hotel. Nobody in the car knew him and she was careful not to mention his presence there. As Mat is a cousin of Cousin Arthur, relative, Cousin Arthur is giving a party for Mat tonight and Cousin Arthur called Mrs. Chopin to say that she and her son would be welcome if they cared to come but Mrs. Chopin thought it better not to attend. Cousin Arthur reports that Mat will be at the hotel until Thursday when he will return to Little Rock where he is living outside the Veterans' hospital for a while prior to a final discharge. There is a question as to his interest in his son, a boy of 15 or 16, whom, if he ever saw him at all, has certainly not laid eyes on him in the past 14 years, and whether it is desirable for relations to be established between father and son at this somewhat uncertain mental stage of his father's progress is something difficult to decide.

Mrs. Walker called this morning. Instead of running through several columns, she read me several pages from the Paris Michelin Guide, --Malmatson, Carnavalet, etc., and

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Monday, August 23rd, 1965.

Memorandum: Hot and humid. Clouds appear in the late afternoon and squeezed out two tenths of an inch of rain. By a leisurely process of fine sprinkles. An excellent example of the authenticity of official documents came to hand today. I may have mentioned a few days ago that the artist came to me to find out her age, in order that the clerk at the store might fill in the blank issued by the Social Security agency. I suggested we obtain the date appearing on her Old Age Pension paper so the date on the Social Security card be identical with the other record. I spoke to the Welfare Office which handles Old Age Pensions while the artist was here but was told the Miss Johnson who has charge of Cane River files would not be in the office until today, --Monday. When Ann Williams Britton appeared here yesterday and spoke of the artist, I told her the latter hoped through me to get the Old Age Pension record of her birth on the morrow. Ann said that as she herself had access to the files in the Welfare Office, she would look up the date on the morrow and phone me. True to her word, she called me this morning and gave me the date. At noon when the clerk and I were dining together, I asked him if he had secured the date of the artist's birth, for Ann, when calling me this morning, had reported the clerk had called a couple of days ago but she did not know if he had secured the information or not. The clerk told me he had indeed secured the date of birth, July 1888.. or, by way of correction for I hit the wrong lick above, July, 1880. December 1888 was the date according to Ann. Now the Old Age Pension record gives December, 18880 while the Social Security gives July 1888 or the other way around and anybody can make anything out of the records they please and there is likely to be a difference of eight years, depending on which paper is selected for use in the future. I believe that either date might do equally well since the first was established mostly by guess and the rest by the same method.

The Walkers departed this morning at 10 for Baton Rouge.

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They have taken an unfurnished apartment on L. S. U.
campus in a section set aside for married
couples and are furnishing it with inexpensive
pieces from a Baton Rouge furniture house. Their
Sunday night was busy in looking after their
big dog on whom the stork paid a series of visits
during the night, presenting the dog with a round
dozen of offspring. Four of the little ones were
females and they were disposed of forthwith while
the remaining eight males will be raised
by the people who are renting the Williams Avenue
home of the Walkers while the Walkers are in
Baton Rouge. I think the Walkers are lucky to find somebody
who will both rent and nurture possessions. Why the
Walkers want to bother with animals under
such circumstances, I cannot imagine.

It's not clear to me why the Walkers are going to Baton Rouge
to get their Masters Degree for while L. S. U. may have
some claims to distinction so far as size goes, Northwestern
gives the same degrees and if they attended Northwestern,
they could do so from their own Williams Avenue home and
not have all the trouble of establishing themselves in the Capital
and finding a suitable school for their son and not be absent from
Clara Genung who obviously ought to have somebody to look in on
her once in a while. But they seem determined to matriculate
yonder and so be it.

Mrs. Chopin called me this afternoon to invite me to
a party she will give for the Walkers on Saturday
night. She said her son would come down and pick me up and
I did not accept the invitation, however, although I did offer to parti-
cipate in whatever way seemed helpful in making preparations
for the festivities. I think it will be a small party, not
more than a dozen couples perhaps.

I believe the plantation began picking cotton
today although I did not hear the gin going. There
were a couple of secretaries in evidence when
cotton picking would normally have been in full swing but
I did not see them. I wish I could contact the secretaries because
pilgrims had contacted me first. I believe there were things
in the mail I should have liked to explore, cards from afar,
a few letters from closer to home, which as Warren Ogden, etc.,
I'll get around to some on the morrow.

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Tuesday, August 24th, 1965.

Memorandum: Partly cloudy and humid at 100 degrees.

Today's mail was a delight, what with news from
little Miss Lee, giving vignettes of places visited
and plans to include the place where Little King was
once stationed.

There was a message from Thelma, posted somewhere
in the Dunkerque area, explaining that her role in
the Normandy vacation seemed to be primarily con-
cerned with keeping up with John's cameras, passport,
etc.

A long letter from Warren Ogden, saying he and Frances
had been chatting with a Mrs. Johnson who had been up this
way recently and that she had mentioned that I had inquired
about the Ogden's. He said nothing about his health
and didn't mention the Times Picayune from which he may or may
not have retired. He did mention lots of
places he and Frances had visited along with some lady on their
last European trip, - Vienna, Lake Como and so on. I ran through
the letter rather hurriedly and must take a second glance at
it to discover if I missed anything.

Mrs. Chopin called. She mentioned having had
a card from Celeste posted somewhere between Calcutta and
New Delhi in which Celeste mentioned that of all the
places visited thus far, she liked Honolulu best. Obviously
the Far East was never made for her but we all realized that
before she went to see for herself.

The Walkers went to Baton Rouge yesterday for a two or
three day visit, asking Ann to have a girl
who works at The Hatchitoches Times clean up their
house during their absence. The Times girl
was supposed to be here for the occasion.

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cleans two or three other offices after business hours and so reported, understandably enough, that she could not take on the Walker ménage, especially as the girl, after her offices are put to rights, has a mother at home who has to be cared for. And so Mrs. Chopin, so Clara Genung reports, got a ke to the Walker's house and cleaned it up for them herself. I gather that could have entailed some arduous work, especially one room in which the dog had had the dozen puppies on Sunday night.

Tonight Archilius Brown is being waked at St. Mary's-on-the-Bayou. This is rather unusual since the majority of wakes are held at the home of the deceased or of a relative or, in rare instances, at the funeral home in Natchitoches. But tonight it is being held at St. Mary's and I reckon there will be a goodly crowd late into the night. I shall try and make a round when I have finished with my desk work.

The plantation folks have been laughing among their friends about an episode that took place on Sunday at the home of la Cheney, the ex-second wife of Archilius. She lives next to the house where the artist formerly lived below the spillway and has quite a reputation for the amount of liquor she can consume. During recent weeks, Joe Henry has been making visits to Archilius and on Sunday Joe dropped by la Cheney's house where several of her relatives were sampling wet groceries. La Cheney got so drunk just before Joe appeared that shortly after he blew in, la Cheney fell out of her chair. Joe, thinking her overcome with grief and that she had fainted, hustled her around and got some water. --cisterns are empty these days of the drought, and bathed her face with water when all la Cheney wanted was another snort of something much stronger.

At the moment Joe is mad at me because, when he asked me how I thought the fire started a week ago Saturday, I said I assumed it was from faulty wiring. He and Sister proclaimed loud and long that it was a case of arson and, although I did not know when he asked me that he had taken that position, I obviously had said the wrong thing and he flew out in a huff, and that is why, I suppose he didn't invite me to go with him to call on tipsy Cheney.

So things rock along and now I must attend to a couple of things and then put on some Sunday clothes in anticipation of making a round at the wake.....

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Wednesday, August 25th, 1965.

Memorandum:

It was Funeral Day around and about and Doreatha didn't miss a one of the three that were held at convenient intervals for those who would attend all three. The first one was held at 10 o'clock at St. Mary's-on-the-Bayou. They had planned to bury Archilius Brown earlier but they found the good earth, long baked by the current drought, so much like cement, making it difficult to dig the grave, that services were set back an hour. A little before noon there was a second funeral at St. Andrews, down Derry way and at 2 o'clock there was the third at St. Paul's up Bermuda way. Doreatha had baked us a chicken for our picnic dinner since she would not be present. She said she got home from the final services in ample time to rest during the full heat of the afternoon before coming on to give supper.

The phone has been busy today and tonight, too, and to little point. About 7 this evening Sister called from Shreveport, asking if J. H. had arrived. I said he had not. She said she thought today was Wednesday and that last Saturday Pat had told her J. H. would be here Tuesday or Wednesday. I told her Pat or the clerk could probably give her precise information as I had none. She asked me if I thought she should come down. I couldn't think of any reason why she should. There was a lot more rigamarole as though I were responsible for the timetable of the world tour and then, happily, she suddenly said she had to go and broke off the connection. It is thought the travelers may return this weekend, perhaps reaching New Orleans Saturday night around 8 but I did not go into that....

A little after 10 o'clock tonight Mrs. Walker called to say they had made it back from Baton Rouge and asking if I was prepared to run through a few columns. I was. We did.

She said the family was returning to Baton Rouge on Friday the boy's school began this week. She said they had a three bedroom apartment that also has a living room, dining room and bath in the students' housing center on the campus. As it is unfurnished, they had been

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casting a bout for furniture, none of which was quite what they wanted but not bad as second choice. Of course nobody can understand why they are going to all this trouble to go to school in Baton Rouge when they could get the same courses at Northwestern and live in their own home

Carmen called tonight to run through a list of 42 civic leaders, half white, half colored, appointed by the Governor for advising communities anywhere in the State whenever racial uncertainties arise. I was glad of the opportunity to learn the make up of the group and found there were several whom I knew or knew about. The Natchitoches member is Ben Johnson, insurance man, mortician, real estate operator, etc., whom J. H. has told me is a million

Mrs. Chopin just called. I don't know when people go to bed and even less when they arise. She reported much activities on the domestic side at the Walkers, pulling out stuff to take to Baton Rouge, all of which was to be accomplished on the morrow, including shopping in town, taking mother to lunch and so on. On Friday Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Chopin spend the day in Shreveport. On Saturday they go to a luncheon at the Country Club and at night Mrs. Chopin gives the party and on Sunday the Walkers depart. It all sounds harum-scarum and it is said Mr. Walker looks as white as a ghost and the wife worries about him, etc., etc. If this column or these columns which we ran through last night turn out to be equally harum-scarum, it will be understandable, what with all the pressures exerting themselves on the proof reader. As for this memo, if it seems more poorly typed than usual, it may be in part due to the encumbrance of a bandage on one finger I cut today which makes galloping up and down on this keyboard a bit clumsy. And now I must go to bed and so call it a day.....

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Sunday, August 29th, 1965.

Memorandum: Sunday, August 29th, 1965.

Fair and warm, mid 90's by day, mid 70's by night. It was a quiet weekend. I must remember this with gratefulness against busy weekends that probably will follow. --Labor Day, Shreveport visitations, Pilgrimage

In town, however, it must have been busy enough, especially for hostesses, for there were many social gatherings, weddings, receptions and so on which others could enjoy by being present and I could enjoy doubly simply by viewing them from afar.

There was some kind of a luncheon at the Country Club, attended by Mesdames Walker and Chopin on Saturday. On the same night Mrs. Chopin entertained at her home for the Walkers. It was in the nature of a Farewell Party although the guest list was restrained, with only 20 or 30 people being bidden. From three directions, word came through it was a success and as it seemed to satisfy both Mrs. Chopin and the Walkers, that is all that matters since they represented or in fact were the hostess guests of honor.

Then there was a breakfast at the Walkers this morning, the packing up of their luggage and their final departure for Baton Rouge around noon.

Before the breakfast, Mrs. Walker 'phoned me to run through a couple of columns and to say Goodbye. She reports Mr. Walker as looking white as a ghost and she plans to get him into a hospital for tests on the morrow at Baton Rouge, figuring there will be two weeks before university classes start and that in that space of time, most of the tests in the hospital should be concluded. Mr. Walker seems to have something wrong in his throat, making it difficult for him to swallow. To this is added some other stomach difficulty seems to make it almost impossible for him to keep down anything he finally succeeds in getting by his throat. Previous tests have indicated the possibility of a thyroid condition. Let us whatever it is may be dealt with with dispatch.

My barber was an early bird this morning, tapping on my door

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at 5:45. Both he and I like to take care of tonsorial matters before the day gets too far advanced. He said his only difficulty this morning was finding his way through the gardens to Yucca, what with an unusually thick fog blanketing the neighborhood.

My grapevine has done a bit of rattling this afternoon. According to these reports the monkey-tonk is doing a brisk business this weekend and the gentlemen have not been too boisterous. It's a pity as much cannot be said for some of the ladies who have been doing a bit of scuffling while the gentlemen relaxed. One very thin lady took a swing with a sharp instrument at a very fat lady and 16 stitches were required on the fat lady's hip to get it back in proper alignment. I hadn't thought much about it before but perhaps a slash on the buttox is as good a place as any for such an operation. In the present instance, however, there is one disadvantage for the fat lady because it is said that she usually does most of her work on her back and if this be true, the 16 stitches in the hip section might tend to make her work the harder when pressed by this or that of her cust.

A post card from J. H., posted in Istanbul, says Jordan was pretty, the Holy Land interesting and dirty. According to him, Celeste and their traveling companion, Love Harkins, want to take more time seeing things. Now I can understand that readily enough for nobody wants to travel at the speed J. H. maintains constantly. I assume I shall be seeing them all along, about Tuesday night or Wednesday and perhaps I shall hear something about things they didn't see or merely caught glimpses of and therefore, if not too soiled, will intrigue their desire to return for a more leisurely go-round.

As Master of the Hound, I continue feeding the dog but the dog, like the rest of the local population, seems to be spending this weekend in the big road. I hope he doesn't end up with slashes in the neighborhood of his buttocks.

A salad is awaiting me in the ice box and a dab of fried chicken and some tender Leaf tea and that I am about to attack before flattening out, turning on the radio and learning what goes on in the world.

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Monday, August 30th, 1965.

Memorandum: I had a little more to say about the fair and warm. And a happy Huey P. Long birthday to you! At the risk of seeming lacking in patriotism, I confess I forgot about this being Huey P. Long's natal day until I got no response to telephone calls to one and another public offices. At first I was puzzled by the failure to get the calls through and then it suddenly dawned on me that for some people, it was a holiday in the Pelican State. But like so many Louisiana responses or failure to respond to holidays, Huey P.'s birthday seems to be accepted or rejected, as the case may be. For example, some Parishes today begin their autumn semester in the grade schools and some, because of the holiday, will begin tomorrow and at best, it seems to be a sort of haphazard, catch-as-catch-can sort of thing and anybody's guess as to which communities or individual enterprises will observe the day and which will not is anybody's guess. The plantation, however, observed the day by starting the harvest of the 1965 cotton crop and every mother's son and daughter, not to mention the parents, were heading out for the cotton patch at 6 o'clock this morning.

A little before 10 this morning, the store I phoned me to say some gentlemen from Mississippi had stopped at the store, anxious to see the African House and that if I had time to see them, my presence might be helpful. I did have time and I soon was chatting with two gentlemen from Jackson, Miss., one from Belzoni, -- what a name, Miss., and a fourth, a gentleman who turned out to be a taxi driver from Natchitoches who had brought them down here. It seems the first three named gentlemen had flown over from Mississippi this morning, set down their plane in town and had driven straight here and planned to return to town and their plane and fly back to Mississippi as

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soon as they had inspected and photographed the African House. I thought then and think now they would have been better advised if they had phoned ahead but that is beside the point.

One of the men is an architect, one a business man and one an engineer. It seems that a bank president, either of Jackson or Belzona had attended a Pilgrimage some time back, had gone away impressed by the appearance of the African House and now that a drive-in bank was being planned for Belzona, it was this official's thought that an African House type of building might be just the thing, --striking as an architectural piece and practical as a drive-in bank, the over-hanging roof guaranteeing customers against sun or rain and the two floors of the building being adequate to take care of sub-station banking business needs. They seemed especially pleased and understandably so since it saved them a lot of work, that the blue prints including all measurements of the building could be obtained from the Library of Congress. And so they did a heap of photographing and note taking and we done with their business about an hour later.

As I had never heard of Belzona, Miss., I asked about its location and learned it is in the northern part of the State, Delta country, perhaps half way between Jackson, in the middle of the State, and Greenville, which is in the northwestern part of the State.

I learned today why the boxer has been ignoring the food I have been dishing out of a can for him. He has decided he likes fresh meat better and this, of course, is no surprise in view of previous efforts on his part to stick to a peacock and guinea diet. I learned today he killed three chickens at a cabin down the road a piece on Sunday morning and two chickens up the road beyond the honkey-tonk on Sunday afternoon.

Surely this activity on his part ought to endear him to the neighbor as much as his on-slaughts on local pet birds have endeared him to me. Well, perhaps his mistress will be home by Wednesday and possibly she will find time to ease him back from his chicken coop maraudings.

Clara Genung called me this afternoon. She remarked Mrs. Chopin had not dropped in to see her this morning. Last week she told me she preferred seeing no one in the morning but now that her wish is realized, she is expressing herself as puzzled that Mrs. Chopin, in line with a Genung hint, was not making a morning bow. Ho.....hum.....

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Tuesday, August 31st, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and warm.

The travelers must have called from Paris to say they would be arriving in New Orleans tonight around 8. I didn't ask why they did not fly from New Orleans to Alexandria which would have brought them one leg nearer home. Be that as it may, a car was dispatched to the Crescent City to meet them and I assume they will journey on from there, reaching here around midnight or possibly 1 o'clock. An appropriate illumination at their house awaits their arrival and some floral decorations which, although pretty enough, ought to escape their notice completely if they are as tired on reaching home as I imagine they may well be.

The day's post brought a letter from Sister, asking when J. H. would get home. My response was immediate to get a Tuesday date line, reported I understood he would be here on the morrow. As the letter will be posted on Wednesday and delivered to her on Thursday, perhaps we shall not be honored with a visit before Thursday or Friday. She reported Dootsie-B. by has gone to Bastrop to teach. Bastrop is northeast of Shreveport in contrast to Leesville which is southwest of Melrose and perhaps such a direction will have advantages.

Clara Genung called to say she had received a letter from her daughter reporting the safe arrival of the Walkers in Baton Rouge on Sunday evening at 6. According to the letter, the son started school on Monday and the Walkers will occupy their student apartment on Wednesday, September 1st and on Tuesday night the Walkers will accept an invitation to dine with friends in Baton Rouge and Mr. Walker will enter a hospital on Wednesday morning for tests to be made regarding the status of his poor health. Because I am not up on modern medical practices, it strikes me as odd that a man planning to have tests made on the morrow should accept

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a dinner engagement the night before. The letter stated further that the family will all drive up to Natchitoches for the impending weekend because the dove hunting season opens on Saturday and because the family wants to pick up some more things from their Natchitoches house for their Baton Rouge apartment, all of which sounds like quite a program for an ailing man.

Carmen called today, bubbling over with gossip, most of which interested me not at all and accordingly I paid such scant heed to her buzz that I should have difficulty recalling most of the points she touched on although, needless to say, I haven't the slightest intention of trying to recall. She mentioned seeing Mildred McCoy in Alexandria yesterday and that Mildred said she was delighted with the Plantation Memo having to do with her letter to me which I used to make up the column under some such title as "A Museum Is Born" or some such. I believe that column appeared in last weekend's papers. I reckon I shall be hearing from Mildred shortly. I hope she doesn't express her delight by sending me a surprise package like the one she sent earlier in the season. According to Carmen, Mildred reported that she has been impressed by the number of pilgrims who have visited the museum thus far. I suppose some of the excellent publicity she had at the opening on August 1st must have induced many a person to make a round and when the summer's heat has subsided a little and "October's bright blue weather" arrives, perhaps there will be even more people dropping in to see the place. As Mildred has plenty of money, she may not be interested in the money that may be taken in but the Museum has already paid off, according to several different reports from various quarters, so far as Mildred's health is concerned, for everyone says she never looked so well. Perhaps it is this concentration on getting the thing established that contributed heavily to her fine looks and I have no doubt that receiving pilgrims in the days ahead will also tend to extend this blush of rosiness since she likes that sort of thing, I believe.

And now I must make a couple of phone calls and then hunt up a snack for the delight of my own good cheer for I feel altogether hollow and the ice box holds two or three promising items for my delectation.....

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Wednesday, September 1st, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and, pleasantly temperate in the 80's.

The travelers reached home about midnight,-- Paris in the morning, Melrose for one's accustomed bed. I was pleasantly surprised to see that both J. H. and Celeste seemed enthusiastic and not tired. Perhaps weariness doesn't come to the fore on the first day home. Perhaps there isn't any exhaustion since enforced plane travel may provide more rest than either are accustomed to accord themselves when following their usual home activities.

Celeste was amazed at the filth and stench of Calcutta and asked me why people go to the Far East when Europe is so much closer to home. The coffee hour lasted something less than 60 minutes and so a lot of ground remains to be explored since she touched only on the light spots of their circumnavigation, made in exactly 33 days. I gather it had been pretty warm all the way until they reached Vienna where they found it pleasantly cool and the city entirely to their liking. For the first time in my life I was told by a traveler that Brussels was a lovely place.

Paris pleased Celeste as much as before. They were there Sunday evening and through Monday to Tuesday morning. They staid at the hotel, -- Suisse -- I believe it is called, next to the Grand which, if memory serves, is next to the Opera and the Grand is perhaps a major portion of the building where Cafe de la Paix is situated on the ground floor. They taxied at night to see the illuminated fountains and next morning taxied to the Louvre. Love Hankins didn't care much for Mona Lisa which isn't surprising since Love Hankins probably doesn't think much of Art anyhow. What they did Monday afternoon and night, I know not and with their departure coming off on Tuesday morning, that was Paris.

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There was a delightful gift for me in the form of a nicely finished leather colored box about 4 inches square, containing a likeness of a building suggesting the Taj Mahal. It is gleaming white and is probably made of marble dust or some such material. Detached from the central building at each of the four corners are minarettos or however one spells that word. I shall have to examine this little building more closely and at the same time refresh my memory as to the appearance of the Taj itself. It seems to me there are five egg-shaped domes, the dominating central one and the others, a little smaller, flanking the main one but this piece has only the one dome. It is very pretty and I thought it sweet to be thus remembered.

Love Hankins somewhere in India had sighted from the car in which they were riding a peacock or an imitation feather fan. On second thought, perhaps it is a genuine feather fan, shaped much like a palm leaf fan, --circular and about a foot in diameter with a handle protruding like the stem of a palm leaf. The effect in coloring suggests a peacock and one might assume it was made up of peacock feathers but, so near as I can make out, there isn't a peacock feather in the collection of feathers making up the thing. But on seeing the fan, Love called for a halt, exclaiming that Lestak simply had to have that and so he rushed from the car, secured the item and gave it to Celeste to pass on to Lestak, all of which I thought was quite entrancing.

Today, being the 1st of the month, was a time one expected and did see plenty of oldsters at the Post Office waiting for their Old Age Pension checks. The artist was there. She said she had talked with Mr. Pipes and his wife on the phone and that they said they were coming down this way in a few days. I believe it was a week ago Kay returned from The Bluff but I haven't heard a peep from that quarter and I haven't phoned s. I never know when to do so because of the unusual hours kept in the household. I did not receive a check but found something far better awaiting me, --a letter from little Miss Lee which I tucked away in the armoire awaiting the appearance of a secretary on the morrow for all were last in the cotton patch today. And thus happiness is guaranteed against the morrow which promises a night of sweet dreams just ahead.

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Thursday, September 2nd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and moderate again in the '80's. It was just grand having the message from little Miss Lee, penned from the natal site. Let us rejoice that one has a voice on this go-round which must make so much difference in renewing old acquaintances and joining together with kinsmen. The chill and damp weather is a little difficult to envision from this quarter where there has been such a long absence of both but it's good to know such conditions provide grand conditions for sleeping and may there be lots of that in the wake of such busy days. I'm doubly appreciative of news from Auntie and the address through which one may reach her. I shall pen her a line this night so she may be having it by early next week if not before. I find myself wondering about her offspring and hoping there may be a frequent exchange of messages between them which I should imagine might go far in helping the patient back to the high road of happiness although in the same breath I realize that probably the aforesaid offspring may well be pretty busy on his own hook, rounding up an education, planning the inevitable marital course and so on. I shall be awaiting further news regarding all these and other matters pertaining to the patient, holding the thought that every tomorrow may be brighter and brighter.

At 9 o'clock coffee this morning I learned the travelers were more tired today than yesterday, --the natural reaction to the change in rhythm from sky-riding to being earth-bound. J. H. had asked me early this morning if I would run through the inventory of the kitchen during the afternoon. At dinner I learned from the clerk that after J. H. had been driven to town and back this morning, he took to the bed for a rest. I did not see him at the store at 1 o'clock but he appeared at supper and seemed much as usual and suggested we run through the inventory tomorrow morning at 7. Trying to establish values on furniture of ante bellum origin must be pretty much personal opinion and probably the opinion of one appreciating such pieces would have quite a difference.

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notion as contrasted with insurance people but we shall see what we shall see.

In today's post there was a letter from some gentleman of Heiman-Marcus, saying he likes Hunter primitives and has been told he didn't say by whom, that I might be able to assist him in adding to his collection. Since he mentions having some, I should like to know where and from whom he obtained them. Perhaps he has purchased them direct from the artist but if so, I can't imagine why he should be writing to me. One thing he may not know which I know well enough and that is that she would most certainly sell pictures at more favorable prices to him than to me since it is still just as firm in her mind as ever that I am rolling in wealth.

In today's post there was also a note from Kay, penned at 406, saying she was in town for only three weeks, having arrived a week ago last Monday or was it two weeks ago and that she had to return to The Bluff where Farley is attending to some things. She said she and James would get down to see me after supper, either tonight or tomorrow and since it is long past supper now, I assume they may come tomorrow, or, perhaps, they will not as plans in that quarter are frequently subject to change without much prior notification. I suppose it has been over a month since I saw either of the Registers and I should be surprised if it were even longer before I see them again. I realize, of course, they both have been busy, even as I realize that on occasion, I, too, have had a few things demanding a certain amount of attention. I must admit, however, that constancy often cuts through circumstances although that fact may often depend on which foot the shoe happens to be.

I gave myself quite a bang on my right elbow yesterday, with sufficient gusto to break the skin a little and to make the funny bone section of the elbow feel a little touchy. I am glad it is the right elbow and not the left which was the one that gave me a little trouble several years ago when I whacked it unmercifully.

I heard another echo of the strange wedding that took place during the summer. It is said Morel and two other boys from the plantation left today under the auspices of some commercial organization to harvest crops in California, one of the boys going being Morel's brother-in-law but the bride was not included in the hejira. So youth, like grown-ups, get about the world and one can only wonder about the strange patterns that emerge and disappear in this thing called life.

the idd... for a note to Auntie and thence to bed by way of

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value of inventory destroyed
by fire 8/14

Friday, September 3rd, 1965.

Memorandum: The following is a list of the inventory of the Walker family, as of the date of the fire on September 1st, 1965. The inventory was taken by the Walker family and is subject to change.

Lots of mail, lots of secretaries but, unfortunately lots of people and the people cancelled out the secretaries but there will be secretaries again eventually and right on the top of the little stack of mail resting in the armchair is a small likeness on a post card of a young girl named Madeleine and that is the card I want to read first. I shall be interested, too, in learning the date it was posted for it seems possible the folks from across the way may well have been in the same neighborhood in which little Miss Lee found herself earlier in the week.

Unannounced this afternoon, Randy Jack appeared at my door with the girl friend from Cincinnati. They had driven from Shreveport, heading for Alexandria to spend the night with Flythe. Sunday Randy leaves for New Haven to enter Yale law school and perhaps the young lady will accompany him at least as far as Cincinnati. Like his papa, Whiffled Jack, Randy is rather small of stature and so is the Cincinnati number and together they make quite an attractive doll-like couple. They bore gifts, a bottle of wine from them and a couple of ripe Rocky Ford cantaloupes straight out of Colorado and I shall sample one of them tonight before folding up my beard for it is already well chilled in the ice box.

There were other people and I had rather expected the Walker family to be there, according to Clara Genung, might be approaching. Hatchitoches from Baton Rouge about 7 o'clock. Then, too, I recalled that Kay had written in the letter from her received yesterday that she and James would be down either last night or tonight right after my supper hour. I held the thought that the Walker-Register paths would not cross at this bend of the river and my thought held alright since neither family showed up. Perhaps I shall hear by phone from one or the other of the families later tonight.

About 5 o'clock this afternoon Sister blew in and stated

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that Dootsie-Baby would arrive from Bastrop about first dark. "About" is a word that gives lots of room for stretching time, --especially backward, and whether Dootsie-Baby ever arrived or not, I wouldn't know. Neither the Walkers nor the Registers know it but Lady Luck was on everybody's side by shifting things so that I didn't have one or perhaps two lady hostesses to assist me in entertaining guests.

I ran through the inventory of items lost in the steel August 14th fire with J. H. this morning. I don't recall the magical figure arrived at but it was over nine and almost ten thousand dollars covering contents. I know not what the figures for the value of the house itself might be.

Through agents in Ward 2 of this Parish, --up see in the direction of Carrie's, I have located seeds of young chinquapin trees and have suggested pictures be made and the Hatchitoches Town Fathers asked to persuade the Historical Society or the Hysterical Ladies to plant some in various vantage points near the city so that travelers, on learning Hatchitoches means Chinguopin eaters, may be able to have a look at the trees bearing that fruit. I'll mention at some subsequent sitting if my efforts bear any flowers and fruit.

This morning's news reported the death of Leutcher-Stark of Orange, Texas. I believe he was in his mid 70's, perhaps 77. In spite of his many millions, he never had what I consider a good publicity agent. Perhaps he never had any at all. I have always thought that people who are civic minded and people who patronize the Arts ought to provide the news media with some notion of their interests, not for the inconvenience such publicity might cause them but for the inspirational effect it might have on other people to expend a bit of their money or themselves in such efforts as propagating beauty. As Lorenz and Constance Wyser lived on the Lutcher-Stark estate for many years, Constance will be especially interested in today's news, I suppose, and if she didn't learn about it in radio reports in the metropolitan area today, she will undoubtedly hear about it from friends and possibly in the newspapers and especially the magazines shortly. I am quite sure that Dr. Dormon will be informed by one friend or another if she herself failed to read it in today's Shreveport Times.

And now - must investigate the Rocky Ford situation and then see if I can catch up with some 11 o'clock news.....

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Sunday, September 5th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair in the mid 70 to mid 90 range. It went to 100 Saturday.

To hand the likeness of the church planned by Mme. de Pompadour and both from its message and cancellation, it is clear that little Miss Lee and the local round the world trippers were in the "City of Light" at the same time. What a surprise it would have been last Monday evening if the party of the first party should have encountered the parties of the second part while all were in the big road. It goes without saying that I'm holding the thought this past week has been a happy one, the weather pretty and the places visited entrancing.

The radio speaks of torrential rains in Italy and one holds the thought the sun which is now said to have re-asserted itself, has dried up things and that getting about in that area may be back to normal before the dip into that area begins.

On the 5 o'clock news this morning I learned of the death of Dr. Schweitzer. What a great day it must be in Heaven. It's impossible, of course, to imagine the worth of such a man. He, most of all, I imagine, would never have been able to guess how much richer he made the lives of so many of us simply by just being on earth as a beacon light for so many people all over the globe. Although I have never read his biography of Saint Paul, I can readily believe that Dr. Schweitzer was as well prepared to make such a study as anyone of our time, primarily, perhaps, because he was a sort of Saint Paul himself. I assume and hope there may be floods of articles about him in newspapers, magazines and radio programs. No doubt there will be essays aplenty about the question of his devotion to the Equatorial African neighborhood when his other endowments, especially his music, might have balanced or even outweighed the contributions he was capable of making in Europe and America. It will be interesting to see what contemporary scribes have to say on this point.

...written and for the end of the line...

13806

I got a letter off to Auntie last weekend and possibly it was slanted properly and possibly not. There were many interruptions and when I had finished, I wished I might glance through it before deciding if I should try again but, as that was impossible because of the absence of a secretary, I simply let it slide. Come to think of it, I think it was about equally divided between two subjects, --the Princess Palatine and Clementine Hunter and that, if you don't mind me saying so, is certainly an odd combination. I used la Palatine because I figured Auntie might have known of the lady or have run across her recently in the Saint Simon volume, once owned by her husband from which she extracted for enlargement the print of the Marly layout. And then, too, as la Palatine hailed from the country bearing that name, the Palatinate, I thought Auntie might have encountered the lady in her reading, especially as la Palatine when the wife of Monsieur, brother of Quatorze, and mother of the Regent, she did a lot of corresponding with folks around and about and possibly Auntie might have bumped into some of these letters.

As for the Hunter angle, the artist seemed to be such a good peg on which to hang some remarks about the wisdom of Dale Carnegie's remarked that "Life Begins at 40" and opine that in the artist's case, success didn't unfold until she was nearer 80, a fact which seemed to me might be touched upon casually as a sort of inspiration for those whomay eventually discover to their surprise that there are golden years ahead. In short, the letter, as letters go, must have been too long and altogether tiresome but if it diverted the reader for a few minutes in places, it will have served a portion of its purpose. I shall try my hand again shortly, - a less heavy hand, I trust, and let us hold the thought a bri down for Auntie may be just in the offing.

The Walkers appear to have had a pleasant weekend in Hatchitoeles and plan to return to Baton Rouge tomorrow where Mr. Walker enters the hospital for tests Monday afternoon. He and his son went dove hunting Saturday afternoon and brought home a dozen birds which ought to supply the family with pigeons for their Christmas dinner, as that seems to be their favorite bird for that occasion. I need scarcely add I could do without dove forever and not miss them but I'm all in favor of people who like them having them. Much more to chatter about but shall save same against the morrow...

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Monday, being Labor Day, [redacted] was since she September 6th, 1965. . .
Memorandum: [redacted]
[redacted] didn't have anything in particular to say but just wanted to chat a little and talk some about her trip. She said there are too many people and too many cars in Europe for people using automobiles to get about. She and John picked up some kind of a virus, possibly in Frankfurt or Stuttgart and both felt like a couple of torn down pieces. Normandy was thoroughly photographed. Deauville has retreated from its fashionable seaside resort of the gay '90's to something suggesting Coney Island for crowds at this late date. The Kysers cut short by 2 or 3 days their stay in Europe, John thinking it better for them to come home rather than spend the few days resting somewhere in Europe before returning.
The episode I am about to relate is perhaps too complicated to make much sense and it certainly is tiresome. I jot it down, however, as an example of what is characteristic of the problems constantly bubbling whenever one particular member of the family makes a round.

On Sunday I made an appointment to correct some columns at 3 in the afternoon, selecting that hour because it could be done only after 12 o'clock and Sister had told me she was bringing or rather had invited 10 or 15 people from one of the local camps and additional people from Magnolia Plantation at 1 o'clock, asking me if they might see Yucca while here. When 1 o'clock arrived, Sister blew in, saying she was in a hurry, having accepted an invitation to lunch with the people at the camp she had referred to and that she had changed the hour for them coming here until 3. I told her that I should be busy at that hour but that she could take them through Yucca although I would not be able to accompany them on the balance of the tour and that she should accordingly do the guiding.

Fortunately, before my telephone appointment began, she arrived with this bevy of people. I met them, waved them through the living room and back gallery and chapel and sent them with her along their way toward the African House. I returned to my desk, when all of a sudden the front door opened and Sister blew in shout as though all Hell had broken out. What she said could be heard by anyone on the front gallery and the burden of her tale was that I simply had to come out and drive away the people whom she had seen coming this way when she was busy with her party. She said it was two couples, made up of two white women and two coal black "niggers", all sent by A. J. Hodges, to

13808

[illegible]

I am happy to report that tonight, after supper, our visitor departed for home after what seems like an endless week-end and we can all collapse and catch our breath.....

13809

Memorandum:

Mid 90's, mid 70's

Hurricane Betsy is doing some traveling, too, the first storm of this type I can remember that headed southward after having gone northward into the Atlantic. From tonight's reports by Florida experts on tropical storms, it appears Betsy is going to slam across Florida into the Gulf. Perhaps this move will eventually bring rain to this bend of the river. Heaven knows we need some but no Betsies.

At supper tonight, J. H. mentioned having seen the lady doctor today and added that she had said she had been reading press notices covering the final illness and funeral of Dr. Schweitzer, adding that she hadn't yet made up her mind if she thought him a saint or a fake. I have noticed quite a few doctors have voiced opinions reflecting great restraint in the field of admiration regarding the good doctor. I believe it is beyond most of them that a person should take up medicine as late as Dr. Schweitzer did and secondly, many of them take the position that a many so gifted as he could have made so much more money in Europe at times of endeavor other than missionary work and that if he wanted to do something for the African natives, he could have spent all the income in establishing a hospital and employing others to do the work in the hospital. I feel that some of those to whom I have talked on the subject simply never could comprehend the good doctor's point of view about this entire line of

13810

13810

devotion to less fortunate people. Of one thing I am utterly convinced,--nothing Dr. Schweitzer could ever have done outside the personal participation in healing the Africans by his own presence could possibly have inspired so many people the world around as has his own physical presence in the efforts he himself expended in such an inspiring example of man's genuine concern for his fellow and less fortunate man.

The radio mentions the likelihood of Pope Paul paying a personal visit to the United Nations on October 4th. Such a visitation ought to cause quite a stir, I should think, especially as this is the first time a reigning Pontiff has ever visited the United States. I shall be curious to see the itinerary but shouldn't be surprised if it might be limited simply to the trip to New York and thence right back to Rome. I believe the majority of heads of State visiting the United Nations make it a point to skip down to Washington to pay a courtesy call on the President but whether the head of the Vatican State will make such a sortie remains to be seen. We know, of course, that while Secretary of State for the Vatican, prior to his elevation to the Pontificate, the late Pope Pius spent some time in the United States, occupying a house on Long Island, visiting the F.D.R.'s at the White House and so on but after he became Pope he never went anywhere from the Vatican except to Gondolfo.

Mrs. Chopin just called to say she had just talked with Mrs. Walker in Baton Rouge. It seems the Walker boy had left all his school books at 1206 in Baton Rouge when the family drove to Baton Rouge yesterday and as school is already functioning in Baton Rouge, the boy needs his books and Mrs. Chopin seems to be the person to round them up and forward them. Mr. Walker entered the hospital for a check-up on Monday afternoon. His wife is fearful he may have some serious illness whereas Clara Genung says he has always been rather frail and there's nothing to be concerned about so far as his health is concerned. Whether wife or mother-in-law is correct in their estimate of the case remains to be seen. I continue having nobody to lend me a hand around and about the place and Pilgrimage is just four weeks off. I do what I can but I'm not standing on my head in this extraordinary heat to do what a few helpers should be doing.

13811

13811

Wednesday, September 8th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Hot.

Clara Genung phoned this morning about 10:30. She reported she had just talked with Mrs. Walker in Baton Rouge. The latter stated that Mr. Walker's kidneys were gone and that instead of having one doctor he now has three. According to Clara, Mrs. Walker said she would give one of her kidneys to be transplanted to Mr. Walker.

This startling announcement was automatically toned down as it came from a slip to my ear since I realized, of course, that a transplanted kidney must come from blood relative and not married relative of a patient.

How Mr. Walker's kidneys could be "gone" is difficult to imagine when one considers that only a few days ago he was spending the day hunting doves, an exercise entailing quite a lot of physical exertion. So perhaps the initial report of the hospital was a bit more alarmist than the condition merits. We shall hold to that thought. The various tests currently going forward on the patient should be concluded within a day or two, after which we shall perhaps have a clearer picture of the problems.

In the mean time, the Walker dog which is being taken care of by the people renting the 1206 house, bit a child living next door. The father of the child has insisted the dog be kept cooped up for 21 days, the child fearing that in spite of the fact that the dog has been vaccinated, some ailment might develop that would reveal the child bitten by the dog might be endangered.

The artist just called. She apparently didn't have anything particular on her mind, merely wanted to chat a little. She said Mr. Pipes and his wife had passed by her house one day last week, en route to Alexandria, to do some shopping. She reported the wife had told her she was returning to South Carolina within a few days.

118E1

13812

.8891, 118E1, 13812, 13813

Although I have little or no basis for such an assumption, nevertheless I do find myself wondering at the moment if Stanley Marcus could be getting interested in Clementine Hunter paintings. The thought occurs to me simply because there has been some correspondence of late from a Mr. O'Donnell on Heiman-marcus stationary with the store's letter heads being used. Who Mr. O'Donnell may be, I wouldn't know, and where he got my name is quite beyond me.

Be that as it may, he expresses his interest in Hunter canvases and one gathers he has some examples of the artist's work but how he came by them and why he should suddenly contact me instead of the source from which his present possession came isn't indicated thus far.

I have responded to this correspondence, blandly remarking that I am surprised Stanley Marcus hadn't indicated interest in this primitive Art since it is well known that Stanley Marcus has a fine collection of contemporary paintings, primitive and conventional. Perhaps subsequent letters may reveal more particulars. Possibly Mr. O'Donnell has tried what so many other people have attempted, --direct correspondence with the artist and arrived at precisely no where.

I adopted to run through the letters with James during the first month whenever he should put in an appearance but as I have not seen him or talked with him on the 'phone, there has been no opportunity to discuss any matters at all.

Another 'phone call from Mrs. Chopin reporting she has just talked again with Mrs. Walker out of Baton Rouge. Mrs. Walker reports a long conversation with Mr. Walker's New York doctor who, at this late date, indicates the name of a Baton Rouge physician, said to be an expert in Kidney matters. Mrs. Chopin will go to Baton Rouge on Thursday and remain over night, after which we may receive a clearer report from that quarter...

118E1

Thursday, September 9, 1965.

13813

Memorandum:

Extraordinary weather-- clear skies, brisk 15 to 25 ~~mile~~ winds and the thermometer persisting all day in the upper 90's.

The glorious stained glass window, carried by the postcard, told its message of Chartres by its mere presence. Then, when I discovered it had been cancelled at Versailles, it seemed to be doubly endowed. And then the message wrapped up everything, the ruins of the chateau of the duke and duchess of Chevreuse, Dampierre, Maintenon and Rambouillet and the sweet reference to the absent guide,-- and I called it the most composite message any card had ever carried in the history of correspondence.

It was so nice that there was a special dispensation from on high, sweeping away the clouds at just the right time so one might catch glimpses of the glass in all its dazzling glory. As the popular tune a few decades back phrased it:

"Ca, c'est une chose qu'on peut pas oublier..."

And now comes the letter giving such a splendid account of the pilgrimage at Versailles, and all the places one visited. I'm sorry there wasn't more sunshine along the way but I rejoiced that one was able to get about the gardens, pass by the Grand Trianon and Petit, snap the Hameau and walk back via the Canal, lunch, explore the bosquets along the Tapi Vert and even get to visit some of the apartments in the ~~Rix~~ Palace.

The best thing about such a visit for people who like to read about the 17th and 18th century is the fact that after such a day spent in that particular domain, one will be returning to it in mind forever afterward when reading the place and one will be transported in thought to the various localities and re-live them with vast vibrancy as one follows the printed page.

And how perfect to have the clipping about the American gift of the Marie Antoinette tea service that is going ~~in~~ back to Versailles,-- so perfect as a companion piece to today's letter.

Naturally I am enchanted to learn that you have explored and solved the mystery of the subway system which certainly is a great saving of time when one wants to go somewhere and avoid the hubbub of surface traffic, and the fact that you hit the Invalides station without any trouble is just grand.

I don't know why I am so enchanted that you found la Bibliotheque Nationale alright. What I like about the discovery of the place isn't so much its present day looks but the fact that it provides you with another 18th century vignette since, as you know, it was the home of the Cardinal Rohan when he was getting himself tangled up in the Diamond Necklace affair,-- and what an establishment that place was.

And so the Palais Royal is getting a face lifting and wasn't very presentable. You know it formerly was called the Palais Cardinal, having been built by Cardinal Richelieu and later acquired by the duc d'Orleans, where he hatched many of the plots that culminated in the march on Versailles, arriving on an October day, when Marie Antoinette chanced to be at the Hameau and was hustled back to Versailles to spend a nightmare before being taken with the rest of the family to the Tuileries, never to the return to the Hameau.

That you found Wernavalet so interesting is just grand, too,-- the souvenirs of the Marquise, her portrait and that of la Grignan, the shoes of the Queen from a century later, etc. etc. In all the disorders that have taken place in the years since then, it seems to me wonderful any neighborhood should still have so many evidences of the two centuries that represent so much to us.

It goes without saying that I shall read and re-read these accounts, never cease blessing little Miss Lee for having thus so generously given me back the centuries so important to me and the promise that all these shall be read over and over again in the days to come.

-over-

1381 I.S. Willard just called, having arrived tonight from New Orleans. She didn't make it too soon for the radio says hurricane Betsy is bearing down on the Crescent City tonight. I am glad Natalie and husband ~~xxx~~ got back yesterday for tonight the International port in New Orleans is closed as they batten down the neighborhood for the impending big blow... 13814

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13815

Thursday, September 9th, 1965.

and the thermometer was set at 101° in the upper 80'.

[illegible]

dazzling glory. As the popular tune a few decades
back phrased it:

"Ca, c'est une chose qu'on peut pas oublier....."

And now comes the letter giving such a splendid account of the pilgrimage to Versailles and all the places one visited. I'm sorry there wasn't more sunshine along the way but I rejoice that one was able to get about in the gardens, pass by the Grand Trianon and Petit, snap the Hameau and walk back via the canal, lunch, explore the bosquets along the Grand Vert and even get to visit some of the apartments in the big palace.

And how perfect to have the clipping about the Marie on
the gift of the Marie-Anthonette ten-service that is going
back to Versailles, --- so perfect as a companion piece to
today's letter.

.....
roads south of Alexandria were closed so she would have made it
this until the morning. Subsequent reports revealed that
bedding into the hurricane. I advised her to put off her
water. Mrs. Walker. She asked my advice about starting out
take home, going around to I. 2. U. S. She had planned to
Mrs. Chopin 'phoned this morning. She has a guest
The Weather Bureau at New Orleans had calculated that

Mrs. Chopin 'phoned this morning. She has a guest from somewhere around Baton Rouge whom she had planned to take home, going around to L. S. U. to spend a night with Mrs. Walker. She asked my advise about starting out heading into the hurricane. I advised her to put off her trip until the morrow. Subsequent reports revealed all roads south of Alexandria were closed so she would have made it that far only.....

[illegible]

Sunday, September 15th, 1965.

As I turn this page, I notice the ribbon has been failing to reverse and perhaps the foregoing isn't clear. It doesn't matter just so long as what little did come through conveyed the joy I feel in knowing that Marly-le-Roi henceforth is ours.

I might explain that I ordered a ribbon from town on Friday and it arrived by mail on Saturday. The only difficulty was that although a Royal was ordered, a Remington was sent. But finding it difficult to put off for another weekend a lot of typing I wanted to do, I hit on the notion that probably all ribbons are about the same and that it is the difference of the different makes of spools on which they are wound that require one to order a ribbon for a particular brand of machine. And so the Remington ribbon was needed off and on to the empty Royal and things went along pretty well for most of the work I had in mind. Then, as witness the reverse of this sheet, things didn't go so well but by dint of some fiddling, it seemed to start up again and I held the thought it may behave alright for a while.

On Thursday night there was some petty thievery at the local
 henkey-tenk where Andy works as handy man two days a week. I
 believe a few bottles of wine and whiskey were taken. Entrance
 was gained through a window that had not been fastened, just
 as Andy at Yucca removed a screen and entered through
 an unfastened window at Yucca, taking a few bottle of
 wine on that occasions. According to the old adage, "You
 might as well kill a dog as give him a bad name."

The Monkey-tenk people know that Andy doesn't help me anymore in the house and they know why, although not by my telling but through the store. Whether they note any parallel between the unlawful entry at Yucca and their place remains to be seen. On the home front, Celeste spent today in Alexandria so that J. M. and I broke bread together and it was all very pleasant. We all supped together tonight. Over a cigarette afterward, Celeste mentioned that the S.G. Henrys plan to come up to spend four or five days. They had expected to arrive this week but the hurricane blew things around in the Baton Rouge area and they want to be at home to supervise the straightening up job and so will not come for another week or two which puts things closer to the October 9th pilgrimage. And so things turn and so I dream of Merly-le-Rei and its latest visitor....

Monday, September 13th, 1965.

Monday, September 13th, 1965.

This morning's post brought word from Nantes. It is just grand traveling by thought through the medium of the printed itinerary in the day-to-day prospectus and the cards that present the pictorial progress, too. I find an opportunity to write, the proper postage and, as European travelers all know, the opportunity to find the place to post what has been prepared for the mail.

This afternoon James appeared and I was both surprised
 and glad to see him. He and Kay had gone to Shreveport on
 Sunday, spent the night at their favorite hotel near
 the airport. Kay had not gone to sleep until 4 this morning
 but was up at five to look to catch a plane for
 Charleston. I assume James got about the same amount of sleep as
 she. He seemed not at all sleepy while here.
 Kay had not slept much any of the nights since
 her return from the bluff and he found she looked pretty tired
 on her arrival in Watchtowers and that she had not slept much
 here while here. He filled me in on one or two points about I. S. Willard
 whom he had thought retired as of September 1st from her State
 job. She has never mentioned anything to me pertaining to this
 matter and, naturally, I have never asked anything about it.
 James told me further that the ex-daughter-in-law had
 re-married shortly after her divorce from S. W.'s son,
 the lucky groom being a friend of the young couple and had lived
 near them when they were stationed at Virginia Beach.
 I assume the new husband is with the armed services. At present
 the newly weds and her children are all living in Japan.
 It seems the father of the children is allowed custody of the chi-
 dren a portion of each year and the children will be shut

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Memorandum, September 13th, 1965.

from Asia to Europe from time to time to keep the parents carrying out their parts of the diverse settlement. I believe I. S.W.'s son is living in London or Paris and I'm wondering if I. S.W., in her role as grandmother to the traveling children, will lend a hand in assisting the son in maintaining his household while his children are with him. The whole setup sounds somewhat on the merry-go-round style.

The current situation in the Walker design for living is also confusing. It would be difficult to get any sort of a clear picture in my own mind about it. Although Mr. Walker seems to be wasting away, the hospital is letting him enter L. S. U. this week although he continues losing a pound a day, although the tests have not been completed and although his kidneys are said to be gone. Under the circumstances any thought should be given to taking graduate work, I cannot imagine. I am not a doctor.

Autillie's points which, I suppose, it is supposed to give her a chance to inaugurate better circulation by keeping her legs horizontal much of the time at a hospital bed designed for the convenience and comfort of the patient was accordingly installed at the bluff but Autillie would have nothing to do with the thing, preferring to sit in a chair regardless. This is an attitude often manifested by willful patients, I suppose. It has always puzzled me, however, since it seems to be self-evident that the patient is cheating himself more than anybody else. I used to notice it about feed in Lyle's case. Just tell Lyle that some particular feed, sometimes a feed that he had always disliked, was good for him and from that moment on, he would disdain ever touching it. I suppose it is somewhat parallel in the case of the local planter when he is told that slowing down physically would be helpful. Surely the resulting better dietum was always to the fore in the case of his mother. One observed such reactions but, of course, never understands them.

And now I must journey to the place where a fine salad in the pantheon of earthware bowls awaits me, -- fully out with pepper, tomatoes, cucumber, avocado with a special dressing that ought to make it just right.

13823

Tuesday, September 14th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Heat and humidity continue in the 90's.

The postman brought me greetings from the
Pittier - Carcassonne travel circuit to make my
day of mental and spiritual journeyings the happier.
I regret there is so much chill and damp abroad
and think it a pity that area and this cannot
exchange some of the warmth and sunshine for the coolness
and moisture that seems to have been so prevalent all
summer, each in its respective realm of operation.

A Mr. Dodge of the U. S. Experiment Station in the Shreveport arcwasm here for dinner and J. M. dined with us at the big house. In the midst of the soup, J. M. turned to me and said that Mr. Dodge wanted to bring his wife and sister-in-law for a tour on Thursday afternoon.

"You don't have anything to do then, do you," J. M. asked in a tone that seemed to imply that matter wasn't even to be thought of. I pertly replied I had nothing to do that afternoon providing the ladies Dodge would bring garden tools with them so I could direct them where to hoe and where to put trash picked up in the wake of the hurricane, and we passed that off with merriment.

Oddly enough, however, J. M. doesn't seem to realize there is a mountain of work to be done and only a couple or three weeks to do it before pilgrimage. Not a soul to lend a hand is apportioned out to me and so I am just letting things go and doing what little I can, --little, that is, in contrast to what should be done.

This morning Carmen called me to read me an excerpt from a letter written her by her brother of

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Baton Rouge whose offices, --law, were so badly messed up by last year's early October hurricane. This year's hurricane struck the same neighborhood and repeated itself in damage. I believe his law firm occupies the top floor of an office building in the business district of Baton Rouge. On the top of the building, instead of a pent house, is the place where much equipment having to do with the office building is situated. It is estimated this engineering equipment weighs about five tons. Be that as it may, the hurricane picked up the entire roof and the aforesaid material, whisked it across the street right on the top of the office building there, leaving the whole top of the first office building open to the sky as tons of water cascaded down from on high. There was run-off of water, of course, but even so, there were 8 inches of water inside the offices of this top floor, so one may readily imagine what the electric typewriters, general office desks, law library, files, etc., were like. I find it extraordinary that the same office should have been so thoroughly beaten up by hurricanes in two successive years.

On the plantation, it is estimated that about 10 percent of the pecan crop was removed by the hurricane. Perhaps 10 percent of the trees were damage in wreckage running from big limbs torn off to whole trees uprooted. It is fortunate that the big wind came as seen in the season as it did because the firmness of the casing enclosing the individual pecans is still sturdy enough to protect the pecan within. It is true a great many of the pecans, casing and all, were torn from the branches but even so, the removal of each individual nut might have been complete had the season been farther advanced. According to the State Department of Agriculture, all the pecans south of Alexandria were whisked away by the hurricane so that the loss of the crop will be complete down that way. It is stated, too, that the entire cotton crops below Alexandria simply vanished when the swirling winds lifted up the lint and carried it off, not unlike, I suppose, the field of clover that Carolyn lost a few years ago.

I am holding the thought that little Miss Lee has moved into climes where less rainy weather obtains and that the tour is proving to be delightful in every respect, including the atmospheric aspects.....

Wednesday, September 15th, 1965.

reformation of the 90's. At 8:30 this morning, Mrs. Charles Wagner, -- Irene Wagner, who used to annotate scrapbooks for Miss Can, called from town to ask if she might bring her daughter-in-law and a Mrs. McCampbell, the two letters from Knoxville Tennessee for a tour. She thought the afternoon would be pleasant. It thought 9:30 this morning would be just fine and we agreed on the 9:30 hour. Mrs. Wagner is a visit to Melrose, infrequent, -- have always presented a problem following the time she asked Sister to bring down some celanders for me. Sister asked me to write her and thank her for same although Sister confessed she had driven directly from La Wagner's house to Dan and given the celanders to him. Mrs. Wagner of course is always interested in seeing what progress the celanders are making when down this way and I have always arranged to distract her from satisfying that hope and the same thing happened today.

The radio reports two parallel cases of rape, one in Oklahoma City or some place in Oklahoma and the other in Shreveport at the Oklahoma case took place last week. Four youths of prominent white citizens, raped a girl in Shreveport on Sunday morning at same was hours a 16 year old girl, parked in a lonely spot near the air port, was taken out of the car by four colored youths who, as the radio reported the misadventure, raped her repeatedly. Eventually the four colored youths were rounded up and now all that remains to be seen is what the Oklahoma Court will do by way of sentencing the four white youths of prominent families and what the Shreveport Court will do in the case of the non-prominent colored families offspring.

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Wednesday, September 15th, 1965

While on the subject of rape, I must remember to ask James whatever the Washington out-come has been in the case of the Washington matron who was raped in a Washington park one morning earlier in the summer by three negroes -- "repeatedly" I suppose, -- while the fourth member of the group busied himself by looking after the lady's two dogs.

Clara Gunning had led from town this afternoon. She reported some of her trimming, litres up and down the streets of Atchitoches, proceeding down the road of the thoroughfares, concentrating on the opposite side of the street. It seems there are lots of broken things, many of which still hang precariously to the trunks of the trees and offer a hazard to people who could properly when they finally, if they don't get removed, when they do detached themselves. Clara said she couldn't understand why they cut a beautiful pyracantha tree across the street from her since it didn't appear damaged and wasn't protruding over the sidewalk but that sort of thing often happens, once workmen, -- especially -- have noticed, suddenly get the impulse to trim it and see that they.

Clara's primary purpose in calling me was to report she had just had a letter and a phone call from her daughter in Baton Rouge, giving an account of the situation in the Walker ménage. I knew no little or less when she got through as before. According to the report, Mr. Walker, though still undergoing tests at the hospital, is expected to start school in a little while. Clara said she thought the hospital will probably have learned what it is that prevents him from keeping any food down, and thus, Clara was learning this, she was able to give him some solid proper diet and was proceeding with his studies. Clara said, of course, I made little sense but let us see what it will be like in the case. With no kidneys and with little to keep any food down, it sounds as though such a patient wouldn't be going any place but to a hospital but we shall see eventually what we shall

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Thursday, September 16th, 1965.

Memorandum: I had a letter from Clara Gunning this morning. It was about the weather in the 90's but there is a lot of snow in the north. I think it will pass this week. I never cease to marvel at the things people do and other people do not see and I want to talk a little about this fact tonight.

Before the Walkers departed for Europe, I advised Mrs. Walker that when they reached Paris, she might do well to turn loose her husband and the age son and let them explore the town on their own hook while she dropped in at the chocolate shop named after la Marquise de Sevigne. She disregarded the first part of my recommendation but accepted the latter part and all three of them I took sought out and found the shop. They were told by a person who looked as though she might have been connected with the place for 15 or 20 years that she had never heard of such a salon as I had described and knew nothing in all her association with the place about such a salon embellished with Leleir murals. And so the Walkers asked the shop to send me some chocolates and that was that and I was plunged into gloom to think that the Leleir had vanished. On Sunday, September 5th, little Miss Lee penned a wonderful letter from Paris about Marly-le-Roi, Louveciennes, etc., and on the last page had something to say about having at the close of that day visited the shop of la Marquise brand of chocolate and further, to my unimagineable delight, reported the existence of the salon and the Leleir murals. But I didn't know about the Sevigne visit until today when I was re-reading the Marly-le-Roi letter because that paragraph was on the last page of the letter and when the envelope was sealed, the last

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page somehow was stuck to the inside of the envelope and a portion of that page was torn when the letter was removed from the envelope and the secretary, in reading the letter, had failed to include the paragraph although it was carefully attached to the last page. And so my joy was beyond measure today when, in re-reading the letter, this vital paragraph was included in the personal and I have been singing psalms of thanksgiving ever since. I can't understand how the Walkers couldn't discover the Leloir salon and I don't see all that matters is that little Miss Lee did for, if memory serve the murals were worth the trouble of looking for them and just so long as little Miss Lee and Lestan have them to rejoice over, that is all that matters.

On the hand front the Dodges, mentioned in Tuesday's memorandum, as being scheduled to make a tour at 2 in the afternoon, did not appear. I had knocked off work, bathed and adorned myself with fresh raiment to receive them and waited for an hour and a quarter for them to show up, after which I put on my work clothes and made what I could out of the balance of the afternoon. I learned at supper the Dodges had arrived at 4, were turned loose in the garden to track me down which proved unsuccessful on their part and so they snapped pictures and went on their way.

I learned today that last Thursday when the hurricane was bearing down on New Orleans, Atala Martine Nold of Magnolia decided she was going to the Crescent City to visit her brother, Dr. Ambrose Martine, and his wife. She certainly hit that place at just the wrong time but like everyone else who knows Atala, I am laughing every time I think of her spluttering when she and Betty collided.

According to my radio all the New York newspapers except the Post are out on strike again, even as they were last winter. I hope this strike doesn't last for months the way the other one

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Friday, September 17th, 1965.

Memorandum:
Marvelous to relate, the thermometer didn't get much above 90 and the humidity is down to around 50. There are some clouds tonight. Perhaps we shall have a dab of moisture on the morrow.

There was an automobile accident involving a little river resident that took place somewhere near town this afternoon. The driver of the car was L. C. Wilson's wife, a daughter of Bersey Williams Creighton about whose death -- Bersey is I had something to say in a Cane River Memo some years back when I used the big mirror in the living room as the peg on which to hang the story.

The Wilsons have a couple or more children. The little boy had to be taken to town to be fitted for glasses. His mother picked cotton this morning and for a while this afternoon, breaking off early enough to take the child to the oculist. People in the field marveled that the mother should attempt to drive the car for she had been hitting the bottle pretty heavily both before and after mid day. She struck a gravel truck on the highway somewhere near town. At supper time the news came through that both the mother and the little boy were laid out on stretchers beside the wrecked car and that the mother couldn't walk, but whether this was due to an injury sustained or the effects of the bottle -- or both, didn't seem clear. I shall probably have additional particulars on the morrow.

There was evidence this weekend that perhaps Andy did not get the stuff out of the henkey-tenk as although the conjecture that he did not is only circumstantial. His girl friend, Heenie, directed her husband, Jack Morris, to go to the Post Office and cash the Welfare check which is sent to the Morris family to assist the 6 year old boy which is Heenie's by anybody except Jack. As soon as Jack got

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Friday, September 17th, 1965

the check cashed, Neenie gave Jack one dollar and took the balance to the henkey-tenk and invested the entire balance in wine and beer and then carried it to Helen Fugabou's house to get a weekend brawl under way. This is where speculation about the henkey-tenk break-in comes up for consideration for it would seem as though Andy must still have come from that haul if he was the hauler. Since Neenie lives with Andy and not with her husband Jack, it wouldn't seem that Neenie would be needing the Welfare money, intended for her boy. But possibly the liquor from the break-in which took place a week back has already been consumed. Anyway, there ought to be quite a frolic in progress right now at Helen Fugabou's house.

I understand less and less about the Walker state of health. Clara Gehring called me this noon to say she had heard from her daughter who wrote that Kenneth would be starting his granduate work this afternoon or on Monday if the hospital had found he could retain his food. Clara seemed mighty happy about the prospects of the family united in the pursuit of their studies.

A little later Mrs. Chopin phoned me to say she had heard from Mrs. Walker who stated she was making three rounds a day to the General Hospital, carrying with her each trip some barley or rice water which she prepares for her husband, hoping he may keep that down although he has had no luck with it or anything else since he has been undergoing the tests. Mrs. Walker stated further that possibly she would be taking her husband to New Orleans tonight to spend Saturday and Sunday at Ochsner Clinic and, if so, she asked Mrs. Chopin if it would be alright if while there she dropped in to say hello to Mrs. Chopin's mother and sister who live in New Orleans.

Why the General Hospital of Baton Rouge should be sending or allowing a patient to be taken to my clinic for Saturday and Sunday when all clinics, I believe, do not initiate tests or anything but emergency treatments or operations, I wouldn't know. Having heard so many promising reports and no reports at all, I am quite in the dark as to what the precise situation may be, but, aside from the weakness of it all, it also sounds gloomy..

And now for a dab of salads and some bananas and cream c will be it.....

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Sunday, September 19th, 1965

Partly cloudy, 90 and humid. Cloudy tonight with a chance of rain in 30 percent of the area, which doesn't mean much, what with the "area" stretching from southeast Oklahoma to Baton Rouge.

Most of the telephone talk this weekend has been about the Walkers. It has been so impregnated with speculation and so confused with incredible reports that I lack any clear concept of the state of Mr. Walker's health except that it isn't good.

Mrs. Walker called Dr. Hersley, asking the lady doctor for advice, the call being put through from Baton Rouge. The advice was merely that of one woman to another for the lady doctor has never had Mr. Walker as a patient. She recommended Maya's but Mrs. Walker said arrangement had already been made to take her husband to Ochsner's. Later Friday night, Mrs. Walker phoned Mrs. Chopin, asking her to phone the lady doctor and have her secure all data on Mr. Walker's health from his regular Natchitoches physician, Dr. Kaufman and to secure any particulars Dr. Somebody of Alexandria might have on Mr. Walker and forward same to Ochsner's. The lady doctor said this should be handled through Dr. Kaufman and not through her. Later the lady doctor in an off the record conversation to a mutual friend stated that from what she had heard about the patient, "he is a gener", likely to die any time or last a few months.

Friday night Mrs. Walker also phoned Nelson, a friend of the who publishes the Natchitoches paper, asking him to drive down to Baton Rouge Saturday morning, arriving before Mr. and Mrs. Walker started out for New Orleans. He did so and brought back to Natchitoches the Walker boy who is to register in a Natchitoches school on Monday, staying with his grandmother while his father's more urgent medical needs are being looked after in New Orleans or Baton Rouge or wherever else.

"Gloria" became at it business and bus conversation with Nelson who has been on very friendly terms with Mr. Walker and his wife for over 20 years says that Mr. Walker has been ill a long time and has had albumen problems since 1947. He didn't know but doubted if it is not Mrs. Walker was ever given any opinion of the state of her husband's health. It is felt the wife's driving energy has kept the husband on the jump right along over the years. One newspaper man

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who has known husband and wife well during at least two decades says "the woman has built-in energy glands where other women are endowed with sex gland". One or two people who know the family best feel Mrs. Walker, although brilliant in many respects, is like a 12-year-old girl in matters pertaining to what she wants to do and that she realized her husband's health was far from good prior to the European journey that she was in a panic during the latter part of that trip for fear he might die before they got home and, after reaching New York and going on to Chicago, went steadily forward with her plans for herself and her husband to matriculate at the University of Chicago and all this in spite of the husband's delicate physical status. The U. S. U. classes started Friday but I assume, and it is only an assumption, that neither husband or wife attended and they certainly will not be present on Monday. One and perhaps the only excuse Mrs. Walker gave for going to school was to secure a Master's Degree so she would be in a better position to secure a teaching job, should death remove her husband. She has been offered newspaper jobs that would suit her wishes far better than anything else and, what is more, it is confided by Mr. Walker to intimate friends, that he has made adequate financial provisions for his family if he should die. Mrs. Walker on the death of her mother, will also receive the estate income from her mother's family, amounting to several thousand dollars a year, making it evident that finances is not a matter of concern for her future. Mrs. Walker is quoted as saying in all seriousness that even if her husband's physical health is poor, it is nevertheless true that his mind will remain alert until her death and therefore he might just as well be attending the U. S. U. classes during the ensuing semester as soon as he gets out of the hospital. Prior to talking on Saturday with Clara Gentry, I had learned quite differently from what she told me about her grandson whom she said was coming to visit her for the weekend and that he would be attending a "week" school like one in Hatchiteches as opposed to a Baton Rouge one where he has been attending classes for two or three weeks. Today she sang quite a different tune and said the boy might stay with her for a while and would register in town school tomorrow. It seems odd how the health of a single man can be of some much genuine interest to so many people and yet apparently his case puzzled everyone by her handling of it. So much for the less happy side of the coin but there's the reserve and this weekend it is stamped "Marly". I have dwelt in that neighborhood so much this weekend, re-reading the Lee report of the recent visit and loving every word of it. On Saturday three or four people called from town to see the Daily Town Talk of Alexandria carried the Plantation Memo, -- "in the Beginning Was Marly" and they liked it. I want to refer to this further subsequently.

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Monday, September 20th, 196

Partly cloudy and 100 percent humid all morning, followed by rain at noon, seven-tenths of an inch.

With everybody picking cotton all last week, it was evident that money would be easy over the weekend and that one natural consequence would be a measure of high-jinks up and down the road and at the henkaytent. For some inexplicable reason, however, there didn't seem to be much shuffling and it first appeared there were no automobile smashers. In the latter category, however, it turned out that there was one. A youth who lives with his grandmother in the house next to the artist's had just bought himself a car two weeks ago. The artist's had just first weekend he was clapped into the town jail for drunken driving. This past weekend he was seeing how fast he could travel on Highway No. 1 between Bayou Matchez and town, he and a companion. The car got out of hand, smashing into a tree. The artist's neighbor didn't get badly hurt but the youth with him came out with a broken arm and broken leg and the car itself was demolished. So much for a quiet weekend.

The Plantation Memo, in the Beginning Was Marly" appeared in the Saturday papers. I am getting an extra copy with a view to passing it along to Aunties in the article there is a reference to the enlargement of the birdseye view of the place as provided by her. I talked on the phone with James tonight. He was telling me of a new shipment of books he had recently received from Marly, that he had bought house on Vanick Street, Manhattan, which carries such wonderful publications from foreign and domestic presses and offered at such astonishingly moderate prices. He was especially enthusiastic about a volume dealing with an incredible number of castles in Czechoslovakia or perhaps that territory once known as Bohemia. He was talking about it as if it were a thing of beauty.

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says there are some 200 illustrations of these castles although some
two thousand castles are said to dot the Bohemian countryside
which certainly sounds like an awful lot of castles. I
am wondering if there is an illustration of the castle
in which Casanova wrote his Memoires after he had retired
from the social whirl to become librarian of the
remote castle library. An interruption broke in on that
sentence and I don't recall if I finished it or not.
I had in mind the castle in Bohemia to which Casanova retired to become
its librarian.
It would be interesting to know the age of some of these
castles in central Europe. Germany, Austria, Transylvania
and so on. That is, the dates of these still extant. If
memory serves, about the oldest chateau in France
is Amboise, dating from the 1500's. It seems remarkable that
the roads or earlier ones should all have vanished, with
the exception of fragments such as Carcassonne, the keep at Vincennes
and so on.
Carmen called this morning to ask me to get up to her hips
in getting clothing and things packed for the
trucks that will carry Red Cross bundles to
New Orleans for the people down that way, wiped out of personal
possessions by the hurricane. All through the
area of the Gulf States, trucks, trains and planes are
hauling things in the direction of south Louisiana. It
is thrilling to observe the response of the whole
population outside the area of storm damage and the way they
are giving so generously of everything to
help those in the devastated section of the State.
When houses and cabins were picked up and whirled through
the air into oblivion, one can readily understand the
need for all kinds of things but sometimes when houses were
left standing, the need for household things is equally
great because everything within the frame of the house left
standing may quite likely have been swept away by the
wreck. I suppose people, even if they ever owned
things, are likely to forget or be too distracted to recall
that when a hurricane or tornado descends upon a neighborhood,
the doors and windows of a building should be opened
in order to equalize the pressure. There were so many
houses especially during the recent blow that
simply exploded, so great was the pressure from within when
the void developed outside. One of my New Orleans
friends had just built a substantial brick house which stood up
alright but the doors which were locked and doubly
secured with a series of double chain security measures, were
blown in. The house was under such conditions that the
household goods should be sucked away by the big
vacuum cleaner passing that way.....

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Tuesday, September 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum
I have just had a very interesting conversation with
Mrs. Walker. She is a very interesting person and
she has a very interesting story to tell. She has
been staying at Oshner's. Mrs. Walker has been staying
with the mother and sister of Mrs. Chopin, their house
being not too far from Oshner's. Mrs. Chopin
has a postcard from Mrs. Walker today, asking her to
go over to the Williams Avenue home of the Walkers, currently
owned by the Williams who works for the Hachitiches Times, and
will be ready when the Walkers need it, a request that
inspired Mrs. Chopin to speculate if Mrs. Walker still
plans to take herself and her husband to L. S. U.
eventually. Mrs. Chopin phoned the
lady doctor to ask if such a thing were possible and the
latter said she couldn't imagine such a thing. One gathers
Mrs. Walker has her plans all made and is prepared to carry them
out but what these plans are and whether they fall within the
realm of possibility is another matter.
Mrs. Chopin just called. She had received a
call from her New Orleans sister, saying that last night
Mrs. Walker had told her when she drove over with her to
call on Mr. Walker that the doctors had just discovered
Mrs. Walker was suffering from a lead poisoning and obviously
had been suffering from it for at least 20 years. As
Mr. Walker has been consulting doctors both in Hachitiches
and Alexandria over the past two decades, the New Orleans
physicians can't figure out how these doctors
at Alexandria should have known about it. And so the mystery deepens
and so nobody knows what is what.
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From one year to the next, I find I forget how much copper and brass there is in the house until I take a swing at the whole thing at a single session. Usually I polish up one item or another at random but when Pilgrimage or preaches I round up a whole flock of stuff and it is only then I realize how many trays, pots and andirons there are. With today's shower discouraging out of door operations for an hour or so, I thought the time ideal for having a go at a flock of things and accordingly I was somewhat taken aback when I viewed the array I lined up on the gallery for giving it the works. I have a good milky looking liquid which is rather thick while a white graveny which is dabbed on the metal and left until it dries. After that it is merely a matter of rubbing off the stuff which has become like dust and the metal gleams like a rising sun. I was especially pleased with the shine the old dinner bell took on, the one I had marked in 1948 or 1949 with the inscription: "I belong to Melrose plantation where faithfully I served Cammie Henry from 1898 to 1948". The liquid polish must have either some such acid in it or is to judge from the aroma and from the drying of one's fingers if one doesn't thoroughly wash off with soap and apply a bit of vaseline or some kind of oil immediately after contact with the stuff. I usually leave out of doors over night whatever is shined with this commodity, giving whatever the ingredient is an opportunity to evaporate before returning the shined pieces to the inside of the house. The liquid polish caught a suggestion of the aroma that I do not recall from my office in Manhattan where some similar preparation was used for manufacturing and how people associated with the camera must have developed an immunity to it in sharp contrast to five ladies who stepped into the place about 14 minutes apart one morning and how each lady in succession fainted away, as pronounced was the effect of the on the uninitiated in sharp contrast to the casualness with which these accustomed to it went about their business.

The thermometer is in the cool 70ies and obviously it will be a grand night for sleeping.....

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Wednesday, September 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum of the day and incredible to relate; the thermometer has remained in the 60's all day. I have forgotten how much more one can accomplish in the 60's than in the 90's. In spite of the drizzle, I got a lot of outside work done in the morning, devoting the afternoon to efforts under the protection of the eaves. I held the thought the moderate temperatures may continue for a day or two so I may get along with pre-pilgrimage efforts. The Guernsey lilies have sent their torches up out of the ground at a great rate, thanks to the dampness. The lilies in front and in back of the African House are ablaze and give the scene a dab of color that makes the whole composition vibrant. Somebody from the Watchtower Times called me to ask about the location of a church in the Magnolia Plantation area and I remarked that the church in question had been sketched by Eddie Suydam, I. S. Willard and others. This brought forth the information that there would be a notice in tomorrow's paper about I. S. Willard's terminating his connections with the Louisiana educational system and his plans to concentrate on the finishing of two books on which he is working and the pursuance of an enterprise under some such title as Willard Designs. I don't have a very clear notion as to what books she may be working on but I assume one of them has to do with the de Mestiere family on which she did some research during her April quick visit to Paris with Adele Jack Carver Snell during which she did some exploring of the Palais Royal where a distasteful of the de Mestiere who succeeded St. Denis in Watchtower lived. I hope I. S. Willard realizes such a work is primarily "out" and "in" the nature of a labor of love and not intended to increase sales.

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her income, in the doubtful event she finds a publisher for such a work. She has lots of Hatchiteches Parish sketches of old houses, many of which have long since vanished, --the houses, not the sketches. It is important that these drawings and paintings should be preserved, preferably in book form; but whether a publisher could be discovered who would put money into such an effort remains to be seen. Such illustrations would be of tremendous interest to the student of early Hatchiteches and to assume would exert little pulling power by way of sales on the general market.

And now for a raid on the ice box and an attempt to get some 10 o'clock news. Static all day prevented me from extracting anything from the radio as to what goes on in the world.....

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Memorandum:

Dizziness and business were the order of the day. I
 There was a huge plantation hands sent it clean up
 remains of the burned out building as of August 1st
 last past. There were many things I wanted to keep
 in reach, tools of iron, fireplace range and things that
 not melted down and so. I kept within range of the overseer
 was supervising the removing of the considerable amount
 with the fence had formed the mud walls of the building
 which had been strong across the site when the building
 stood. It is interesting that all these mud walls fell
 toward the center of the side enclosing the building and
 not in the other half of the side.

Everybody has different ideas about leaving things, and this includes the trees surrounding the building. Except those that obviously were dead, and accordingly to be cut down, the others were allowed to stand according to my judgement in the autumn, it trimming during the winter when the sap was down. The General appeared a little before supper time and I thought all the trees should be cut back now regardless of the sap being up. I doubt if trimming trees in September in Louisiana is the best idea, but that is a matter of opinion. I thought we might as well cut down the two big golden rain trees, one of which had been partially scorched, the other not at all. I thought was that the oak between the site of the kitchen and the big house would spread further if the perfect golden rain tree were cut. I thought the golden rain trees and the adjacent Chinese magnolias were more important than the further spreading of the oak in their direction and so we shall take down the golden rain trees on the morrow. And so things went and I saved a few things from the sentence of death, and I may request quite a few more from the ash that otherwise would have been wanted away. I learned while we were inspecting these operations that we would be honored with a Shavepate visit at 11 p.m. When the two eldest brothers mentioned this, I opined that 6 would

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ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΟΝΟΝ

[illegible][illegible]

I shall attach a letter received from Dell Checkley today. I ran thru it hurriedly but thought you might find her appraisal of the column entertaining.....

Friday, September 24th, 1965.

Mostly clear and in the cool 60's.

I haven't thought so much about Florence since writing a column about same as I have today when little Miss Lee's first Italian card came to hand, giving me an opportunity to re-capture the charm of the place through the medium of the names of places visited and the chance to commune thus with the traveler. It is so good to know that sun replaced the rain clouds prevailing the countryside in the previously visited country and I hold the thought skies may be clear all through the balance of the journey.

Mrs. Chopin called this noon to say she had dropped in on Clara Genuing this morning and found her speaking with some asperity about her daughter. The point in advising me was to enable me to approach the subject of the daughter, armed with the knowledge of Clara's frame of mind. I called Clara about 2 and found her wonderfully at peace with the world and everybody in it. Mrs. Chopin called me again at 7. She said she had dropped in on Clara for a little chat a little after 2 and was impressed by the slowness of her speech. Clara's grandson came in from school a little after 3 and left a few minutes later to visit a friend in the neighborhood. Mrs. Chopin left a little after 4, returning at 6:15 with some laundry she had done for the youth. The youth met her at the door and reported his grandmother had thrice slumped to the floor when he returned for supper. He had called the lady doctor who gave the patient a glass of buttermilk and put her to bed. From a subsequent 'phone conversation with the physician, Mrs. Chopin learned that Clara obviously had had one drink too many and would be alright in the morning. And so the grandson is getting an education

Mrs. Walker is scheduled to 'phone Mrs. Chopin from Oshner's tonight to give some report on the findings of the clinic as regards Mr. Walker. Mrs. Chopin was uncertain about acquainting Mrs. Walker with Clar's indisposition. The Walker boy said he was dropping her mother a line tonight. Mrs. Chopin didn't know if the boy would mention grandma or not. The question before Mrs. Chopin

Sept. 24th, 1965.

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was to mention Clara's over indulgence or not. There is the probability that Mrs. Walker has enough on her mind regarding her husband's health without needing additional worry about her mother in the role of patient, her grandson in the role of nurse. If the boy mentions grandma in his letter and Mrs. Chopin skips reference to it in the 'phone conversation, will Mrs. Walker think Mrs. Chopin is withholding information she should have. If, on the other hand, Mrs. Chopin does touch on the subject and the boys in his letter does not, will Mrs. Walker take these as task for not keeping her advised about Clara. The obvious conclusion is that one should never have grandchildren or grandmas or ill health or alcoholic beverages or friends or whatever the several ingredients may be that constitute the tangled Walker web.

On the local front, the power saws were whining a little after 6 this morning, felling trees which I thought should not have been cut in the neighborhood of the old kitchen. The chimney was pulled down after that but the base left. Everybody seemed happy as clams this morning and Sister left for home right after dinner. It was pleasant around and about the gardens this afternoon although I regretted the General's wife had called on me just at the time the chimney was being worked on for the hearth was carried off while I was engaged in conversation with my guest and I wanted the hearth left intact with the foundation of the chimney.

I was interested in several pictures the General showed me today. They revealed havoc wrought by the hurricane in Baton

Rouge, especially in the neighborhood where the General's house is located. There were oaks with trunks more than 3 feet in diameter that were uprooted. As luck would have it, the hurricane traveled in the same direction the street runs in front of the General's house and thus these big oaks blew down parallel to the street and not at right angles so that the great branches for the most part only side-swiped the residences. The homes, of course, were damaged but not crushed as would have been the case, had the storm followed another path.

There were several letters from Chinn enthusiasts in today's mail and I want to answer them tonight and knock off another couple of notes before bed-folding time. I just notice two sheets stuck together when I wrote this memo, --hence the blanks in between or on the opposite side and I shall date this second sheet at the top for convenience.

13843

13843

Sunday, September 26th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and chilly in the 50's by night,
the 60's by day.
The Walker boy rode with Mrs. Chopin and her
son to Shreveport on Saturday morning, the Walker boy
having a dental appointment in Shreveport.
I called Clara Genung during the morning and
learned to quite a degree about doctors
not understanding anything about nerves. Clara said
she had fainted on Friday evening because of nerves
and that her grandson had called the lady doctor
who, to the patient's great satisfaction, had
not given her any pills but had merely
given her a glass of buttermilk and that the
patient had slept just fine. It wouldn't surprise
her, however, she said, if the lady doctor 'phoned
Mrs. Chopin that night, as the lady doctor sometimes
does phone Mrs. Chopin sometimes to give her news
and that her grandson, Mrs. Murphy, who is gravely
ill and Clara added, if the lady doctor did
call Mrs. Chopin last night, she probably lied and
told her that Clara had been drunk and that's because
doctors don't understand nerves.

Mrs. Chopin called me this morning to say she had
decided to drive down to New Orleans this
morning, going a couple of days early to observe her
mother's birthday and to see what she could do with
her time in assisting Mrs. Walker. She said she
would return Thursday.
She said Mrs. Walker had phoned her from Oshners on
Saturday night to say treatment had been de-
cided upon for her husband, a 48 hour treatment costing
a couple of thousand dollars, in which the patient
is placed on a table and for the ensuing two days the
blood was drawn constantly and continuously from
the right arm while new blood was fed into the left
arm. --a very strenuous and exhausting
 ordeal but one that might save the patient's life if
the treatment itself didn't prove too much for him. I
think the news that this undertaking impended is what
impelled Mrs. Chopin to make her journey southward
earlier than originally planned.

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13844

• 2001 • 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th

This afternoon when I answered the 'phone I heard a voice I recognized immediately although it had been a year or so since last I had heard it. It was the lady doctor. She said she had recently heard of my perplexity sometime during the summer when I had been unable to contact Clara and that she had heard from Mrs. Chapin that it was my custom while family and a friend of Clara's was not in town, for me to call Clara once every day. The lady doctor said she was calling me to say that she hoped I would call her at any time if the sound of Clara's voice indicated she might be hitting the bottle for as her unwanted physician, she would make it a point to look in on Clara forthwith. I told her I would do so. The lady doctor observed that she had one other patient in town, a man the same age as Clara, 80, who every once in a while would take to the bottle immoderately and that she was thankful these were the only two patients she did have at that age and thus afflicted.

Then the lady doctor went on to tell me something of her own family and expressed great delight with the progress her 9 year old daughter is making in her school, her piano lessons and her dancing. She said, too, that Desiree seems to be making great strides in religion, having decided she wanted to give up the Episcopal Church in favor of the Catholic which the mother the showed unusual keenness of concern on that part of the child.

If a family is going to have only one child, it is fortunate indeed if that single one turns out to be perfect.

For the past five or six months I have been thinking often of Miss Ma Mahier and her family and the long and intimate relationship between them and the squire and, after he and his wife took up residence in that city, primarily, I suppose, because of the friendship with the Mahiers and then, for what reason neither the Mahiers nor I could ever imagine, how the warmth of that friendship gradually cooled and finally how the squire and wife finally moved to the oldest city in the Louisiana purchase. At that time it was assumed the new place of residence was selected in some measure by the friendship with Leston. During recent months Leston has noticed wider and wider gaps between visits and whenever 'phone have been made, Leston has made them. Relations with the wife of Leston are right or wrong in thinking he detects a Mahier pattern applied in another setting.....

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Monday, September 27th, 1965.

[illegible]

13846

13846

1965, Sept 28, Tuesday

morning or last night, she wasn't sure which, and that they are back at Hyde Park once more. I. S. W. said that Thelma and John are giving their annual reception for new faculty members tomorrow night and asked me if I intended being present, adding quickly that if I planned to go, she would be happy to come down and pick me up and then deliver me home in good order again. I told her that thus far I have always been successful in avoiding such reception at the college although too often I have ended up by having to receive the new faculty members down here on a special pilgrimage arranged for the new commensals but that I did not intend getting bogged down in that procedure this year just prior to pilgrimage itself. She said she wanted to ask me about one or two points concerning Ghana receptionists but at just that moment J. H. picked up his receiver and asked if he might use the 'phone for "just three minutes" to make a long distance call. I was delighted at the excuse to put down my receiver and give I. S. W. an opportunity to call me back if she so pleased.

The incoming mail these days is comparatively light and accordingly there are fewer answers to be written. This is well since I am far behind in letters which should have been acknowledged. From Pilgrimage to Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's is only a hop, skip and a jump and except for the avalanche of holiday greetings, correspondence seems to lessen during the last hundred days of the year, what with everybody being so busy on more important doings.

An hour's interlude as between this paragraph and the above during which I concentrated in the dark on a couple of hogs rooting the querns in the field. They knocked over a chair on the gallery, bringing their presence to my attention. Chasing them through bushes at this hour of the night is like a game of Blind Man's Buff but, miraculously, to relate the blind man finally won the game and I held the thought they don't find some other place in the fence to get through.

Another quick shower, a dab of salade and I shall be flattened out, the radio playing and I sleeping.....

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Tuesday, September 28th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Skies cloudless, thermometer in the 80's. Long sleeves are temporarily out. It was pleasant to hear Natalie's voice on the wire today. She asked me if I remembered an article about Clementine Hunter, written by Ora Williams, and submitted to the Baton Rouge Advocate before La Williams went to Europe this summer. I recalled. She said that Ora Williams had heard nothing more about it until today when in the grocery store she was hailed by one of her friends about the fine article appearing in the Sunday Advocate of Baton Rouge this past Sabbath, September 26th.

The Advocate did not alter a word of the original text, devoting an entire page to the piece and its illustrations of Hunter's compositions including a zinnia still life, a wedding, a pilgrimage and at least two tiles, -- Cotton Harvest and Cotton Crucifixion.

The Advocate is sold on the newsstands in this Parish and quite a few Parish people subscribe to the paper, among whom is Mrs. C. Vernon Cloutier. The latter's brother, R. B., chanced to see Madam Beauvert today and asked her if she chanced to see the article about Clementine Hunter. She said she had seen it. He asked her what she thought of the article and she said she had noticed anything particular about it. He asked her if she knew who wrote it and she said she had noticed and had thrown it away.

I have ordered a copy of the issue and will include it with other material on little Miss Lee's return.

I did not know about the publication of this article when Carmen phoned me this morning. She read me a letter from her sister-in-law, Mrs. M. Payne Bras of Baton Rouge, asking Carmen to get her several Hunter pictures of which she already has quite a collection and is mentioned in the article. So far as I know, from the reading of the letter by Carmen, her sister-in-law did not mention the Advocate article although I am quite sure she must have seen it.

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13848

Tuesday, September 28th, 1965.

Memorandum

Carmen's nephew, Dick Winslow, dropped in to see her this morning at 7. He is playing the part of a convict in a picture Paramount is making near Angola. I found it interesting that the picture is being directed by the same man who was the director for some of the Jackie Coogan pictures made when Jackie and Dick were playing together as children. I must inquire what has ever happened to Jackie. If he still lives in the Los Angeles area, Dick probably sees him occasionally. In his present role of convict, Dick cannot shave or have his hair cut and Carmen said both Dick and she had to laugh at his appearance. He had driven up to spend the day and had to go back tonight. For some reason which I do not understand, the shooting of the picture begins at one o'clock in the morning. Dick receives fifty dollars a day which sounds like much lower pay than in the old days when money seemed to ooze whenever the camera clicked.

On the home front, one continues hearing the whine of the power saw as big broken limbs are removed from the trees around and about. And the trimming up of the damage done by the Betsy hurricane a couple of weeks back is recalled. A news item when the radio from stations as far away as New York and Chicago trace the course of this week's storm, Debby. This morning it seemed to be located about 400 miles south of the mouth of the Mississippi but during the afternoon it seemed to be moving in a more easterly rather than northern course and tonight it is said the progress has come almost to a standstill somewhere south of Mobile and accordingly will probably not rip into New Orleans although the tides there are said to have forced the closing of some of the highways.

A call from Evelyn Row who rents the Walker house at 1206 Williams reports she has just had a phone call from Mrs. Chopin in New Orleans. Oschner reports Mr. Walker can be kept alive with treatments involving twenty thousand dollars a month, two treatments requiring two full days each twice a week. One can but wonder about it all.

13849

13849

Wednesday, September 29th, 1965.

Memorandum

Cloudy, occasional sprinkles, humidity at 100.

Just as I gave the weather report, my phone rang. It was Timmy Chopin to tell me he had just received a call from his mother in New Orleans who said she would be remaining there for another day or two to be with Mrs. Walker. The treatment which the clinic had begun on Mr. Walker, it was to run 48 hours, had to be cancelled due to Mr. Walker's physical exhaustion. Timmy said he understood pneumonia had developed. Verily, the outlook for the patient looks gloomy if not tragic. My day got going fairly early and I did considerable digging and planting. The border grass now outlines the foundations of the one time kitchen and I am fiddling with the plants of ground where herbs will be planted and odds and ends for the kitchen will be cultivated. I have planted sage and so on. There was a concession made to the and east lines for benches and when the whole thing is settled down and putting up plants, the good earth that the benches, I think the barren plot left by the conflagration will take on an attractive appearance.

This morning about 11:15 a full moon appeared bearing some delectable edibles in the form of brownies, fruit, fancy bread and equally fancy cheese. She brought Ann some body with her and both ladies relaxed for half an hour after which I pushed them forth so they could get on to my dinner and then to my gardening.

J. M. is in New Orleans for a couple of days and Celeste spent the day in Alexandria. She told me yesterday she was going to see to it that she get home before dark so she would have all the lights turned on to keep away the robbers. It's a curious thing that it never seems to have established itself in her mind that the only things she has lost from her house have been taken by the very person she prizes as a pet serpent although she has on occasion complained to him about breaking into her wine cabinet when she

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has been absent and he has been working a round the place alone.

interruption. . . .

Clara Genung just called. She wanted to give me her daughter's new address at Oschner's which I was glad to get down but uncertain as to whether it was good. Clara gives different reports from her son-in-law's condition and this is obvious from the fact that she told me treatments had been discontinued and that she assumed he would be discharged from the hospital on the morrow which undoubtedly would enable him and his wife to return to Baton Rouge to begin their graduate studies. She said she was in almost the same breath that her grandson, now staying with her, would be going down to visit his father this weekend. She was casting about for somebody to drive him down. Although the grandson is 15, neither he nor his family seems to have heard that sometimes travel use bus or train for transportation.

There's a sign just erected just south of Natchitoches, not far from the town house. It states that the new road will be doing business on the site shortly. It states the name of the new right spot is Penta Blue. Shades of Penta Blue. I assume one difference will be that the original may still be delighted with its beautiful spring water while the poor imitation will sear fire water. . . . The members of the Louisiana legislature are in some-thing of a turmoil at the moment. The President of a River Pilots Association, when called upon to explain where about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars of the Association's funds went, has testified that this money was given to various members of the Executive and Legislative personnel to see to it that a bill was passed to increase Pilot fees. Among these named as having been given handouts running into the thousands of dollars is or are not only the Executive Secretary of ex-Governor Davis but also one Representative Sylvan Friedman of Bayou Lafourche. Such transactions may be difficult to prove but no one seems surprised that the politicians might have been named with some reason as recipients, and the more have been named with some Sylvan's case as he complained a few years ago of having "lost" several thousand dollars during a

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Thursday, September 30th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Sprinkley until 9 this morning, followed by clearing skies with temperature in the 80's and humidity at 100. Heavy clouds rolled up before sundown bringing on the darkness of night before 6 o'clock and a tumble in the temperature that will sag under a cold front to somewhere in the 50's before dawn. Today's mail was a little heavier than usual, induced in large measure, I gather, by the Ora G. Williams article in last Sunday's Baton Rouge Advocate. At least several of the letters had clippings attached. As is the case so often with in-coming mail, some of the letters were from people whom I had met when they passed this way and some I can remember and some I cannot. Then there are other letters from people whom I have never met, probably people who have heard of the Caney River country, read a Plantation Memoir heard other people speak of this area. An article such as the one about the primitive painter is suffice to set people to letter writing and I always enjoy epistles from such sources. But there was a flash of enthusiasm in this otherwise somewhat prosaic collection of letters, a message from little Miss Lee, expressing delight with the trip which held so much of interest and guaranteed so many happy vignettes for memory in the days ahead. To be back on familiar soil and to have news of Auntie brought the letter to a propitious close as the traveling takes on another phase in a more northerly direction. One regrets Auntie will not be seen on this trip but it is good to know she is with one who will take a per-sonal interest in her recuperation and this fact in itself ought to help her climb back to normalcy the more promising. I assume an occasional letter to the patient from this area might do no harm and perhaps the article about Marly may serve a purpose in reminding her of the gift of the birdseye view of the property may give her a measure of pleasure. A call from Clara Genung today indicated she still has a nice concept of her son-in-law's condition for she

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Memorandum

mentioned that today being Thursday, it was probably likely that the Walkers might be driving to Baton Rouge to begin their university work. He usually remarked that her grandson might be joining his parents before long. She replied that it would perhaps be next week before he thought of returning to his Baton Rouge school, indicating that the grandson had not mentioned to her that he might be planning to go to New Orleans to see his father this weekend. Anxiously grandma is being kept in the dark on life being given information, isn't comprehending its implications and she is supposed to keep me filled in as to how things turn at Oak Grove. No direct communication having come to me from that quarter, I, too, am a little hazy as to just what is what. Mrs. Chopin, however, will be returning to Natchitoches on the morrow and I have no doubt she will advise me promptly. Aside from my concern over Mr. Walker's condition, I am giving some thought to copy for Plantation Memo. There are enough of these ready to go into the mail to the several newspapers to cover the ensuing 3 or 4 weeks but the original manuscripts which will require correction and re-tying remain here in my desk for it seems to me it is better to hold them for the moment until I have a likely address for the Editor has changed her residence twice or three times of late and I never feel surey about the fate of mail when it is to be forwarded under such circumstances. The copy could be sent to Oak Grove of course but that would be to Mr. Walker who is certainly in no condition to be receiving mail at present. I am beginning to get phone calls from Natchitoches seeing a bunch of grandma's acquaintances asking if they may bring friends to visit for a tour prior to pilgrimage. I have had two calls from Mrs. Sanabon, a daughter of Natchitoches, asking if she may bring somebody who is renting her house in town. People seem to sense that there is lots of work to be done in pre-pilgrimage times and people living in town can certainly wait until after the tour if they don't want to participate in the go-round itself.....

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It now appears that Mr. Walker's Alexandria physician and one of his Natchitoches ones advised him months ago that

It now appears that Mr. Walker's Alexandria physician and one of his Natchitoches ones advised him months ago that

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13854

October 3rd, 1965

days were numbered but he kept this information from everyone which it seems to me was a mistake for surely the wife and child should have been given some information preparing them for the inevitable. Perhaps it was this knowledge of his mortal illness that made him decide to sell the enterprise. Be that as it may, probably no in this day of remarkable scientific doings gives up hope that survival may be attained in spite of prognostication.

At present Mr. Baker is being subjected to all the physical tortures that the medical profession can think up to prolong life a few days, --and to what point, I cannot imagine. Tubes are said to be sticking into him in every imaginable and mysterious places, starting up at the throat and moving downward, --arms, chest, naval and so on. There comes a time when a man should be permitted to die in peace. I firmly believe, and physicians should be restrained from putting the body through such efforts when at best the hope of survival is limited to only a few days. Of course the professional gentlemen would explain that there is always a chance of a miracle resulting from all their experiments but after any patient has had about so much experiment, there ought to be a halt.

As for local doings, I'm pretty much on the jump and the weather is a help when pulling and hauling stuff about. The mail continues heavy but of scant interest, I fear, although I am not going to try to explore most of the letters for a while, as, for example, a five or six page letter hand written from Mrs. Charles Wagner of Hatchiteches which is probably interesting if one had all day and adequate secretariat to plumb the contents.

And now I am about to attack a couple of Brownies from the Fullilove Lander and a glass of milk and then stretch out and see if I can keep awake to find out what the radio has to say about doings around the globe.....

over -
see re paintings

13855

13855

Sunday, October 3rd, 1965.

Partly cloudy and unseasonably cool for early October, a mean 60 or thereabouts.

The weekend has been alright but somehow confusing.

Sister flew in half hour in advance of dinner Saturday. She claimed she had come down to town and went to the hotel to register for the tour, only to discover the Chamber of Commerce in Shreveport had mis-informed her as to the date of the Pilgrimage by telling her it was to be on the 2nd, Saturday, and the 3rd, Sunday, she didn't register. One may believe all this or not. Right after dinner my barber came to cut my hair and in the midst of operations, Sister needed me at the big house to get into a cabinet. Half shorn, I attended to her needs and then came back to the barber. I never saw any more of her but learned she returned to Shreveport in mid afternoon, threatening to honor us with a visit next weekend. What she came for, I assume, was to bring J. H. a birthday cake, today being his natal day.

About 4:30 while I was preparing some supper for Lew Paul and Louella and had quite a fine goulash stirring up in my Woudeir, I heard a voice I did not recognize calling my name from the front gallery. I turned out to be Natalie, no less. She had brought down a Kampti priest and another from Illinois who had his mother with him. Natalie had come to ask me if she might tour them, and, among other things, explain the priest's mother was a compulsive talker which indeed she did turn out to be. I gave them a quick tour which was all the compulsive talker could take but she had fun as she did most of the talking which gave Natalie and me an opportunity to chat a little on the side. She spoke of little Miss Lee and of having had a message from her. She also said she intended having a note at 908 awaiting the returning traveler around the middle of the month. Then she told me something that I found interesting. She said

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Katherine Bridges of Northwestern had told her that she, la Bridges, was borrowing from the Hatchitoches Parish Library these marvelous Clenentine Hunter paintings which the Registers had given the Library and placing them in the Louisiana Room of the college for the duration of the tour. From her description of the pictures, I take it they must be these remarkable "montages" along with some striking heads which were done when the Registers were living in Pecan Park. I should have loved to have one of them but never dreamed they would part with them. In view of the ties linking the artist, the original purchaser and me, not to mention with my friendship for various Parish librarians, it seemed a little odd but with all a confirming sign that what I had reported two or three days back was evident.

A further confusion struck me around 9 this evening when Mrs. Chopin, phoned to say she had called Mrs. Walker at Ochsner's and had learned from her that Mr. Walker's pneumonia was all gone, that he had been sitting up in a chair in both morning and evening and that he would be glad to talk with Mrs. Chopin on the phone, which he did. We both were floored at this twist, especially as Mrs. Chopin had wondered if he would survive the weekend.

After that call was terminated, there was another, --I. S. Wi. She wanted to ask me two or three things about Ghana and spoke of her costume and, --and this is what really gave me a turn, it was so utterly undreamed of, --that Kay has had a very pretty costume made. I gasped, I suppose, but managed to inquire what Kay's costume was intended for and le. Oh, I thought I had mentioned it a long time back, Kay is going to assist me in receiving at Ghana during Pilgrimage.

I broke off between this paragraph and the above to tune in on doings in Rome and staid with the broadcast until the plane carrying the Pope and his entourage took off for New York where I shall make it a point to pick up the plane again as it lands in New York in the morning. The announcer mentioned that it is 4,300 miles between Rome and New York and that the plane will arrive at its destination about 7 o'clock. The differences in the time zones, daylight savings and all the rest requires too much calculating for me to estimate the time consumed by the flight but that is of no importance and tomorrow we shall hear all about the precise details covering the entire round trip, I am sure. I am so glad the Pope and the President will meet and that the United Nations will be getting a big moral boost by the festivities to be held there on the morrow. The Bible slappers are forever "ousin" the United Nations and it's good the Papal prestige will give good publicity to the organization..

13857

13857

Monday, October 4th, 1965.
Cloudy in the 50's with occasional sprinkles.
I was hoping it would be fair in Manhattan today for the Pope's visit and it was. It must have been a little air-ish, however, what with the thermometer in the 40's and a 30 mile an hour breeze. But the absence of rain guaranteed a measure of greater ease for the throngs all day intent on the Papal progress and it is especially fortunate that it did not rain during the services of the Mass in the evening when the stadium, Yankee, was filled to its ninety thousand people capacity.

What a busy day for everyone connected with the visit and most of all for the Pope himself. He is said to be physically frail but he must have loads of stamina to have gone through such a heavy agenda and still be able to show adequate vigor and maintain a smile throughout. He certainly had an opportunity to demonstrate his ability as a linguist for although I did not hear him utter a word of his native Italian, he tressed off his Latin, French and English with the best of them. I assume he addressed the United Nations in French but that is only a guess on my part since the translation into English, spoken at the same time the Pontiff was addressing the assembly, somehow super-imposed the translator's voice on the speaker's and often I found difficulty in understanding either the one or the other. In view of the number of people making use of a translator, as for instance in such programs as "Meet the Press" or "Face the Nation", it has long seemed to me that a new policy should be put into practice in which a few words of the speaker in his native tongue might be given after which only the voice of the translator should be broadcast for the balance of the program. This would enable the listener to comprehend the better what was being said and thus avoid the jumble of sounds too often dominating such interviews and speeches.

The name of Mrs. John F. Kennedy was mentioned several time including her presence at United Nations, as I understood it, in c with Archbishop Cushing, and at the Low Mass at Yankee stadium. One radio describer of events at the Mass expressed

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himself as taken aback by the fact that some garment the Pontiff was wearing appeared to be yellow instead of white. I had spoken on the phone with somebody about this color difference earlier and it is said TV coloring came through in unexpected hues. I conclude one or another of the flood lights was equipped with bulbs that produced this optical illusion. I am going to be listening for explanations of this fact in future discussions of the day's activities, all of which seemed to go off wonderfully well.

I heard only one note that did not seem to be entirely in harmony with the events. That was from a Shreveport news announcer over WKH who said right after an early afternoon broadcast: "This station now resumes its usual broadcasts but at 3:30 will return to the Pope's doings." Perhaps no slur was intended but "Pope's doings" seemed lacking in appreciation of the importance of the history being made in Manhattan.

I felt sorry for the announcers of the major net works at the conclusion of the day's festivities. It seems to me it was their business to keep talking into their microphones at the airport until the TWA plane bearing the Pope was air borne. There was considerable time required for the final farewells during which the broadcasters were required to keep talking but what neither they nor the listeners had expected began when finally the last passenger was in the plane and the doors sealed. All air traffic, incoming and outgoing behind and ahead had been stopped until the plane took off but then for some reason which nobody seemed to understand and which I still can't imagine, at least a quarter of an hour was required without the plane, after it had been wheeled around, nothing happened and it was said at that time that more time was being consumed just standing there on the ramp than had been taken up by the Papal trip.

From the Vatican pavilion at the World's Fair to the at home of each saint part, a number of miles away. And so, during this so-called prolonged and apparently wholly unanticipated delay, the net work gentlemen at the airport microphones had been reticent to keep on warbling something or other, any old thing by way of improvisation until finally and at long last, the plane finally got going and eventually took to the air. One could almost hear the sound of relief and thanksgiving in the speaker's voice that the job was finally done.

Because it was sprinkling this morning, it was too damp for field work and so one man was sent to me and then two more although, of course, it was just as damp on the garden side of the fence as on the cotton patch side. The two second gentlemen were taken away within half an hour and at the first man had to go to town for the balance of the day so my labors in anticipation of Saturday moved slowly enough....

13859

13859

Tuesday, October 5th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, drizzly and chilly.

Thelma called this morning to say she had found some pretty straw flowers in the store and that she would like to bring me a bouquet to lend a festive note for the weekend. She said she had thought of dropping by Beaufort to see what progress la Cloutier was making in her preparations and would pass by this way if I didn't mind either before or after the Beaufort visit. I suggested before and so she arrived about 12:45 this noon.

It wasn't so much a bouquet that she brought but a bunch of straw flowers along with some heather she had plucked in Hermandy and immediately she got busy making a couple of bouquets for the two "bread and milk bowls" presented me last Christmas. I never wanted the "bread and milk bowls" to start with and much less did I want straw flower bouquets put in them but when she got through, they looked pretty enough and that was that.

I suppose one of the drawbacks of being the wife of the President of any organization and being President of another organization in one's own right is the constant restraint one in such a situation must have to exert on one's self to keep from sweeping all before one, regardless of one's right to exert one's self in directions beyond one's own domain. A case in point was Thelma's impulse to do set things around properly when in another person's house. The bust of E-benny, standing between the two bowls on which she was laboring, had some dust on it. It will have more dust on it before the cleaning at present in progress is finished. But Thelma couldn't resist the impulse to remove the dust at the first sight of it and without meaning to do so, stepped out onto the gallery, reached her handkerchief in the gown dropping from the cases, and returning to the living room, proceeded to wash off E-benny's person. I tell her not to worry about E-benny for he would be getting a good cleaning before the pilgrims arrived and that - preferred being a little bit of oil on his nose to being a little bit of water. She took all this in her stride and was so earnest in all her busy ways that, just as I began to wonder how long it would take, she was gone.

see
transcript

13861

13860

Wednesday, October 1902

But as nothing ever lasts forever, so the visit eventually came to an end and Thelma went on her way and I got on with the help of Bub in removing all the books occupying the west wall of the living room, carting them to the gallery and cleaning them, and then putting them back which was quite a job. I talked with Thelma tonight to thank her for the fine assortment of fruit and groceries she had brought me and she said that although la Beaufort had invited her to visit her this afternoon, she was not at home and so she had saved considerable time by escaping from that social encounter.

On the home scene the Valley Electric finally established current to Ghana which had been deprived of "juice" since the August 14th fire when the wires were cut in the kitchen area along the trail which the lines were stretched en route to Ghana.

The grapevine report that the Shreveport people having the camp below Fugabou's house were unhappy about the too frequent visitations made at the camp every time another Shreveporter finds her way to this bend of the river. The visits have been so frequent, the hubbub so unending on every occasion that finally the uninvited guest was asked not to honor the camp further and that ought to call for some noisy reverberations almost any time.

Mrs. Chopin called me this morning to say at the lady doctor's orders she was spending the day in bed having approached a state of exhaustion.

This afternoon Clara Genung called and it was evident from her opening salutation that she was in her cups. She rambled around conversationally for a few minutes when I cut the conversation short by saying there were visitors at my door and I did not call her back. After a night's sleep she will probably manage a conversation better on the morrow. I wonder what her grandson makes of all this.

And now I must attack some of Thelma's grapes and then see if I can catch a bit of news.....

13861

partial transcript of memo Tues. Oct. 5th
from 4th paragraph on:

I suppose one of the drawbacks of being the wife of the President of any organization and being President of another organization in one's own right is the constant restraint one in such a situation must have to exert on one's self to keep from sweeping all before one, regardless of one's right to exert one's self in directions beyond one's own domain. A case in point was Thelma's impulse to set things around properly when in another person's house. The bust of E-bonny, standing between the two bowls on which she was laboring, had some dust on it. It will have more dust on it before the cleaning at present in progress is finished. But Thelma wouldn't resist the impulse to remove the dust at the first sight of it and without referring to it, stepped out onto the gallery, soaked her handkerchief in the rain dripping from the eaves, and returning to the living room, proceeding to wash off E-bonny's person. I told her not to worry about E-bonny for he would be getting an adequate polishing before the pilgrims arrived and that I preferred using a liquid with an oil content on him, rather than water. She took all that in her stride and was deterred not at all but went gayly ahead, just as anyone knowing himself to be right, has a way of doing.

But as nothing ever lasts forever, so the visit eventually came to an end and Thelma went on her way and I got on with the help of Bub in removing all the books occupying the west wall of the living room, carting them to the gallery and cleaning them, and then putting them back which was quite a job. I talked with Thelma tonight to thank her for the fine assortment of fruit and groceries she had brought me and she said that although la Beaufort had invited her to visit her this afternoon, she was not at home and so she had saved considerable time by escaping from that social encounter.

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And now I must attack some of Thelma's grapes and then see if I can catch a bit of news.....

from 4th paragraph on:
partial transcript of memo Tues. Oct. 6th

had saved considerable time by escaping from that social encounter. She was not at home and so she had invited her to visit her this afternoon, she had brought me and she said that although then putting them back which was quite a job. I talked with them tonight to thank her for the fine assortment of fruit and groceries she had brought me and she said that although the west wall of the living room, casting them to the gallery and cleaning them, and went on her way and I got on with the help of Bob in removing all the books occupying But as nothing ever lasts forever, so that visit eventually came to an end and Thelma

The gravestone report that the Shreveport people having the camp below Lyndon's house were unhappy about the too frequent visitations made at the camp every time another Shreveporter would find her way to this bend of the river. The visits have been so frequent, the husband so meaning on every occasion that finally the invited guest was asked not to honor the camp further and that ought to call for some noisy revivifications almost any time.

This afternoon Clara Genny called and it was evident from her opening salutation that she was in her cups. She rambled around conversationally for a few minutes when I interrupted the conversation short by saying there were visitors at my door and I did not call her back. After a night's sleep she will probably manage a conversation better on the morrow.

.....2W9D

13862

Drizzley and chill all morning. Thin clouds
of seed little Miss Lee, giving
as the moon is wonderful and the
the best bundle of sunbeams coming my way today
was the pair of letters from little Miss Lee, giving
me so much information of importance to me, especially
the vignettes of her own travels, things seen, people
visited and news of Auntie. I shall see to it that I get
a letter off to Auntie forthwith, enclosing whatever
clippings I may round up to include with the letter

There were other letters in the mail but none of any interest in particular. I spent most of the day laboring out of doors and so did not telephoning except the "must" things. Once I dashed into the house to get a match to burn some trash and as I reached for the match box beside the telephone, the phone rang just as though it had seen me coming. It was from Bill Bridges of Baton Rouge, saying he was making a trip to Shreveport on the morrow and wondered if he might drop in for a little chat. I told him he might if he would provide himself with a hoe, rake, wheelbarrow, broom, dust cloth and the like as I was up to my hips in pilgrimage preparations. He had never heard of the pilgrimage apparently but said he would be doing and asked when the best time would be. I suggested 2 p.m., and then he asked me if I had seen Carolyn lately. I said I had neither seen nor heard tell of her in months. He said he had just been talking with her and that she was in

13863

13863

Houston and that she had reported that last Tuesday her brother
Ben had died. He had two sons, one in college
and one in High School. I shall drop her a
short note tonight and tell some of her local friends
of this loss of her brother to whom she seemed to feel
more closely tied since he and she were the only members
of the family surviving until now.

And now I want to return to the grand letters in today's
post and to say how wonderful it was of little Miss Lee to
share the wonderful things she had seen in the galleries
and how much all this meant to me. I am especially
appreciative of all the individual artists name and the
several references to pictures. It was remarkable, almost
as though mental telepathy had been at work, when I ran
across the reference to Champagne and his portraits of Richelieu
and Louis XIII for I have been giving a lot of thought to
both the Cardinal and the King of late, thinking I

should like to study about both of these two gentlemen and,
fortunately, one can scarcely study about the one without
being concerned about the other, what with each having
been so dependent upon the other.

I am wondering if the Champagne portrait of
Richelieu was the unique one that is really three portraits
in one canvas, the right profile, the full face in the
middle and the left profile. I have always loved
that picture and have often wondered why I have never seen
anyone employ the same layout. I have never even seen
three photographs done thus and wonder why I haven't.

I am underlain about the appearance of Louis XIII but
should like to make its acquaintance. I know

as well the portrait of his son, Quaterze, both through
the grand Rigaud painting as mentioned and even more
intimately, the one, perhaps in wax, executed by
Belleit on some such which used to and probably still
does grace the royal bedchamber at Versailles.

Now I want to get acquainted with the likeness of Louis XIII,
and it doesn't matter to me if he was the father
of Quaterze or, as has been rumored, Cardinal Mazarin
was the real Papa of Quaterze. There is honor enough
to go around without anybody being cheated and both Kings
and both Cardinals seem to be forever increasing in their
appeal to my imagination.

I want to chat more about some of the artists
I mentioned, but I must deny myself the pleasure
until another sitting.

death of Kenneth Walker 13864

13864

Thursday, October 7th, 1965.

Memorandum: It seems like a long time since I
wrote the last time in too long.

The sunshie, because of its long absence, seemed
doubly beautiful and tonight's moon grander than ever.
The temperature remains on the cool side but even
though that remains on the moderate side, it is heartening

to hear the Weather Bureau say it looks like fair
weather at least until early in the week. I held
the thought that it will remain through the
beginning of the week through Sunday at least so

that the pilgrims may not get dampened.
Well, Bill Bridges appeared as indicated he would
do in yesterday's telephone call. I had Bub, Fug, heu

and August doing hand springs around and about and wanted to
spend every minute with them in putting things to
rights but told myself I was bound to be at the gate

to welcome the visitor and accordingly announced to
my helpers at 2:45 that I must tear myself away and march
to the front gate whereupon one of them said, as I

glanced at my clock that there was a gentleman on the front
gallery to see me and lo! there was Bill Bridges.

Yucca presented a measure of disarray, especially
from an atmospheric viewpoint, what with the fumes
of clorer with which the interior walls were being

scrubbed and the aroma of furniture polish being applied.
But after leading Bill through the confusion, I seated
him on the sofa and there he sat but much too long. Finally

I employed an old trick of getting rid of a guest by
speaking of something I wanted him to see at Ghana and
after luring him that far, came back across the garden

and through the gourd section and thence to the new herb
garden and soon into the big house and off toward
the front gate. He wanted 24 dollars worth of tiles which

we were carrying and on reaching the front gate, we walked
to his car, parked in front of the store. He deposited
them in the car after slipping the payment for same in

my pocket which he buttoned down and then, to my dis-
may said he would walk back to Yucca with me which he
did and another hour passed before he finally departed.

I was gently taken back, following his departure, when I
saw him in the car again and he was back to the store.

.....

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October 7th, 1965

unbuttoned my shirt pocket and examined the bank note
he had so carefully placed there. It bore the likeness
of Abraham Lincoln and was, indeed, as the portrait indicated,
a five dollar bill.

My phone just rang and when I answered and heard
the voice of Clara Gung, I naturally sensed bad news, since
she is usually in bed by 7 and it is now nearer 9.
She said Mrs. Walker had called her around the time she
had expected Mrs. Chopin and Kenneth, Jr., would be back
from New Orleans where they had gone to have some dental work
done for Kenneth, Jr. Clara said that her daughter had
just called again, that Kenneth, Jr., and Mrs. Chopin were
there and that on learning Clara was not alone, Mrs.
Walker told her that Mr. Walker had died.

I think I can tell when Clara has had a drink
and I am quite sure she had not had one when she
called me but nevertheless she did give a fine example
of how confusing she can put things when she said that
the body would be taken to Phoenix, Arizona, for
burial but that, of course, there would be merely a
memorial service there since years ago both
Mrs. and Mrs. Walker had given their bodies to Science and
therefore it would be removed immediately from the Baton
Rouge, -- she meant New Orleans, hospital to
the laboratory. And all of that information in
a single contradictory sentence struck me as being
a little bit of a high point in something or other.

She added that the man in Colfax who bought the
Colfax Chronicle from the Walkers was on his way to
Hatchitoches to pick up Ken, Junior, and would drive him
back to New Orleans tonight. She said further that mother
and Mrs. Walker's sister would return to Louisiana
within about five days, the sister-in-law to help Mrs.
Walker attend to things in the 1206 house and that
the house would probably be sold forthwith which is probably
a rather may not be true.

She asked me to notify friends by phone and especially
mentioned my neighbors across the fence, John and Thelma Kyser.
I called John and had a nice long talk with him about
his summer trip through northern France, especially
the Verdun area, which fascinates him and that was that.....

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Friday, October 8th, 1965.

Memorandum
Fair with the thermometer standing around 90.
The Weather Bureau says it will be just like that over
the weekend.

The mail continues rather bulky but contains
little of interest, the majority of today's mail coming
from readers of Plantation Memo in South
Louisiana, referring to last Saturday's "Once Every
October" which had to do with the Church fair across
the way. It seems a little late for people
down that way to be making inquiry on that subject and
it suggests the hysterical ladies didn't get too
much publicity from that quarter. Oddly enough,
most of those concerned with the operation of the
tour, such as Carmen, Thelma et al don't seem
to sense that one has to pay for publicity if one expects
to get results for a thing like Pilgrimage and
accordingly they get little or nothing by way of
reaction since they fail to put any action into the
advance notices.

I, myself, must confess I contemplate
the weekend things with a high degree of casualness
which makes me a little surprised at myself in view
of the expenditure of physical labor I have indulged in
in making things ready for the morrow. I guess
about everything has been accomplished so far as I am
concerned in getting things ready but I have not
looked forward to the impending onrush of hoop skirts
with any enthusiasm and I think I shall be glad when
Sunday night has arrived and the last pilgrim has departed
and the last hostess gone on her way.

The clerk told me at breakfast that he saw James
and Kay at the grocery store in town last night and
he said he told them they had better hurry along and get their
costumes in order for the weekend things. He said
Kay said something about being all ready but James told
him that he did not intend to put in an appearance from which
one assumes Kay will be coming down with I. S. Willard and, of
course, the pilgrims.

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course, going home with her. This ought to make quite an active couple of afternoons for Kay since the hostesses are supposed to be here from 1 p.m. until the last pilgrim departs, being the hour when the final go-round has been completed and entrance here is in order until 5:30 which means about 6:30 at least before the last comers depart. The hostesses, however, generally interpret the magical moment of 5:30 as the hour for their departure rather than whatever time after that hour that the last pilgrims to arrive have made their rounds.

I did not see Celeste this morning but yesterday she had mentioned she would be entertaining people at buffet supper at the close of Saturday's pilgrimage. I hastened to say that I was to be counted out as I intended visiting the fair.

I haven't been within reach of a phone much today but whenever I was, I found myself answering the phone, -- inquiries about Mr. Walker the time and place of his funeral and so on. One reason why I haven't given much thought about the impending festivities is because while engaged in my prosaic labors physically, my thoughts have been re-tracing steps with little Miss Lee in her travels for my mind never ceases dwelling on the reports that have come to hand covering this subject and I never tire of dwelling on the interesting points mentioned. While I think of it at this machine, I want to refer to a phrase concerning Madame Vigee-Lebrun's portraits; it seems to me, if memory serves, that there was some mention of the two daughters of the lady and I find myself wondering if a secretary misread a line or if I am mistaken about the Vigee-Lebrun family for I was thinking there was but one daughter who, without any particular joy to the mother, insisted on marrying somebody named Rousseau about the time when mother and daughter were in Saint Petersburg. It doesn't matter, of course, how many daughters there were but I am wondering if I chanced to lose one somewhere along the way over the decades since last I read the artist's Memoires.

Thelma brought me among other things some delicious grapes the other day and I feel a compelling impulse to attack them at almost any minute after I have had a hot bath and called it a day. It's going to be nice catching a glimpse of Natalie on the morrow but probably that will be about all if business is brisk, for even so, we shall somehow find time at least to whisper a word regarding our favorite character.....

13868

13868

Sunday, October 10th, 1965.

Memorandum: I have been thinking about the weather for some time. It is one of the most perfect days in the whole season, -- sort of upper 60's by night, upper 80's by day, the sun and moon glorious and the most perfect weather for Pilgrimage. One could imagine...

Natalie, on coming to receive on Saturday, brought me a huge hunk of chocolate cake and today an equally generous hunk of apple pie. We had scant opportunity to chat, Pilgrimage was so jammed with pilgrims, but we did a bit of calculating together and came up with the conclusion that one might begin addressing little Miss Lee about now with a good chance that mail might be expected to start flowing along at its accustomed pace from here straight ahead. It goes without saying that Leston was enchanted at the prospect of establishing such a contact and decided then and there that tonight's memo would start the autumnal parade although the sheaf of memoranda that has bulked up during the recent span of time will not go forward for another day or so when perhaps confirmation, covering resumption of contact will be forthcoming.

As for yesterday's and today's Pilgrimage, things went smoothly enough and the pilgrims were the type for whom such festivities are arranged. Kay came down both days, wearing a pretty calico costume, very full and very pretty pale Chartreuse-olive coloring, flecked with small figures in some darker hue and some such wide black lace touching up the coloring here..... and there. James brought her and I believe came and picked her up when she called him along about the middle of the afternoon. She has not the personality for receiving people on Pilgrimage and she sat down all the time but I think the new gown and the sitting did her a world of good.

I experienced two adventures this afternoon that I shall long remember. The first had to do with two ladies and a gentleman. I was chatting in the shade of the banana plants at the end of the gallery when a lady approached and when she told me she was Mrs. Thompson, wife of C

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2001, 10th, 1965

Thompson, I recalled her figure plainly enough. Colonel Thompson had once worked with Ola Mae who had brought things down from Ola Mae for me and once had brought his wife, Col. Thompson dropped dead a couple of years ago. And so when the Mrs. Thompson identified herself, I started to say:

-- "I was sorry to learn..." but Mrs. Thompson broke in and turning to the gentleman with her said:

"Here's Col. Thompson." He and I exchanged greetings but it wasn't until she had probably known a Col. Thompson but nobody else knew him and each successively married to the same person as I still haven't untangled that one. The other adventure occurred in the late afternoon shadows of the front gallery. I had been pushing back some butterfly to look at and I had returned to sit down on the bench on the front gallery until the pilgrims inside the house started to come out. There was a lady sitting there alone and I sat beside her, asking if she was enjoying the pilgrimage, etc. The deep, well modulated voice impressed me and the conversation went on for four or five minutes. Then the people began coming out from Ora's domain and the lady beside me suddenly jumped up and with an unmistakable whoop, called to her friends just emerging, shouting in glee: "You all know Lester, he has been taking here with me for the last half hour, never dreaming who I was." It was Sister in law, I believe. It was Friday there was news of Cousin Emmet Irwin. He was driving his car at high speed somewhere outside New Orleans when he smashed broadside into a gasoline truck which exploded on impact, killing Cousin Emmet, of course. And so runs out the weekend. Frankly I am tired and propose to attack the apple pie along with a glass of milk and then call it a day.

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13871

Monday, October 11th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair, ten partly cloudy, thermometer in the mid 80's. I found myself too busy putting things to rights after the onslaughts of Saturday and Sunday to keep myself within range of the telephone most of the day. But in spite of that, there were quite a few calls I did catch and still of them, revolved around the weekend doings.

Thelma called first. She thought the tour had been the most successful so far in spite of the absence of much publicity. She said lots of people had mentioned to her that Plantation Memo had intrigued them into coming. I suppose it was the column of a week back having to do with the Fair. It is true that many people whom I did not know came to me during the afternoons of both days asking me to sign the column which they had brought with them. One lady from Kinder, Louisiana introduced herself and said she was here on the strength of the column and the letter I had written her on Thursday, which seems to me to be rather short notice for making plans since she couldn't have received my letter before Friday. Thelma said John had not come down with her on Sunday because he had received the new Mercedes bought in German in late August and he preferred remaining home to work on his new toy, undoubtedly enough.

Carmen called and had much to say, all on the favorable side as to her opinions of this year's events. Both ladies passed along particulars about Beaufort and the mint juleps dispensed at that place. It seems both get around selling liquor without a license by putting up a sign at the improvised bar, indicating that the drinks weren't being sold but that if one wanted to contribute a dollar toward some pet charity, one might drop a dollar per drink in the basket below the sign. Some patrons, especially some of the ladies, obviously had dropped many a buck in the basket and had a little difficulty navigating from that point forward.

I did not see Celeste this morning as she went to Alexandria

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early but returned early this afternoon and I saw her for a couple of minutes before supper. She said she had luck on Sunday afternoon when some of her south Louisiana friends came where she was receiving in the library whereupon Celeste turned over the reception job to an assistant hostess so she might take her friends over to her house for a coffee break, and just as they were leaving to his house, she passed Sister just entering. Thus Sister could make the tour of the big house unencumbered by the presence of that particular in-law and by the time Celeste returned to her post in the library, Sister had gone on.

interruption..... Mrs. Chopin just called to give me a couple of addresses and to report she had just received a phone call from Phoenix. Mrs. Walker said she, her son and her sister-in-law would be returning to Hatchiteches Friday via New Orleans and Baton Rouge. She said she was considering remaining in Hatchiteches until her son finished High School which will be in two or three years. During that time she said she thought she would take some courses at Northwestern in Hatchiteches which sounds logical enough although I think she is often inclined to change her mind without much prior pondering. By being in Hatchiteches, she will have an opportunity to keep an eye on her mother who seems to be growing more frail and at the same time the fact that the son can finish his High School in town provides him with a measure of satisfaction since he seems to like the local school, especially its sports which seems to be an important item on any teen-ager's agenda.

I haven't seen the artist since Saturday noon and have no idea how she made out during the two afternoons. She dispensed hospitality on the upper floor of the African House. Soads of pilgrims brought me to order pictures from her for them but in every case, I waved them in her direction, thinking it was just as well to let them settle their business directly instead of through a person of the third party. When I think of the back log of correspondence I have awaiting my attention, I am not dreaming of getting tangled up in business with which I am not concerned and it will do no harm for would-be "Proud Possessors" to learn something about the tangles involved in any such transactions.....

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Tuesday, October 12th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy and in the cool 60's.
As card from an unexpected Atlantic Isle brought the good news that little Miss Leech had already attained more than half of her westward migration and was impatient to attain the term of the vacation, Leston had already sent Sunday's and Monday's memoranda and with the receipt of news confirming the anticipation, it is forwarding the memoranda of the past several weeks under separate covers by today's post. Aside from the news of Mr. Walker's death covered by the clipping in Sunday's memo, there was nothing of unusual interest in the batch of memoranda other than the August 14th, Saturday, memo which has to do with the place where little Miss Alberta used to paint. The Plantation Memo columns will go forward in a day or two. It seemed better to leave them uncut and so the entire page of each issue carrying them is being sent. There are some random columns that have been cut out that will go along with the ones on the whole page. I believe most of these cut out columns are duplicates, sometimes several, but I send them along on the assumption that one or another of the entire sheets may have slipped for it appears that sometimes one paper or another fails to include the column every week and this of course breaks the complete file since so far as I know, such a column is probably tossed in on the following date of publication in the case of, say, the Alexandria Town Talk, wherein the missing column of Saturday is said to turn up in a Monday or Tuesday issue. I have no idea what becomes of the column in the case of the papers like the Leesville Leader, which publishes only once a week. I called the artist today to see how she made out on Saturday and Sunday when she spent most of the two afternoons on the upper floor of the African House among her murals. She said she got along fine and added that some lady from the college came on Monday and took her to town to see the pictures the Registers had given the Parish Library which had been loaned for exhibition to the college where they were hung in the Louisiana Room at one of the libraries at Northwestern. She said the pictures looked real pretty and that the lady had brought her home again after the visit. I assume the lady was one of the group of artists who were at the meeting of the week.

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was Katherine Bridges of the college library.

I talked with the Parish Library today and learned from Elizabeth Huey, the director, that she was especially pleased that Mr. Register had presented the paintings to the Library, he had included all the printed material he possessed, made of reviews and articles on the artist's work. Somehow it made me wonder if this represented a closing out of the Register's interest in the artist's work. As remarked before, it is interesting that nothing was ever mentioned to me about the matter of giving the pictures away. It is quite true, of course, that strictly speaking it was none of my business although the former enthusiasm over the artist's creations would seem to have made it quite natural that the matter should have been mentioned. Hummmmmmm.

Thelma called for a brief chat. She said that the figures covering the tour were not complete as yet but that the data she had already established the fact that there were more pilgrims this year than ever before. She said that the receipts were much higher than ever before, too. She said that she had seen Mrs. C. Vernon Cloutiers sold quite a few flower arrangements and that she had seen a few hundred dollars was mentioned as representing the profits realized at Beaufort. The profits will go to the Pineville chapel. Offhand, it would seem as though the profits might have been ploughed back into Natchitoches Parish efforts but that is merely an opinion. Several nights last week under a waning moon and twice this week at dawn I have heard the honking of wild geese heading southward. In view of the several cold waves sweeping down from Canada during the past month, it is remarkable, perhaps, that the flying wedges didn't start even earlier. I chanced to be at the Unicorn House early the other morning passing coffee to Lou Paul and Louella when the sound of the wild geese filtered down through the heavy fog. At the sound of the calls, Lou Paul would suddenly stop his feeding of the cracked corn from my hand, give his head a slight turn as though scanning the sky, blanketed by the fog, and then, after the sound had faded, resume his breakfast. Of course I am curious to know if domestic geese understand the language of their wild brethren.....

13874

13874

Wednesday, October 13th, 1965.

Memorandum: The weather is said to be chilly in the neighborhood of Lyma but I hold the thought there may be some Indian Summer still "hovering" in the Lyma area in the days ahead so that little Miss Lee may be able to enjoy a measure of the pleasure that very special season provides. The beautiful Fair with the thermometer in the mild 70's.

Naturally my thoughts center on the middle of the month which will be here on Friday when little Miss Lee will have returned from her travels. The weather is said to be chilly in the neighborhood of Lyma but I hold the thought there may be some Indian Summer still "hovering" in the Lyma area in the days ahead so that little Miss Lee may be able to enjoy a measure of the pleasure that very special season provides. The beautiful Fair with the thermometer in the mild 70's.

The cane river planters continue holding the "big" thought the next week or two may be without rain so that the 1965 cotton crop may be gathered before further deterioration of the staple is induced by rain which puts a crimp in this year's rather short supply of lint. The other night a supper J. H. remarked that many a property in this general area will probably change hands this year because of the shortage of the staple. The high winds accompanying, perhaps a part of, hurricane Betsy did not do as much damage to the cotton as it did to pecans but much of the lint that fell out of the bolls onto the ground was of scant value for the atmospheric conditions were such that the cotton seeds, once out of the boll, began sprouting immediately, making the cotton impossible to gin satisfactorily and eliminating any chance for selling the seeds. --the sale of cotton seeds being an important factor in calculating the value of a cotton crop.

From the present appearance of the situation, it would seem that at this bend of the river the cotton will be gathered within the next week or two and that the pecan harvest will be in the cards just about the time the last bale of cotton has been banded from the gin. It appears that the local pecan crop will be pretty good and that will make everybody from top planter to bottom field hand happy since it will fill in the monetary void left by the meager cotton crop. Unfortunately for other planters they do not have pecans and so they will accordingly feel the economic pinch coming with the failure of their single money crop.

The health of a couple plantation people is currently a matter of concern. The maid of the lady across the fence

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doesn't feel up to lending a hand at domestic chores. The girl is five months in pregnancy and on Saturday night at the local honkey-tonk somehow got in the way of a swing from the strong arm of some Cloutierville patron at the bar which, according to the girl, makes no lady in her condition feel good.

Another willing member of the community is Jack Marcel Morris. Jack probably flits through the pages occasionally, being the gentleman who showed such good sense in getting a maximum of satisfaction out of his automobile which he put on blocks the day he purchased it, standing it along side his cabin where he could catch sight of it every time he glanced out of doors. The gas and oil and repair bills were nothing since he never ran the thing "except at night" when nobody could see him, according to his explanation. Jack also got into the social news when he took unto himself a wife a few years back, one Noenie Baptiste, a bag of the first water. Noenie was pregnant at the time of the marriage, being courted by lots of people including Morris. Peace by whom she thought she had several children. Jack, however, claimed fatherhood of the boy born a short time after the marriage and Jack has kept the boy with him while Noenie philanders up and down the road, spending the night like a turkey where ever dark overtakes her. Jack is an Old Age Pensioner and Noenie makes days turn up at Jack's house on the day the check arrived at the beginning of the month and takes the money. I guess the boy is about 6 years old now possibly 7. He started going to school during the summer on the Poverty Program but Noenie doesn't believe in education and has discouraged the boy's attending school. Today Jack went to the hospital. Not only is he fairly feeble but seems to have some lung ailment and a great swelling of his lower extremities and doesn't appear intended for much longer in this world. Noenie will stay at Jack's house and look after him. After the boy and entertain Andy and the others, I suppose, while Jack is away. I talked with Glana Genung this afternoon and heard several bits of news over and over again for Glana was obviously sunning her cups. Mrs. Walker, her son and Mrs. Walker's sister are expected back from Phoenix along about Friday and will occupy for a while at least the 1226 Williams Avenue home, the people who rented that place having withdrawn in favor of the returning widow and child. So runs the tangled skein of human doings locally and so I fold my beard and call it a day.

13876

13876
clipping from
Okla.

Thursday, October 14th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair in the mid 60 - 80 range.

I got the day going at a good start by receiving a fine chocolate pie from the clerk's wife. I had seen her at Pilgrimage and she threatened to stir up and be a paste for me which the clerk brought at dawn and which I shall be sampling with a glass of cold milk about mid-night. The mail continues heavy and I have quite a few letters to knock off before calling it a day. The enclosed clipping from the Oklahoma City Beacon came in today's mail, being the sole occupant of an envelope bearing for a return address: The Petersons, Norman, Oklahoma. As I know a few people living in the Oklahoma City area, I shall be surprised if one or another would send along the same article. If you think Auntie might enjoy running through it, I shall send an extra copy to little Miss Lee, if and when such a thing might come to hand. A couple of three months back, Carmen called me one day to ask if I could tell her where she could obtain some quinces. She said a mulatto lady of her acquaintance wanted to make some quince jelly very badly but had been unable to track down any in the Parish, although she had cast about with vigor and even advertised in the paper but without success. By way of response, at the time it seemed to me that both ladies were rushing the season for the quince isn't it to be gathered at this bend of the river until mid October. Late this afternoon I took a look at the tree in the iris garden and discovered a few which I promptly rounded up, -perhaps a bushel, and shall try to get them to the table by the end of just now I shall manage that. If I mentioned I should mention their availability to Carmen in the morning, she would be crawling up her ear and heading straight in this direction but that would be over-simplifying the transfer because the Walkers are the best of friends and I am sure they would be glad to help. I shall be glad to hear from you when you have a chance. I am sure you will find this clipping interesting. I am sure you will find this clipping interesting. I am sure you will find this clipping interesting.

13877

I got around to concentrate on desk work a little later than usual tonight because of several telephone calls and a couple of visits from plantation folks. Robert Anthony dropped in to say his boy, Morel, had called him from California and asked him to say Heydy on his behalf to Leston. Morel reported that one of the youths from here who had accompanied him on the California jaunt, John LeBume, had already quit his California job and gone to Mexico with a Mexican youth who had been working at the same place the local youths were laboring. Morel reported that he himself was "studying" about returning home within a couple of weeks. Youth has always been adventurous but it seems to me that beginning about the 1940's, there was a considerable stepping up the tendencies on the part of youths to head out for anywhere at the drop of the hat and without ever pausing to consider means of and for transportation. I noticed it for the first time in the case of Pat's school mates, so many of whom seemed to take it as a matter of course that they would simply put a foot in the big road on a weekend and go in any old direction without giving a thought to the means.

13878

Friday, October 15th, 1965.

Memorandum:

and the other on hurricane Elena and ever since
awakening this morning, giving thought to the
progress being made today by little Miss Lee. A
week from now a card from Lyme will be forthcoming to
acquaint me with assurance that the journey has
indeed been rounded out.

nothing of any particular interest. The invitation from Etha Odum -- what a name, -- will be answered promptly with a "Thank you, No". I shall make a tape recording for that lady's use if she wants one for the program she mentions.

I smiled at the Watcher Trace form letter from Beau. I shall write her in praise of the Trace Association, remarking that were it not for the existence of that organization and her Presidency of same, I should never hear from her. I laugh when I think that she has been subscribing to The Enterprise all these years and doesn't know yet that the paper changed hands last January.

About 7:30 this evening, I answered my phone and, although I cannot say why, found myself surprised to hear Mrs. Walker's voice. She said she and her two traveling companions had just reached Hatchitchee, were at Clara's and about to go on to Mrs. Chopin's house for supper. Naturally the talk was random and I asked no questions about recent events, places visited and states of exhaustion. But mention of that word suggests there was a note of

.....
 and chocolate cake and then I know all some letters and
 I am finding another kind of chocolate pie or possibly a donut
 and now I must explore the contents of the ice box to see

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tiredness in the voice and this was not true. I assume there may be further reports concerning recent events at some future sitting.

Last night's news stories interested me in
 the way **NBC** and **CBS** handled the
 report on the President's recuperation, the one
 news cast following right on the heels of the other.
 Said the **NBC** reporter, --Lawrence by name:
 "I saw the President this afternoon and
 found he looked drawn..."
 Said **CBS** newsmen **Reah**:

"The President met-newsmen this afternoon and while he appeared to have lost some weight, he looked fine."

-- This afternoon I did some more planting in the new herb garden. I am counting on most of the stuff to make a showing if Jack Frost doesn't rush the season before the things get well established. I was doing something in the Ghana garden, too, where I was impressed by the hundreds if not thousands of young tomato plants emerging from the good earth. The heat of July knocked out the established plants but there must have been ample tomatoes to self-sow in order to produce the plethora of plants currently pushing up just as though it were spring. I don't recall if I mentioned one day earlier in the week that five crepe myrtles in the fr garden are in flower. Late June and early July usually marks the date of their presentation of blossoms but this year they bloomed not only then but repeated themselves in October. It is no surprise, of course, that both the pear trees and the Chinese magnolias are also getting ahead of schedule and permeating the air with their perfumeful or six month ahead of time.

At coffee this morning, mine hostess mentioned having played cards on Tuesday. I guess it was, somewhere in town and that Natalie had been present, looked worn out and made many mistakes, -- something she never does at cards. I take it that the hostess job wore her out and this I can understand for she certainly did put in two mighty exhausting afternoons.

And now I must explore the contents of the ice box to see if I can find another slab of chocolate pie or possibly a dab of chocolate cake and then knock off some letters and then call it a day.....

18861

Sunday, October 17th, 1965.

Memorandum: Miss Lee is a plain carbon copy of last weekend, --pure Indian Summer and perfect. It goes without saying my thoughts have been centerin all weekend on Lyne, realizing that little Miss Lee is bound to be as busy as a bee, greeting relatives and friends and trying to catch-up a little on conversation, long over due. It would be so wonderful if one but had the time simply to catch one's breath and revive the feeling of being once more at one's own hearth. I know perfectly well that Leston would strongly recommend that no correspondence be attempted until one has had an opportunity to get things closest to hand taken care of before attempting anything pertaining to personal correspondence. On the home front there was considerable hurly-burly, none of which was very clear in its general character. While breaking bread across the fence this noon, there was an interruption when Fugate, blatantly on the high side, was seen approaching toward the window. His confused complaint seemed to revolve around some scuffle in which his young daughter, Billy Jean, was a participant at the honkeytonk late last night or early this morning. It seems the ladies were engaged in the scuffle, --local ladies and said Alexandria ladies. Why Billy Jean's husband, Clyde Anthony, couldn't handle the matter, I don't know. Possibly because he can't handle his wife, Billy Jean and their several children. Why the merchant planter bothered to listen at such a time, I don't know. On returning to the creamed chicken on toast, he volunteered some unrelated information which elicited a remark from the hostess:-- "This is all so irregular,"

..... Be that as it may, according to the report, Dan's mother-

13881

2nd day, October 17th, 1965.

in-law died in a Shreveport hospital last night and Dan is staying down here because he and June are separating and his presence here allows June to have the house to entertain her relatives before Monday's funeral of her mother. Perhaps Dan isn't feeling well for J. H. carried a supper tray over to the big house for him ten night just before we three who make up the usual New Orleans supper triangle, got down to attacking the food.. The oft-quoted lines of an old fiddle kept coming to mind:

"When people all around are making faces,
And all the world is a-jangle and a-far-far-far,"

Before 9 o'clock this morning a couple of "atchiteches ladies" phoned to voice their respective sides of a mild scuffle going on as between Mesdames Walker and Genung on one side and Mrs. Chopin on the other. The crux of that scuffle seems to revolve round Mesdames W. and G. preferring not to see Mrs. C. quite so often. That is what Mrs. C. was given to understand in definite terms. The two ladies of the first part are inclined to form a somewhat closed corporation now and are sufficient unto themselves except in times as during the past several months when the assistance of the part of the 2nd part was both needed and welcomed. I guess it's a case of the party of the 1st part being overly self sufficient, the party of the 2nd part unusually solicitous. Be that as it may, each party was somewhat resentful of the other and accordingly wanted to voice their feelings to me. Perhaps I may be able to soften the blows a little on both sides while I think of the honkey-tonk ladies who at least possess the virtue of knock-down and drag-out pointedness in their undertakings that may leave a few flesh bruises and scars but will, at least be "over and done with" in a few hours or days while the town ladies will be rancoring along with their misunderstandings for years.

And so the weekend turns, --not to mention too many dull pilgrims and too many letters requesting information as to how the writers may obtain primitive paintings, etc., etc.

My home coming have been just grand.....

13882

Monday, October 18th, 1965.

Memorandum:
The best thing about the day was the arrival of a card, posted Friday, according to the postal clerk, and the worst part of the day was the fact that a prolonged visit from the squire prevented me from contacting the two secretaries who appeared and then vanished when they discovered I was entertaining.
The most surprising news of the day came this morning about 8 when I. S. Willard called. Her inability to get out a sentence without infinite "errrrr, ahhhhh, ohhhhhhh" tend to confound one. She began:
"Leston.....errrrrrr, uhhhhhhhhhh, what I errrrrrr, ohhhhhhhh omerrrrrrrrr what errrrrrr called for errrrrrrrr is that errrrrrrr I mean errrrrrr that Aunt Willie errrrrrrrrrr is errrrrrrrrr dying."
I thought I might before she had completed the sentence.
She continued in the same manner, the gist of which was that Kay had called her last night to say she was leaving for the Bluff -- right away, the reason for her sudden departure, etc.
I expressed my appreciation for her thoughtfulness in letting me know and went on to attend to some matters, held up by the interminable errrrrrrr and ahhhhhhh business.
Across the fence at the coffee hour, I discovered that Rene Antoine, just in from Tulsa, heard on the heels of his return from his vacation in Poland, I asked him if he thought, as rumored in Vatican circles, that the Pope might be visiting Warsaw this coming year. He said he himself wondered about that possibility, especially as the Pope, head of an independent state, would have to receive an invitation from the head of the Polish state and that it seemed unlikely to him that a Soviet state would issue such an invitation to a Catholic pontiff.
I asked him if he noticed any difference in the atmosphere in Poland as between this year's visit and the one of a couple

".....trefnir yr holl ystyr"

13883

of years back and he said he thought things politically were easing.

⁴he clerk and I had breakfasted as usual somewhere between 6 and 7. Dan was up by 11 and combined his breakfast with noon dinner with us and it was all very jolly. I believe J. H. and Celeste attended the funeral of June's mother in town. Dan remained here and we all supped together and it was all very jolly.

About 12:30 this noon, James dropped in. He said he had been very busy of late and had experienced some difficulty in preventing Kay from being entangled and thrown by the dog which is now so big and frolicsome that he is all James can manage but Kay doesn't seem to realize how serious it could be if the playful dog should upset her by his constant jumping and knocking against her.

He said while Kay was out on Saturday afternoon,
Aunt Willie had phoned from the bluff and told
him to have Kay call when she returned. Kay did and
talked with Mrs. Crabtree and with Aunt Willie who told them
Jean O'Brien and Dr. Witt were at the bluff en route from
New Orleans to New York or somewhere. Saturday night
Dr. Witt said she thought Aunt Willie should be in a hospital
and she was taken to Charleston. Kay talked with
Aunt Willie's regular physician and he thought
Aunt Willie much as usual. Mrs. Crabtree was consulted, --
she probably knows her best, and she thought Aunt Willie was
much as usual. These latter conversations were held
on Sunday and Sunday night and at midnight Kay
decided she had better get to the bluff immediately
and called errrrrrrrr, ahhhhhhhhhhh I. S. Willard and then she
and James drove to Shreveport to catch a plane. Somewhere between
2 and 3 this morning they booked passage for Kay to leave
at 5:55 and so around 3 o'clock nestled down in their favorite
airport motel and got 2 hours of sleep after which
Kay got off to New Orleans to catch a jet for Atlanta and
thence to Charleston and James returned home and thence
y down here. James felt none of the alarm as voiced by
errrrrrrrr, ahhhhhhhhh I. S. Willard. He said that so
farley had been summoned by air from North Hollywood, Blanche from
Reno and somebody else from San Francisco and he
thought it typical all this excitement had been cooked up
in spite of the calm approach as manifested by Dr. Warren
and Mrs. Crabtree.

If one may borrow a phrase from yesterday's memo,

"It's all very irregular....."

13884

Tuesday, October 19th, 1965.

Memorandum:

I remember that Hazey and I, Chet Huntley has a "three minute program at 6:18 p.m. and tonight he spoke of the comet that will appear Thursday morning at hour before sunrise, racing toward the rising sun. I am usually in the Ghana garden at that hour and shall keep it in mind. Nearly every day for the past couple of weeks there has been a heavy fog at that hour and very probably it will be impossible to see anything but perhaps God will get out a big broom for this special occasion and sweep away the clouds. As I understand it, this comet will appear on Thursday morning and then fade into oblivion. Haley's comet is better organized for, if memory serves, it is visible all summer but since it puts in an appearance only once in about 70 years, one doesn't get a chance to view it for more than two or three summers in a life time. Thursday's spectacle, however, -- I forget the names of the two Japanese astronomers who discovered it and for whom it is named, may have burned itself out before it ever gets around to make a second bow. I can only marvel at the knowledge enabling the star-gazers to figure out all about the thing, never seen before, its size, the length of its tail, whence it will vanish and all the rest when there is no previous data on which to gather and bring forth all these particulars.

It seems to me I may have mentioned at one time or another
of fun I used to have in digging up references to Haley's comet
as soon as I learned something about its
timetable and could thereby calculate what
years in the past it had made its rounds, I could
turn back through his stirrers, diaries, letters, etc.,
covering several centuries and search for references to the
impressive object. I haven't thought about the
dates of the Haley's comet in decades but it seems to me it
must have appeared twice in the 17th century, once in the 18th,
in the 19th and is scheduled for two appearances in the 20th cen-
I don't even remember when it appeared in the 20th century but
prob. ly around 1910 or 1912 and accordingly
ought to make a second bow in the 1990s or thereabout.

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Tomorrow I'm going to be Master of the Hound but my tenure of office will last only a couple of days. Celeste and J. H. are going to New Orleans but will be back on the weekend, perhaps Friday. There must be some kind of an R. E. A. meeting or some such for Clotilde and Lester Hughes are driving with them and Love Hankins will serve as chauffeur and Dan will go along for the ride. How wonderful it is not to have to dream of chasing up and down the road.

The Leesville newspaper called Mrs. Chopin today, asking her if she could get in touch with me to inquire if I would receive the wife of the Commander of Fort Polk on Wednesday. This was the second call in as many days regarding the reception so perhaps I had better get busy and dust off the little cannon in the front garden currently pointing toward the front gate so I can fire it when Leesville's Fort Polk brass arrives. The day before the call had requested a tour but today's call was concerned with a personal conference rather than the tour. I have no doubt the Leesville ladies are bored with their surroundings and are striking out to fresher fields for entertainment. Leesville isn't very far from Alexandria and I should think the ladies might be able to find entertainment there in greater abundance than casting about for same in and around the countryside.

James just phoned from town. He said he was wondering if I would like to dash into town on Thursday with my Thursday morning guests, have lunch with him and visit the library to see the Hunter canvases or whatever. I said I would indeed come, and I shall make the most of the opportunity to take my radio with me and have it tuned up while there for there is something or other inside it that needs tightening up for its sounds are muffled and I can get clear reception only of one or two nearby stations. I asked for news from the Bluff but he said he had heard nothing. I gather everybody including Aunt Willie must have had a fine time at the trumped up family reunion.

Two hour interlude falls in between this paragraph and the above. I. S. Willard called to acquaint me with a sketch she had come across in London and just now, after 6 months, had found time to examine. It is a blueprint of the Chateau of Versailles, showing all the maze of rooms and apartments between the King's bed chamber, the Grand Glaces, rest apartments, dune, rest, less apartments de la reine, and we have explored them as best we could over the phone and she isn't a whirl now, she's a better man than I. And now for a pie of pumpkin pie and a glass of milk and a folding up of the beard.

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Wednesday, October 20th, 1965. I am in the upper 70's and withal delightful. And so the wife of the Commanding General at Fort Polk arrived according to appointment this afternoon and only from a half to three quarters of an hour late. It was quite understandable, however, that she should not have been on time. In the first place the wives of Generals are undoubtedly above the law governing ordinary social courtesies. In the second place, as she explained, the reporters from Alexandria were late in arriving at the Fort for their interview with General Gomez, the guest she brought with her and naturally enough appointments are rigid in varying degrees of stretchability and it goes without saying a press appointment, even when broken by the press, is more important than a plantation appointment.

And thirdly, as she went on to explain, she didn't know how long it took to drive from Fort Polk to the house to Heloise. It would seem as though if her husband's staff had all gone into a huddle they might have estimated the time by the mileage but perhaps they had neither Government nor oil company maps. It is true the same lady had made the same trip a few weeks back but perhaps she couldn't be expected to remember that either.

I am happy to say that she did not blame any of this on Sergeant somebody, her military escort and driver. I continue feeling as I have long ago felt and probably shall continue to feel that it is bad from every angle for Army officers to have Army privates and sergeants working as servants. If the General's wife must be provided with a chauffeur, I think the General should obtain same from civilian ranks if possible, paying the said chauffeur for his wife out of his own salary which is probably adequate to defray such expenses. If civilian chauffeurs are not available in the neighborhood of the Fort, some kind of a chauffeur, cook, baby-sitter, "bonne" or "femme de chambre" should be employed by the Government for the comfort of the wives of their Generals and that under no circumstances should the wives of Generals ever be permitted to use regular soldiers for their own domestic or social chores since every soldier in the Army is entitled to an Army assignment in the Army and not be subjected to draft duty in the armed services as lady's maid.

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As for the General's wife, she was just as I remembered, quite pleasant and seemingly possessed of more gray matter than most in that class whom I have had the dubious honor to meet. She did make one gesture just as her party was leaving Yucca that gave me a mild surprise momentarily but which, seemed perfectly natural, after I had thought about it for a split second. She remarked upon the gourds suspended from the gallery eaves and inquired if they were for sale. I said they were not and she asked if she might "secure" just one. I somewhat expansively offered her anyone she herself might select and by golly she stretched right ought her arms, detaching a really prize one from the cutlers on which it was hanging, handing it to Sergeant chauffeur to carry, followed by a second which she also handed to him, and a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth but there I stopped counting although the chauffeur did not quite finish receiving just yet. Could it have been Napoleon who observed that an Army travels on its stomach and relies on its gourds. Heaven knows Yucca has more gourds than I could possibly want and that I am delighted somebody else wanted some but the approach was so unusual. If only her husband were Commandant at Fort Knox, perhaps his wife eventually might bounce back a bar of gold as a gesture.

A slight interruption at this point to answer two phone calls, one from Mrs. Chopin, the other from Mrs. Walker. I didn't hear anything in particular of interest from either although I was slightly taken aback by Mrs. Walker's report that "while I think it is, don't let's rest it but me forget to tell you when I am at my desk, I am calling you from bed, that's for I don't know how long, you have had a letter from Esther, sent you in care of the Leesville paper and forwarded from there to me in New Orleans".

As Esther and I have exchanged a letter or two, as she said at has always read the column, it would seem to me she wouldn't have had much difficulty in recalling my address, what with at least a weekly reminder in the Louisiana papers that I am living on a plantation which she must have heard of from time to time aside from the letters. I think I shall write her now at Salt Meadows, Westbrook, Connecticut, for by now I assume she is back in town but rather at the 57th Street address when I find it. I assume she must be back in town by now. Mrs. Walker leaves for Baton Rouge to settle L. S. U. business on the narrow, returning tomorrow to teach next week. So things go and so I must fold. . . .

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Thursday, October 21st, 1965.

Memorandum: I journeyed to town a little after 11 this morning arriving at 406 just as the telephone was ringing. It was Kay calling from Charleston. And so I had an opportunity to chat with the lady whose voice sounded clearer and stronger.

She said Aunt Willie didn't seem interested in things and would remain at the hospital in town for a while before returning to the bluff. Farley and Blanche are in South Carolina, too. I believe that Farley and Irma are going to Europe in December which seems an odd time of the year to do so for people who have time on their hands and can travel whenever they please. Going at a time when travel is light is quite understandable but for myself, I think I should select a pre-Spring or autumnal time when travel hasn't started or has begun tapering off rather than hitting at a season when the days are the shortest of the year. I guess the condition of Aunt Willie may be incorrectly understood in the wake of the many times she has cried "Wolf, wolf" to start people scurrying in her direction so that those who have been "hooked" in times gone by are likely to shy away from alarm whenever the same cry is repeated.

James wanted me to see some of the books he had recently received from Marlboro and I found them wonderful. The color printing of companies in Milan, Prague, etc. are especially fine. He especially mentioned little Miss Lee and wondered if she ever got around to the Marlboro place which is somewhere on Varrick Street, saying he felt she would find much delight in the excellence of the books and genuine size of "Editions Alpina" with illustrations covering the entire pages that sold at something like two dollars which established book shops like Doubleday apparently bought at that favorable price and sold for twice the sum. I don't know if Marlboro has a book shop centrally located in Lyme or not but even if one had to go to the inconvenience of journeying to their Varrick Street headquarters, it would seem to me the effort would be worth while, what with such beautiful book to be obtained at such reasonable prices.

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James said Thelma had dropped in to see the folks at 406 yesterday, not knowing Kay was away. Thelma had just returned south Louisiana and brought some shrimp from the bayou country which he had expected to share with me for dinner but he had started eating on them the night before and had finished them before he realized the in-roads he was making. He had just had some Hunter things framed and showed them to Thelma who couldn't believe they were Hunter creations. I went into the matter of some of her finer canvases and we speculated on her truly amazing accomplishments and why she does so little with the really wonderful things she can do if she wants to and has the proper guidance or inspiration. We came to the conclusion that for the most part she likes to play at painting like children like to play with doll tea parties and, because she has fun daubing paint around, prefers that instead of expending the genuine labor of canvases that her highest Art requires if a masterpiece is to be turned out. Fortunately for la Hunter, the majority of people don't know her good things for her ordinary ones and so she gets along as well financially at play-painting and therefore sticks pretty much to that.

I had to do a dab of shopping, have my radio fixed, etc., and after we had lunch at Mountain Blue and attended to a few things, it was 4 o'clock. When we stopped at the front gate on reaching home, James caught sight of some females just issuing from the store and being "leathus warned," I said goodbye and dashed into the garden. I thought the dogs had caught sight of me for I heard them yelping my name but I never deflected my course and so reached Yucca unencumbered by the biddies.

I think you will find Helen's letter interesting, and she especially her account of Carolyn's doings.

The Gourd Society Bulletin carries an article about gourd planting in its current issue. I shall enclose it if I can find it. The article is by Georgia Pinks and seems to be well turned for on reading it, I felt an urge to drop everything and rush out and start putting gourd seeds in the ground. An impulse that leads me to believe the article itself must have accomplished its purpose of quickening interest in gourd cultivation.

I have several letters to knock off tonight and shall be done by the hardest since one day in the big road seems to be more than a whole month of digging ditch and I can but marvel at the fortitude of people who do the job in 3 weeks and come back bubbling over with

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Friday, October 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum:

Indian Summer continues. I was so happy and contented with the best possible news of the day stems from the in-coming mail which brought an air mail from Lyne. The letter remains unopened, tucked away in the armoire against the wall for while secretaries wared and waned, there chanced to be people here at the time of every secretarial visit and what with some of a frolic going on at the local honkey-tonk tonight, I reckon there will be no nocturnal office work and so I look forward impatiently against the morrow when I shall have an opportunity to pick up the threads of communion conversation with Lyne.

Pre-post time this morning was a hurly-burly for about half a dozen things, already forgotten and just after the mail arrived, James came to remain for a noon day dinner and to chat a bit afterward. He brought along three yard pieces of dress material for Doratha's several granddaughters which naturally delighted Doratha, and he presented me with a fine bottle of Claret which we opened when the clerk arrived at Yucca to pick us up for dinner. I accompanied James to the front gate and scurried on to the store to attend to a couple of things and when I got back to Yucca, I found Father Calahan, with his arm in a sling, and Le pere Antoine of Tulsa, awaiting me. We indulged in a dab of conversation and claret, interspersed as had been the case in James' visit, by appearances and withdrawals of secretaries and so the day panned out.

When I handed the Reverend Fathers back to their car at the side gate, I noticed the car of Lester and since since Clotilde that had been standing there for the past couple of days, had departed. At that moment Celeste came to meet us and invited us all to have coffee which the Reverend Fathers accepted but which I declined as I had a million duties awaiting me before the supper bell sounded.

At supper I saw J. H. who reported a fine time in New Orleans. He talked a little about Parish politics, too, and stated that in next year's race for District Attorney for Hatchiteches and Red River Parishes, a joint Parish office, that former Judge Jones would be running for the office.

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of District Attorney is a six year affair and as Judge Jones is now 84, he would be 92 by the time the term for which he proposes running, plays out.

Carmen had called me earlier in the day to say she had been honored at her office by a visit from or by Judge Jones who had spoken of his intention to run for the District Attorney office. He spoke of his admiration for her family and how well he had known Judge Porter who, according to Judge Jones, had died in his arms in Judge Jones' office decades back. Carmen told him she was surprised to hear about that as her uncle, Judge Porter, had died at her mother's house and that she, Carmen, had been alone with him at his bedside when he expired. This seemed to give Judge Jones a turn and he beat a hasty retreat.

Just before going to supper there was a 'phone call from Alexandria Station KALB-TV, the connection being broken just as the identity of the caller was announced. I returned the receiver to the instrument, intending to pick it up immediately to ask the Match it check operator to re-establish the connection. In that split second, however, somebody had picked up another 'phone on the party wire and was dialing. When I returned from supper, the Delphin teen-agers were still going a mile a minute on the wire and obviously, when they had completed their important business, they failed to return the receiver to the instrument and now at 11:00 clock, the wire continues dead. But there's no great loss in that. Some small gain for at least there are no incoming as well as outgoing calls and I can accomplish quite a lot of desk work without interruption.

As anticipated, several Oklahoma people saw the article in the Oklahoma City paper and promptly sent copies of the paper which I shall enclose herewith.

This reminds me to mention Plantation Memo, issues which I shall send along next week. -- issues that did not get forward during the past couple of months. I have taken out the entire page of the paper on which the Memo appeared, along with one or two other papers having to do about the opening of the Kate Chopin-Bayou Folks Museum. I have some duplicate clippings of the Plantation Memo which I shall send along, too, but these may be thrown out if you find they are merely duplicates. But I send them because I must have them through some editorial or make-up error.....

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at night when we had not even yet to discuss a satisfactory plan for the Sunday, October 24th, 1965. I had been told that the weather would be just what we needed. It was a beautiful day, clear and cool in the mid 40's - 70's range and a 20 mile breeze.

Just as I had anticipated, the weekend was a joy, thanks to the arrival of the air mail from Lyme.

I am sorry to learn about the indisposition in the wake of one's return to home base. I held the thought the affliction has vanished and that clear sailing healthwise may be stretching straight ahead.

The graphic account of the atmospheric conditions toward the end of the homeward journey was at once terrifying and thrilling. I am so appreciative of the account of the cloud phenomenon for I had never heard anything like it. What an experience and what a spectacle.

I can readily imagine how good it felt to be on firm ground again and how much it meant to catch sight of familiar faces. I was thinking all the time when reading these lines how much like little Miss Lee was the thoughtfulness of the girl friend, in having made such preparations for the return. Of what treasures is one possessed in the person of such a friend.

It was so good to have the vignettes stretching all the way from an evening in Venice to the sound of one's name in mid town on one's return. What a pleasant sensation about the heart such unforeseen encounters provide. It is so pleasant being able to rejoice with one over such happy experiences.

Men know of the good luck attending the final arrangements for the passage home, the opportunity to read the paper and periodical and the extra amenities that

was wending in the works and speaking of newspapers, I have appeared in the wake of the strike came to your attention. I remember James mentioned the other day he understood that

the first issue at the conclusion of the strike number, -- I thought it said, some 900 pages but this doesn't seem possible.

I am curious to know if newspapers in general and the Times in particular

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publishes a synopsis of the news that has been made during the period of the strike when no papers were printed. I intended ask about this point following that long strike of a hundred days or more that occurred a year or two ago. I should hope some such summation of news might appear somehow to bridge the gap between the beginning and end of a strike. Obviously if some kind of a bridge were not constructed, research workers, historians, etc would be confronted by an immense problem, especially in years to come, when one would be casting about for details which the newspapers usually supply so abundantly.

Yet I am happy to report that this weekend was comparatively quiet at this end of the river although there were a few consuming visits but all on the pleasant side. What with the weather being so fine and the State Fair at Shreveport just opening, I suppose many a road-runner found the fair ample excuse for heading in that direction. It is said one hundred thousand people attended the Saturday doings. It's a custom for Northwestern of Hatchitoches and Northeastern of Minden or some such place to stage a football game on the first Saturday night of the fair at the stadium there. Lots of people from the Parish usually attend, not the least of whom, naturally, are Thelma and John who probably feel they have to. The clerk and his family drove up in the evening, primarily to attend the game. As Mrs. Walker and her sister-in-law were in Baton Rouge and as the Walker boy had to go to the dentist in Shreveport on Saturday, Mrs. Chopin volunteered to take the Walker boy and included her own son of the same age as the Walker number, 15, I guess, as to age, and two other boys who are school mates, all of which I thought very kind. The dental appointment was for noon and that lasted only a few minutes so they all had the entire afternoon at the fair, not to mention the football game which lasted until nearly 11 o'clock so that the party didn't get back home until about 2 o'clock Sunday morning. Mrs. Chopin calculated that the teen-agers would have more fun "doing" the fair by themselves and I have no doubt she probably was happy to be able to collapse whenever she felt like it and not have to slow down the youngsters in their impulses to see everything. I, as I had expected nobody to drop in this afternoon and accordingly had just done a couple of paragraphs on a column about persimmons when Mr. Doherty, or some such name, from Wallington, Texas, -- off Amarillo way, dropped in for a prolonged chat. He is a pleasant man, an ultra conservative and inclined to subscribe to theories by people like Billie James Hargis who is anathema to me and so I welcomed the opportunity to hear the other point of view of things.

And now I must attack the persimmon thing which has most certainly gone flat but one is bound to knock off a dud occasionally not always.....

13894

Monday, October 25th, 1965.

Memorandum: I am sure that the weather was quite good today. The Alexandria Weather Bureau reported a low of 31 last night. A frost is sufficient to "cook" butterfly lilies which accounts for the absence of a blossom in yesterday's memo. It seems early for winter in this area and if warm weather emerges in the next day or two, the lilies will probably resume their flowering -- I hope. I smiled at the thought when I heard the temperature reading as 31, recalling how Miss Cam used to say that there would never be any danger of a frost in October since "it never frosts before mother's birthday, November 13th".

My day was too filled with odds and ends to permit me time to tune in on Cape Kennedy to listen to the blast off of the two rockets, so widely advertised in advance. That would have been love's labor lost, had I found time to listen, what with the first rocket, -- ten million dollars worth of hardware having cracked up and fallen into the Atlantic, and the second one consequently never having been fired at all. The noon news reported these doings and I liked what the radio had to say about the feelings of the families of the two gentlemen who never got off the ground. According to the radio, the respective families of the two gentlemen who were supposed to follow the first rocket, unmanned, in a second rocket, and from what the young son of one of these gentlemen watching the TV had to say was pat: "Gee, from the looks on Pa's face, he sure was mad."

And having used the word, pat, reminds me to report that I heard today Pat Henry had been to the doctor who reported Pat as having a stomach ulcer. I suppose people of any age may have stomach ulcers but somehow it seems as though Pat is rather young for one. But his uncontrollable energy that keeps him fighting around and forever chasing about suggests that if ulcers are induced by nervousness, he could quite understandably be thus afflicted.

I had an interesting first hand impression of the life of the migratory laborer this evening when Morel, just back from a couple of months of work on a California

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tomato farm, dropped in to see me. One hears so much about the living conditions in the camps housing migratory worker that I was especially glad to get a first hand report. Morel found things comfortable enough at this Glarksburg, California, place, --a dozen workers to a dormitory. Oddly enough, in view of the fame of California weather, he found September a chilly month where he found himself, about 250 miles north of Los Angeles, and almost on the ocean. He said there were quite a few Mexicans in the camp and an equal number of Indians. Everybody seemed to get along fine, he said. His concept of geography is a little on the vague side, I gather, for while he took for his home-coming trip a Greyhound bus from Clarksburg through Denver and thence through Dallas and on to Shreveport, he understood the bus had gone through a portion of old Mexico which scarcely seems likely but I'm not sure if the difference between old and new Mexico would mean anything to him. He mentioned that when crossing the mountains somewhere around Denver, he noticed that the felt pressure on his ears as that he seemed to breathe differently than in other stretches of the trip. I am forever trying to capture the feelings and impressions of people, educated and uneducated, dull or bright who seem to fall into the category of Christopher Columbus who said not to have known where he was going when he started out, didn't know where he was when he arrived and had no notion as to where he had been when he got back. There must be a large segment of society who travel for the sheer satisfaction of being on the move, even as the squirrel whizzing around in his revolving cage, perfectly enchanted to be on the go and caring little as to where and apparently bringing back little in memory after finishing the somewhat strenuous physical exercise.

James dropped in this afternoon. He said he had talked with Kay this morning when Aunt Willie was having breakfast. One assumes that she improves but nothing was said about plans for her to return to the Bluff as yet. It must be admitted, however, that Aunt Willie herself will probably make such decisions rather than her family or her physicians. I think Kay wanted to take a house in Charleston for Aunt Willie to occupy during the winter in order that the patient would be nearer her doctors but again I assume Aunt Willie will approve or veto such a plan. I, for one, am in favor of letting people live where they please if ample means are available for same and, Heaven knows there are ample funds to hand for the gratification of any whim in that set up. When he signed a note, he said, "I'm not to bed now. for a dab of supper, a little more desk work and so

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Tuesday, October 26th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and cool in the 30 - 60 range. It was interesting that for a second night in a row, Alexandria, had an 11 degree lower temperature than Lyme's 42. And having thus disposed of atmospheric conditions, may I say: "Ho....hum....." For the day was like that and withal pleasant but not conducive to getting anything much done other than dispensing hospitality.

I don't seem to remember much about the earlier part of the daylight hours except that there was a heavy fog and a couple of early pilgrims didn't see much more outside the buildings than anywhere in the big road so thick was the atmosphere.

We were 14, no 13, --a lucky number, --for dinner, --all gentlemen and most of them Government or University experts on pecans. I thought I would go to the store just before dinner to chat a bit with some of the men whom I already knew and meet some I had not known before. On arriving at the store, I discovered everybody had already repaired to the big house and accordingly I arrived there after all had been seated which occasioned more of a flurry than would have been the case, had I simply waited for them in the front gallery instead of having gone directly from Yucca to the store by another route. I sat between Jarred Pratt and a little low man from Breau Bridge in some such place and conversation I was pleasant enough. The food was delicious, -- roast beef, rice and gravy, fruit salad, candied yams, mustard greens, meat pies, relishes, pickles, celery, corn bread, two or three vegetables I passed up, and some kind of a wonderful custard pie, coffee and so on but I don't seem to have included a lot of dishes I never glanced at including a wonderful looking potato salad which I passed up because I had already too many starches already.

After dinner, perhaps half an hour after, a half a dozen of the gentlemen who had never been here before waited a turn and saw Bill brought them to big time and that took up another hour. I saw a few more of the gentlemen who had never been here before and that took up another hour. I saw a few more of the gentlemen who had never been here before and that took up another hour.

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After that there were some people from somewhere who knew somebody connected with the family and at 4:10 somebody from Shreveport who had some people from Mandisville, Kentucky, -- never heard of the place, -- called to ask for a 6 o'clock appointment, and the sun is down at 6 and I didn't see how the one hundred miles between Shreveport and this bend of the river could be negotiated in less than 2 and a half hours but that was their worry, not mine, -- and they made it, in spite of State Fair traffic, etc., etc.

Then some lady from Baykie or Alexandria or some place whom I had met twice before when she was wanting to do a thesis on the local library, appeared. I gave her half an hour and that was that although that still left supper to be squeezed in and the Madisonville people which all somehow ran through the mill.

The Shreveport man who made the 6 o'clock appointment mentioned to my surprise that some of the Shreveport schools, -- he is a principle of one, is using Plantation Memo in their classes, containing copies from the Shreveport Journal. I didn't ask what the classes but I assume English or some such. If the politicians in the North Louisiana Parishes should hear about that, they wouldn't approve although I come to think of it, I'm quite sure Plantation Memo isn't read by such politicians. As a matter of fact, the head of one school singled out with special delight one of the columns having something to do about cotton picking, the rhythm of the expert cotton pickers, etc., etc., -- a subject I don't remember which ought to upset the racial bigots since I assume I may well have been talking about some of my negro friends when dwelling on the subject mentioned. Indirectly I learned today of three telephone calls I didn't get last night and I was glad I missed them since all three must have been attempted after 11:15 which is the hour I folded up my beard and I think that's a silly hour to call country folks who be- stir themselves at 4:30 or 5 in the morning. Mrs. Chopin told me Mrs. Walker had mentioned to her that she, -- Mrs. Walker, had called me to see about checking on some manuscripts for Plantation Memo and I'm certainly glad I missed that call since I should have probably been too sleepy to catch the errors. But there will be a little more to be said about this later.

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Wednesday, October 27th, 1965.

Memorandum: I tried to write some of the things I have been thinking about lately but I couldn't get it done.

Beautiful weather, --40 to 70.

It's curious how one may write the date a dozen times every day of the month and yet fail to have the progress of the months' calendar make any impression. This happens frequently with me even as it has during the current month and it was only this morning I seemed to wake up to the fact that October was running out and that I had better get busy transplanting some nandinas if I hoped to get them moved in October. I said to be the ideal month on the calendar for transferring such plants from one place to another. And so I got busy and transplanted a flock of them in "an oblong square", -- the words are Sir Walter Scott's, enclosing the new herb garden in walls of greenery. The west side of the square, joining or giving on the greensward in front of the African House, needed only filling in where the fire had opened gaps in the hedge. The North and South sides, representing the barriers or forming the barriers of the Giant's Beard marking the north and south extremities of the little old vanished kitchen had to be set in almost completely and then an entirely new line framing the East side of the herb garden. I used nandina bushes about 3 feet in height and soaked their newly transplanted roots thoroughly. The leaves looked crisp and green tonight but I assume they may wither but if they do, the plants themselves will live and put out new foliage in the Spring. As for October but January is the best month to transplant crepe myrtles, I left spaces between the nandina bushes where I shall set in watermelon red crepe myrtles after the frosts have forced down their sap and they are dormant. Thus a hedge of two levels will come into being to form the four walls beyond the confines of the place formerly occupied by the vanished building. In summer the 15 or 20 crepe myrtle trees, perhaps 15 feet in height, will provide a colorful upper level above the green of the nandina foliage below while in the winter when the nandina berries are scarlet, they will provide striking color after the

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Wednesday, October 27th, 1965.

crepe myrtles have shed their leaves. I was pleased with the day's effort and think the combination of plants employed will provide a pretty setting.

Mrs. Walker called to ask if she and her sister-in-law might drop in at 3. They might and I yanked off my long beard and freshened up a bit before they arrived. They appeared only 15 minutes late, --a remarkable achievement for the Walkers and brought along a suitcase of Kenneth's wearing apparel, including a pair of brown leather sandals and a pair of black ones which I shall be able to use with great pleasure both for their sentimental association and because I like sandals and was just out of that item. Of the other things included in the suitcase, there were suits I do not need, several pair of Cordovan shoes I shall probably not wear and other incidental items, all of which I am delighted to possess since I can share with friends what may be too snug for me. There is a splendid pair of oxfords which apparently weight about ten pounds and would never wear out although they might well be expected to exhaust the wearer in the first five

James just called. He said he had talked with Kay last night and things seem to be looking up so far as Aunt Willie's condition is concerned, at least Kay's sister, Blanche, had returned to Reno and Farley was expecting to fly back to Hollywood on Sunday. He said he assumed Kay and her auntie would be returning to The Bluff any time now.

James also mentioned that this week's Time magazine has an article about Craig Claiborn, --it's odd I never remember how that name is spelled, --something about Craig's career which James found entertaining.

I learned this morning that I'm going to be Master of the Hound this weekend, --Friday to Monday when my neighbor will be spending a few days in Mansura or wherever it is she goes.

I also learned this morning that somebody tried to break into the store last night. There are very small windows just where the walls and the eaves join, perhaps these openings are too small for anyone to get through and so the use of the ladder and removal of the pane was simply Leve's labor lost. I suppose it was a drunk.....

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about this policy of turning out dying patients. The
clear is hoping Jack will live until Monday when Old age Pension
checks come in for it seems Jack has drawn the whole amount
of the pension spending against this check. How he will fare in
the coming days on food remains to be seen. He seems
contented to relax in his bed and eat and sleep.
Thursday, October 28th, 1965
The same situation
his poor kind of former times. Locked up in the house
alone for days at a stretch, but in a lot less in summer
and freezing in the first cabin in winter, out of her mind
and frantic. A meteorologist thought her the old new look
as shown by his second wife and Miss Davis had been by Jack.
Memorandum: about the same condition.

The lovely weather continues, --40 -70. ¹⁹⁶⁴
Ann Murphy died today. A little low lady about the
size of little Miss Alberta, she had been losing weight steadily
since her illness began several weeks back and it was
said she weighed less than fifty pounds at the time of her
death.

For years her husband who has been in the mental section of the Veterans Hospital at Little Rock has supposed Ann to have been dead. A month or so ago her husband escaped from the hospital at Little Rock and hasn't been apprehended yet. If he should chance to run across her obituary in the paper, he really ought to feel that somebody must be off.

Having no children, Ann gave double dips of affection to whatever pet she chanced to have and she never had but one pet at a time. I may have related years ago how she broke down and wept on my shoulder on one occasion. Some member of her family, she sobbed, had been struck by a car and had expired in her arms. I thought it was a sister but it turned out it was her cat. The tragedy had happened a week or so earlier but time had not assuaged her grief and the same prolonged period of mourning followed in every subsequent loss of a pet. And now poor Ann has gone to her final reward and I have not the slightest doubt a whole receiving line of cats and dogs are flanking St. Peter on either side of her. On the side of the pearly gates and that Ann is having a wonderful reunion with all her former companions, each one ready to hop on a little cloud revolving around the one occupied by Ann.

On the plantation rent, Jack Morris, husband of Honnie, was discharged from the Greyhound Charity Hospital, too weak to stand and unable to speak. I have never understood

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about this policy of turning out dying patients. The clerk is hoping Jack will live until Monday when Old Age Pension checks come in for it seems Jack has drawn the whole amount of the incoming stipend against this check. How he will fare if he doesn't expire on Tuesday remains to be seen. Noonie continues to frolic night in and night out and poor Jack is now "bed-riddled" and occupying just about the same situation his poor blind wife of former times held, locked up in the house alone for days at a stretch, boiling under a hot tin roof in summer and freezing in the air-ish cabin in winter, out of her mind a and frantic. A merciful God finally let her die and now Jack, as ignored by his second wife and Miss Lizzir had been by Jack, finds himself in just about the same condition.

Apparently the mystery of the attempted entry of the store a couple of days back has been solved, --Dooley. He is always drunk and seems to be rushing toward a tubercular grave as fast as he can. He broke in the store once before, taking a couple of packages of cigarettes and leaving his half-empty bottle of u along side the unopened cash register. On t is week's attempt at break he broke the window pane high up on the wall just below the eaves but as the window is only 8 inches wide, he never did gain entrance but he did carry away a cut of finger as evidence of his effort. A letter from Dr. Dorman, a guest copy of all of the Plantation Memo about the plant she had admonished me "for God's sake", not to call a potato. Miss Dorman need not look for it t column right away since it hasn't been written. It is true I had started the thing three different times, getting half-way through each attempt, only to be interrupted. After that I gave up trying for I discovered I couldn't differentiate after the their attempt as between what I had already jotted down and what I intended to jot down and so concluded I would do better to put the subject aside and knock off s else, resuming the potato thing for some future effort when I had completely forgotten what I had and had not typed before the interruptions began. Carie mentioned the arrival of the white-throated sparrows at Brio but I regret to say I haven't seen or heard any at this end of the river as yet. I was on quite friendly terms with a family that used to spend their winters in the American switch cane by the side gate in the old magnolia on the opposite of the path but I haven't exchanged courtesies with them in quite a long time and I'm wondering if, like the blackbirds, they sometimes alter their winter headquarters from year to year. I. S. Willard just called. Her son is flying over from London to spend a day with her before going on some place and thence back to Europe, --November 6th. Naturally she seemed mighty happy about that good news. And now I must attack some mail and then round up a pie of chocolate pie and a glass of milk and call it a day.....

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Friday, October 29th, 1965.
Memorandum: I made what I could of the morning by doing some more on the herb garden where I am running a line of yellow day lilies between the giant beard outline of the foundation site of the vanished kitchen and the nandina hedge beyond the giant's beard border. I think it is going to look pretty enough as a golden line between the darker and lighter greens of the double borders and possibly intensifying the watermelon reds of the tall crepe myrtles. I made what I could of the morning by doing some more on the herb garden where I am running a line of yellow day lilies between the giant beard outline of the foundation site of the vanished kitchen and the nandina hedge beyond the giant's beard border. I think it is going to look pretty enough as a golden line between the darker and lighter greens of the double borders and possibly intensifying the watermelon reds of the tall crepe myrtles. Curtis Gillette or however he spells his name, a photographer, called this morning to ask if he might bring somebody from the college to do some photographs of the college publication, known as the Year Book. No photographs were scheduled for today but merely a survey to see what settings presented themselves for photographing sweet girl graduates for the Year Book. The pictures to be taken in late November. As though it were any of my business, I asked why such pictures every year are taken only after the vegetation has gone when everything looks so forlorn. He could say and I countered by asking him to play I hadn't said anything. James dropped in about 1:30 bringing me some peach cream to fill a scream and bananas. He also brought the enclosed clipping from Times about Craig Clayborn. Mr. Gillette arrived before James left and I waved the couple to cast about for themselves in search of likely settings. Gillette is supposed to be our better photographer in the commercial field. On returning from the front gate after James' departure, I encountered the couple. They remarked they had been watching the peacock and guineas admiring themselves in the mirror along side the African House. I mentioned that

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Richard Avedon had been interested in the same spectacle but got no further when Mr. Gillette said he felt sure he had heard correctly but could not believe his ears and asked me to repeat the Avedon name which I did. He seemed amazed and asked me when that might have been. He declared Avedon to be the world's greatest photographer and went on to say that if he had known Avedon was within miles

James said he had stopped at the artist's house before coming here. She had 18 lovely small pictures she had painted on Carmen's order who, in turn, was commissioned to get them by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Payne Breazeale of Baton Rouge. Carmen has been getting quite a few of this type of thing during the past few years and paying the artist some scandalously low price for them, something

It has occurred to me today when I was thinking about knocking off a column tonight that I would be using the name of an 18th century lady, the spelling of whose name has always confused me whether in French or English tests, --du Barry, Du Barry, Dubarry, du Barre and so on. I got a chance to turn to my invaluable gift book on 18th century pavillons, --Macmillan, and was informed

And now I must do a few chores and then call it a day. I hold the present cold snap in Lyme has lessened and that a pretty lies just ahead.....

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[illegible]

I cannot begin to tell you how happy such vignettes of life delight me. I hold the thought, however, that in the wake of the virus, too much physical exertion is not being exerted to catch up with domestic chores, all of which seem to be so much on the arduous side. Please don't try to build Rome in a day.

Let me say, too, how much I appreciate your kindness in acquainting me with news from Auntie. There is something so pitiable about it all. My impulse to write is short-circuited by the uncertainty of communications getting through to her and while I should be careful that they should contain nothing of interest to anyone else, at the same time I cannot help wondering if it would be better to

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gone over the matter in my mind, trying to discover some possible explanation and there is a possibility I have discovered it. One day last winter or spring, some friends of Blythe's passed this way and one of them when catching sight of the powder horn along side the blunderbus over my boudoir door, expressed vast enchantment with the horn and said it reminded her of a low coffee table she owned in that the thing, about 4 feet long, was of metal and at one end there were three metal horns turning up above the level of the table and at the opposite end three metal horns turning down. said she thought it would look darling in front of my sofa where the bidet stands. I thought no more about her strange notion until I was advised one day by a call from the store that a truck had delivered a piece of furniture to me. I scurried to the store and found a metal table such as the bag had described but, fortunately, one of the horns had been damaged and was just hanging on by a strip of metal. It was an awful example of jim-crackery and I welcomed the opportunity to reject delivery of same and so the truck hauled it back. A few days later when the squire chanced to be heretofore of the ladies making up the original group of horn enthusiasts but not the one who had sent the table dropped in. In the course of conversation something was said about the horn table which one of the ladies had heard her friend had threatened to send me when changing her apartment. Why anyone such send a modernistic piece of furniture to an old house like this, she couldn't imagine. Talk went on for a time on the subject and that was that. I am wondering now if the squire, thinking of other metal furniture, could have felt the criticism was directed at him and, if so, felt justifiably wounded. Perhaps that is not the explanation and I must say I never did know what occasioned the drop in temperature of friendship with Miss Ma and the other Mahters. Apparently there is a warming trend setting in now and I hold the thought the chasm may have been bridged but time alone will reveal if this hope is realized.

Mrs. Chopin and son passed this way this afternoon, en route to spend the afternoon at Magnolia where she visits occasionally as the Chopins and the Hertzsogs are kin. Mat Chopin, her husband, was released from the Veterans Hospital in Little Rock on Thursday and is in Natchitoches. I assume Mrs. Chopin and son thought it would be more pleasant to be in the country Sunday afternoon than in town where her husband is staying at the hotel and well might drop in on them and that would be distressing as there is fear he might suddenly go off his rocker again and try to inflict physical harm.

They buried Ann Murphy on Saturday. A few weeks ago her husband, incarcerated in the mental wing of the Veterans Hospital, died and he returned to Arkansas. And so turneth the globe and so I must turn to some desk work and thence to my downy couch.

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Monday, November 1st, 1965.

little Miss Lee has had an opportunity to see the magnificent planet in the west - southwest sky about 7 o'clock these evenings. I assume it is probably Venus although Mars and Saturn are said to be visible this and no month, too. It is so bright it seemingly casts a shadow. I first noticed it a week or so ago when I was in Madisonville, Kentucky, people were gathered here and at first glance took it to be the new moon. I believe it to be the moon I saw over the big house last night when I went to supper but August said she believed it to be the star that was in about the same place last week but had turned into a moon, -- an original idea for the astronomers to grapple with.

The grapevine rattled considerably today about doings down at Jack's cabin over the weekend. I gather from the reports that Jack is approaching death by cancer for the "cold" in his lungs is no better, he cannot form words anymore and can only make signs he wants coffee. He cannot consume food. There were lots of people at his cabin yesterday and last night and his wife, Moonie, was restive because she didn't have any money to go to the honkeytonk. She insisted that her "helper", Andy, remain at her husband's bedside at all times to change his drawers and make it clear Andy was not to think about going to his own cabin that night or at any time while Jack is sick. I don't know what the writers of the contemporary folk ways could do with all this, the white lover, Andy, directed by his black mistress, Moonie, to nurse the black husband, Jack. All three, of course, are fools but still do masquerade as human beings although their neighbors dropping in at the cabin may have some doubts about their human status.

James dropped in this afternoon and had nothing in particular by way of news to report although we did have fun re-doing the artist, her remarkable qualities and her strange propensity for letting Carmen whom she doesn't like drive her prices down in sharp contrast to her adamant stand on charging friends of hers whom she probably likes prices far in excess of her prices quoted on stuff she does for people she doesn't know in some cases, and people she knows and doesn't like. In short, the artist always

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makes good copy for conversation.

James did mention that he visited the Parish Library this morning and presented same with the artist's guest book he had had lemenated and bound for the Library as a permanent records as a companion piece to the 24 canvases given the Library a short time back. In speaking of the Watchtowers Parish Library and what a fine atmosphere it possessed, he also mentioned the splendid new library in Alexandria which has been opened recently. He described in some detail the architectural features and especially a series of cup like features in the ceiling of the main hall, jutting up above the roof, intended for extra lighting of the room, I thought. He said that apparently there had been a lack of united effort between the architect and the builder for he felt positively that it was nobody's intention and certainly a distinct disadvantage in the proper functioning of the library that every sound in the immense room was somehow picked up by the dome-shaped things in the ceiling and carried and magnified from one end to the other. He said, for example, a librarian at the far end of the big room "heard" the telephone and that he, at the opposite end of the room, could hear everything that was said, not only by the librarian but also by the voice over the wire. He remarked further that at the desk where borrowers were checking out books, the voices of the customers and the checkers could be heard distinctly in every corner of the place. Surely, for a place where voices are intentionally kept subdued, nobody would study up a system that would amplify every drop of a pin in the place. I should imagine Bedlam might well be the order of the day in such a situation. It reminded me of the problem in the first section of the Cathedral of St. John, the Divine, on Morningside in New York where the acoustics were such that there was a perpetual echo when the Bishop held services there. This made things impossible until by introducing some wires across the nave, the vibrations of the voice to the pipe organ were somehow broken and it was said at that time when only the several smaller chapels and the portion of the main body of the Cathedral was erected that the wires could be taken down when the main body of the edifice was completed and the ultimate proportions brought into being. I never did hear if this prediction proved true when the Cathedral was extended all the way out to Amsterdam Avenue from its earlier beginnings which occupied only about half the present block it now dominates. I spent the major part of my day in the open air, working on the herb garden which is beginning to take on some character and promises to look pretty enough eventually. I held the thought it was a pleasant day in Lyme.....

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Tuesday, November 2nd, 1965.
The weather is cloudy and mild. The Weather Bureau says we shall have more of the same for the morrow and everybody agrees we need rain but we are told by the weather-wise that the clouds hold no water. Eventually we are bound to get a drench and in the meantime the clouds may serve as a promise, albeit a dry one.

Sometime to night I want to canvas the air waves to see how elections are running but I shall put that off for a while in hopes of hearing whatever has been decided by the electorate when the ballots have been counted, devoting myself between now and then to some desk work and some probable telephone calls of the incoming variety. Mrs. Walker called me this morning regarding Plantation Memo being given to the Watchtowers Times. I told her that I had no comment to make inasmuch as she is the agent for the column and it is up to her to make whatever decisions there are to be made on that score. This afternoon word leaked out in The Times office that next week Plantation Memo would appear in The Times. My telephone began buzzing forthwith and has continued to buzz. About 7 o'clock tonight, Mrs. Chopin phoned to say Mesdames Walker and Genung had come to her house for tea this evening and Mrs. Walker had confided to all present that Plantation Memo was to appear a week hence in The Times. Several present perked up their ears and finally Mrs. Walker turned to Mrs. Chopin, asking her what she had to say about it. Mrs. Chopin avoided a direct answer by a laconic: "I think that's a dirty trick to play on a columnist." It always makes me laugh in my head when society can cook up such a tempest in a teapot for its own entertainment. There was something more mildly amusing that Mrs. Chopin had to tell me that has nothing to do with me but which makes me wonder as much as though I were concerned. Mrs. Walker is running an advertisement for sale of

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her 1226 Williams Avenue house in this week's paper and Mr. and Mrs. Roe, getting ahead of the paper, are going to correct it. --I should have said 1206 Williams, and the Roes are going there tonight to look over the house with a view to purchasing it prior to the sale notice's appearance in the paper. Mrs. Roe works at the Times and that is how she found out about the sale notice in advance of its Thursday appearance. All this seems casual enough but what utterly befuddles me about the Roes going tonight to look at the house with a view to purchasing it is the fact that it was the Roes who occupied the very house as renters during the summer months while the Walkers were abroad. If they don't know what the property looks like by this late date, they never will discover anything new, it seems to me. Perhaps they are simply going to discuss the price. Be that as it may, the statement regarding tonight's visit is simply that they are going to see the house which sounds about as silly as it would sound if I announced I intended going to the Unicorn House to see what I thought of it and Low Paul and Louella. Tomorrow morning Oakland comes to Melrose, Mrs. J. Alphonse Prudhomme having called to ask if she might bring some St. Louis friends down for a little go-round. I hope she brings a pocket full of money with her, for the last time I heard any reference to what she owes me was spoken last winter or spring when she and I. S. Willard was here one afternoon with her. The Lord knows how many years the debt has been standing. If it were one of those that have interest charges attached, I guess the amount would be three or four times its original figure. I assume that Madame Prudhomme, like the artist Hunter, knows she is poor and I am rich and therefore money doesn't matter. I have had so little opportunity to learn anything about the various candidates and their campaigns in today's elections that I'm surprised I find myself possessed of any preferences at all and I doubt if I have anything worth voicing regarding any of the contests. I had come to believe that success in the contest of the new Mayor of New York might go to the liberal Republican. In New Jersey it seemed from what little I heard that Democratic Governor Hughes was running a better campaign. As for the Virginia Governor, nobody on either side had any claim to my interest. Virginia has so long been in the pocket of Senator Harry Byrd for whom I have scant admiration that I assume the new Governor will be a Byrd man regardless. What seems lamentable to me is the fact that the Republican Party as a force seems to be fading away and like everybody else, I believe in a two party system. Goldwaterism seems to have knocked out Republican chances to survive as a party but I hold the thought some new blood in the Party may eventually emerge and save it from the destruction it deserves if Goldwaterism is going to continue.....

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Wednesday, November 3rd, 1965.

Memorandum
Cloudy with no gleams of blue sky or sunbeams shining through but sad to relate, no moisture either. Thermometer in the 40's.
At supper tonight I congratulated J. H. on the successful contest for Mayor. Of course J. H. wouldn't care for a liberal Republican but as any Republican is better than a Democrat in his present view, I thought the success of even a liberal one might please him and it amusingly did although he hastened to say that the contest wasn't over yet and perhaps Lindsey wouldn't win in the final balloting. I said yesterday's election was the final casting of ballots and that Mr. Lindsey had won but J. H. said he felt I was mistaken and that yesterday's contest was only a primary and that the real election would have to come later. Naturally I would not dream of contesting the matter either and was quite willing to let the matter drop, knowing full well that in a day or so J. H. will have the partial pleasure of knowing that some kind of a Republican won.
Lucille Prudhomme and her St. Louis company came this morning and I was glad to see them all for Lucille is always very nice and her guests were equally so. I was a little puzzled that Lucille went to some trouble to keep an envelope she was carrying and make quite a show of presenting me with money owed for the Lord knows how long. Why she had to count the money out in front of her friends, I cannot imagine, and laughingly remarked to them that Lucille could certainly fall back on witnesses if needed be.
I learned over the coffee cups this morning that Jerry McCook had died in her sleep during the night. She was found by her "friend", as some Christian Science faithful refer to their nurses. Jerry had had gone from Florida down here with her around late August or early September and the same one was with her during last night. Jerry herself continued going about right up to the last day. Carmen said she had seen her at the Town House last Sunday but was surprised the way Jerry would keep shedding tears every few minutes when merely catching sight of someone or other entering or leaving the restaurant. Kate Perkins will probably have something to say on a card to me about when they both laughed the Lameese

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Wednesday, November 3rd, 1965.

Mrs. Chopin's brother-in-law, Lamy Chopin lives in Natchitoches with his family. If the career of a human being may be presented in graph form, his might be interesting. He was always considered something of a whiz in scientific matters, was head of a department of science in L. S. U. for a number of years but decided he preferred other employment and accordingly bought a seed store in Natchitoches which he has operated for years with indifferent success. Mrs. Walker dropped in the store to purchase something or other one day last week and on recognizing her, Lamy approached her saying: "I was so sorry to learn of the death of.... of..... what was his name....." "I thought Andy was supposed to give me a hand in at ardening this afternoon but he didn't show up until 2:30 and explained he couldn't work as he had to nurse Jack. I take it Andy is disgruntled with the treatment he is receiving from Jack's wife, Neenie. He said that Neenie made him stay with Jack 24 hours of the day and said she was afraid she might kill him if he didn't stay on the job. As for Neenie, she doesn't have time to waste on nursing her spouse, being too busy running up and down the road with whatever gentleman will provide her with wine "for services rendered".

Jack has several brothers living in the Derry area and they have come at different times to take Jack home with them but Neenie has put her foot down and refused to let them move her husband from their cabin. Last night, about 10 they heard somebody making a racket on the bank of the river below the level of the road in front of the house. Investigating, they found Neenie, high as a kite but too unsteady on her feet to negotiate the bank. Some of the people milling round the house helped her into the house where she denounced her dying husband for treating her the shameful way he has been for the past two or three weeks, declared she was sick and tired waiting for him to die and then chased everybody out of the cabin, after forbidding anyone to even give him a drink of water for which he was making signs he wanted.

The day before there had been a pantomime performance in that must have been remarkable since the message seemed to get across or be imagined by the three people witnessing it. Jack had indicated he wanted to get back home. Neenie had been a former agent, whom Neenie was with Spades but as yet had not said anything....

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Thursday, November 4th, 1965.

Mild without temperature fluctuation, the thermometer "hovering" around 70 and it being accompanied by a slow drizzle that has measured an inch of rain today. We are promised 2 or 3 inches more during tonight and tomorrow and we can take it.

So much of the in-coming mail during the past few days has been of the lengthy variety. The enclosed letter from Charles is an exception and my response wasn't too extended as you will note.

There is every reason to believe that Charles is gloating over his luck in securing Plantation Memo. I have kept my word in standing behind the agent, Mrs. Walker, in her dealings with Charles although I think her reason for serving the thing up on a silver platter gratis was occasioned by some personal wish on her part, hoping to get some benefit, the nature of which I cannot fathom at this time, by giving him the column, using the labor of another to butter some pet and as yet unrevealed project of her own.

I am sending along today's Natchitoches Times which mentions "Cane River Memo" as about to appear in that publication. Perhaps nobody told Charles the column's name has been changed but he will discover that when he reads my note to him. On the front page of the same paper is some reference to the Pecan people who were here for dinner on Tuesday of last week. I think the way that story is written, the impression is given that Ewene, the clerk, and Lestan are included in the list of pecan growers present and that is news.

I did not attend the funeral of Jerry McCook this morning but I saw some of the people who were there and they were all very sad.

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afternoon at 4 or whenever. Come to think of it, I have attended comparatively few funerals in my life anyway and never one conducted by the Christian Science church although I frequently, if I can find some, listen to services or readings or however they describe the ordinary weekly service. Jerry's mother was a Christian Science reader, I believe, and the denomination has always suited Jerry although there have been a few occasions when the medical profession was called in to lend a hand to Mary Baker Eddy. One time, as I recall, was when Jerry was pregnant and the time arrived for the stork to flap over and the stork didn't flap. Jerry refused medical assistance for a week or two following the time for which the alarm clock had been set but had failed to come off. Finally when Jerry became delirious and didn't know what was up, an ambulance was called and she was whisked away to the hospital where something was done for her and her son, Daniel, made his bow. Under such circumstances and during all the last years when a stroke and then another had partially paralyzed her, Jerry still resisted medical assistance and so the fact that she, like little Miss Alberta, died in her sleep is a great blessing to their respective peace of mind since it probably would have distressed them both mightily if they had been carried off to a nursing home or hospital when incapacitated. I meant to refer to Mrs. Moore's letter yesterday. She certainly has been having some misadventures. It wasn't until I read her letter that I realized the Betsy hurricane had breezed through the Watoz area. The Guisenberger home, as I recall, where she was apparently spending the night when the storm blew in, is located in a sub-division in the neighborhood of Longwood which, as you know, has tremendous oaks and magnolias and it was one of these, I assume, that crashed into the house. As for the protections provided Mrs. Moore's head by the combs she was wearing, that is quite a new twist as an excuse for a girl wearing combs. I had always supposed Spanish senoras wore combs as something on which a mantilla was to be attached but now it appears a Spanish gal might be sticking them in her perruque just in case her boy friend de to crack her skull. Lordy, Lord, how strange are the twists of Fate.

It still sprinkles and is still mild and I must respond to Tom's rattling of the screen door and hand him some fine chicken bones I brought him hours ago for his supper.....

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Friday, November 5th, 1965.

Memorandum: Drizzle all night and up until 2 o'clock this afternoon when blue sky and dazzling sunshine appeared for a couple of hours, followed by a closing in of clouds again but no rain tonight. The thermometer remains stationary in the 70 area and the humidity at 100.

Mercurially, Jack has slipped into unconsciousness but the hubbub swirling around his cabin continues. I assume he will die during the weekend, the precise moment of his death doesn't matter since he knows nothing of the incredible confusion revolving about his bedside. The fear of dying as opposed to the fear of death is readily understood before everybody witnessing the rigors Jack has been going through during the past couple of weeks. What wonderful progress is being made in outer space and yet how much remains to be done in neglected corners here on earth. The current rain is so gentle it is absorbed immediately by the parched earth but the moisture is sufficient without the aid of a breeze to detach the leaves and pecans from the tree branches. The Chinese magnolia leaves, turning yellow, are beginning to make pretty patterns on the grass and the gourds are starting to drop from their vines. The Yucca gallery offers a changing picture as more and more gourds are suspended from the rafters and scattered through the chandeliers are festoons ofokra stems with their collections of long Gothic fingers along side other bunches of castor beans, peanut plants and long stems of bananas, suggesting the advent of the harvest season before the more intense autumnal colorings have emerged. I made the most of the dampness this morning to stay under cover on the gallery, adding to the collection of massed fruits of the season as I made occasional sorties out into the rain to round up an occasional branch of scarlet pyreanthus berries and what I live up the setting here and there. I can't say which of us was more surprised, El Ponderoso or Lestan, when for some reason or no reason at all, the peacock suddenly decided he would like the view the display from atop the stepladder where I was standing when he suddenly jumped from the greensward to the top step when

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perch and both bird and man suddenly began flapping their wings to retain their balance. Fortunately for me, I retain my precarious position but El Penderes lost his footing, let out a piercing wail as he started to fall and then suddenly caught himself by dint of much wing waving and zoomed off toward the magnolia by the big iron post where he landed safely enough but not without a great racket of protest at the unexpected hazards encountered in the casual pursuit of garnering the crop.

James just chuckled. He didn't have any particular news but merely wanted to chat a little. News from Charleston seems to be following the same course as the past few weeks. Aunt Willie is still in the hospital but she is contemplating returning to the Bluff shortly. James thinks Kay would prefer remaining in town for the convenience of everyone, especially during the recuperation period where physicians are within easy reach. James asked me if I had heard radio news regarding unsettled racial matters in Natchez. He says he feels the present agitation is due primarily to pressures exerted from outside organizations, NAACP, CORE, etc., and he feels Martin Luther King groups are pushing racial matters too vigorously and that slow doses of equality are more likely to succeed than massive gulps the body politic cannot swallow speedily. Obviously it is difficult for the moderate middle groups to determine just where the middle ground lies between the ultra right and the ultra left continue jockeying for control of the swirling tides. I was interested in Mrs. Moore's uncertainty about holding the March pilgrimage in Natchez. When there was unrest in other sections of Mississippi, the number of prospective pilgrims changed their plans and cancelled their reservations was so impressive that assume the same process will be even more pronounced this year, now that the souffling itself is entering on Natchez itself. No Pilgrimage would be felt in all segments of the community, of course, and perhaps treatment for such problems requires a financial pinch that would result from a skip in at least one Pilgrimage. I had a new piece of pumpkin pie, a nibble of cheese and a glass of milk and then to sleep....

new phone number 379 7273

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Sunday, November 7th, 1965.

Thin clouds with occasional sun and moon beams, thermometer in the 70's and withal humid.

Memorandum: This morning Natalie called. There was a tone of triumph in her voice when she discovered that the first attempt she had to put through a call under the new system that began operating at midnight actually went through. The prefix digits, as indicated above, are the ones used when calling the Cans River area from town. The call town from this area however, the prefix digits are 352 so that her number would read 352 6551 or whatever her old number was prior to prefix. I guess it was 3163.

It goes without saying she inquired after little Miss Lee. I mentioned having received a "note", as I voiced it, passing along information regarding the recent indisposition and household chores that had claimed her strength immediately in the wake of vacation. Natalie wanted to talk with me about the restoration of the Fort in town. She said her husband had written the Governor about getting the State to put up some money for getting something started so that the Federal Government would put up funds, once the State had done so. The Governor responded promptly suggesting an appointment for Monday, November 15th. And so he, the husband, will journey to Baton Rouge with a portfolio of plans, ancient and modern, and much data about the project. Natalie thought that instead of attempting the whole project being attempted at first, that is to say, the re-construction of the entire layout, it might be a good idea to build just one of the four corner towers and at least two sides of the rectangle of palisades, the point being that the treasures of Museum Contents could be housed and displayed in this single tower or bastion and that the other three corner-forts could be added along with palisades and all a money became available, hopefully, form tourist trade. She thought it might be timely to attempt an article or two for

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Baton Rouge and Shreveport papers and asked if she might come do so that she and Lestan might combine efforts on such an undertaking. Naturally I applauded the thought.

Natalie asked about Plantation Memo and said many people had expressed satisfaction it is to appear in the Times. She asked particularly after Lestan's health saying that when she and the lady doctor had seen him at Pilgrimage time, they thought he didn't look too well. I responded that he seemed to be full of vim and vigor at present and probably looked like a torn down piece at Pilgrimage time because he was exhausted from pre-Pilgrimage doings coupled with the fact that he was trying to diet at the same time he was expending energies with gusto and the combination had contributed little or nothing to his beauty. Smile.

This noon the lady across the fence and I dined without the company of the master as he, as I learned then, had departed this morning for Washington to see something about pecans in some project cooking in the Department of Agriculture. He is scheduled to return on Tuesday, it was said.

On quite another front, it is curious how things turn. Last night Mrs. Chopin entertained at dinner at her house for the Walkers. --Mrs. Walker, her mother and her sister-in-law. Several times during dinner, tears coursed Mrs. Walker's cheeks. For the past 30 years she has had an old friend living in Pennsylvania, a man who had urged her when she was starting out to devote herself diligently to writing for which he felt she had a gift. After her husband's death, she heard from him sympathetically and there were references to future plans "when a year has elapsed", --all this according to a report from an agent who, I think, was quite wrong in having read the letter. But that as it may, on Saturday morning a call came through from Pennsylvania stating that the old friend had died. Verily, "it never rains but it pours".

It was a month ago today Mr. Walker died. I hold the thought the weekend has been quiet and withal pleasant at Lyme.....

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Monday, November 8th, 1965.

Memorandum: sent home to home some time ago. Fair to partly cloudy in the mild 70's. The cold spell of a week or so back plus the Friday rains have combined to detach most of the leaves from the Chinese magnolias, many of the crepe myrtles but not many from the pecan trees as yet. The latter are holding on remarkably well this year, busy at manufacturing and storing away sugar for next season's crop, a process that begins about September 1st, it is said and continues as long as the leaves remain on the trees. Wouldn't it be interesting to know how the switch is thrown, reversing the supply of sugar from supplying the current year's crop and channeling all manufactured food after September 1st to the warehouse within the tree to be drawn upon by the tree next season.

As is obvious, this memo got started and stopped all at the same time. She wanted me to jot down an address. --Celeste did, and, as she is alone tonight, I think she thought it a good time to see if she could operate the new numbers game on the phone. Oddly enough, just as I wrote the first sentence of this paragraph, there was another interruption but one that did not require removal of this sheet from the machine. It was Thelma. --I guess the first time I had heard from her since Pilgrimage. She wanted to ask me about one or two points that R. B. should take up when he confers about the fort with the Governor a week hence. Thelma seems to be bubbling over with her accustomed energy although a little more than usual, having been out of circulation with a cold....

Mrs. Walker just called, asking me to run through some things she had done a while back about the Chinns. TI

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manuscript didn't require much attention but there
developed a problem over the wire that made me realize more
painfully than before how little Miss Lee must have
felt a few weeks back when trying to give comfort to
Auntie over a long distance wire. It does seem as though phy
presence means much at such times even though the barrier
of space is cut down in part by the connection
provided by the communication wire but never to the same exte
ent as in dispensing comfort as physical presence provides at
such times. In the present Walker case, it was some
ten and a half months of the word Pennsylvania that opened the floodgate of
grief and I did what I could by way of chattering about other topic
but until the emotional strain could be righted. This got us ar
round to the subject of affection and the difficulties she is havin
in that department, feeling as she does that Mrs. Chopin
is a kind of kindness of heart is trying to smooth the Walker path
with the such diligence that Mrs. Walker feels she has to struggle
to keep her pathway from being encumbered by Mrs. Chopin's pr
sence. I can appreciate how such a situation might develop and
at the same time I can see how Mrs. Walker does not know how to
put and keep the friendship with Mrs. Chopin in proper
balance for just as the relations are beginning
to stabilize, Mrs. Walker calls Mrs. Chopin to drop in for
a cup of tea and, on receiving the call, Mrs. Chopin feels she
should drop everything and rush in to assist her
friend. I assume both ladies are using poor judgement in
maintaining happy relations, each of them offering invitation
to dine or sup and each of them accepting when
at greater space should intervene between acceptances.
I never cease to marvel at the fine stew kindly disposed
people can cook up for each other without ever anticipating
that the pot is bound to boil over when the next ingredient is
added while it never occurs to either to desist from reaching
for further things to be tossed into the brew.
The unending horror of Jack's final stages of
life goes on interminably. Doretha tells me he remains
unconscious and she guesses he must be "mortifying". Andy
in his role of nurse at the direction of Noonie, Andy
was dismissed from service on Friday night but then summoned
back and hit over the nose with a broomstick by
Noonie. Andy's loss of blood was considerable but Noonie
saw to it that he remained by Jack's bedside regardless while
she went on a frolic up the road. They say Andy's nose looks
like a man inflated hee and so the horrible final act as Jack's
play goes out. One hopes the next act following his demise,
will witness a dab of comedy.....

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Tuesday, November 9th, 1965.
Cloudy and mild with humidity near 100.

Memorandum: A couple of the things being reported during the evening
were first, that telephone
service seemed to be functioning, dependent as that is
on electricity, supposed, and, second, that
frequent broadcasts were made to listeners in the
black-out area, urging them not to leave their electrical
switches turned on since the pull would be so great when
the service was resumed that the current might
go out automatically because of the over-load. Of
course I assume the vast majority of radio and TV
sets are plugged in on normal current outlets and how
people would hear the broadcasts is quite beyond
my powers of guessing. I am sure that
it was with a feeling of vast relief
around 8 this morning that the grapevine reported the

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death of neighbor, Jack. Moonie, the wife, and Andy, the boy-friend, were said to be about at the time. It wasn't long before several plantation people dropped around and some body notified the funeral home in town, in the wake of which something incredible happened.

The ambulance or whatever the vehicle is that the funeral home uses to remove the corpse from the home to the mortician was sent for and in due time it arrived. Aboard this motor car was a driver, quite alone. On arrival at the dead man's home, you noticed the driver get out and asked that he be given a hand in removing the body from the house to the ambulance. Everyone looked surprised and nobody was interested. As soon as Jack had died, both the front and back doors and the shutters, too, had been closed tight. I don't know why. And what was no more, nobody present was dreaming of entering the place before the body had been removed and as there was no one to assist the driver, it appeared the body would remain there for some time. Finally, -- and I must get to the particulars later -- the body, I believe, was jockeyed into the ambulance but that is only a guess on my part and I haven't seen anyone who was present to enlighten me on these and other finer points. Next, of course, will be the wake and after that the funeral but I suppose the wake will be the big thing if it is held in the country but not much if held at the funeral home. I suppose Saturday or Sunday might be a nice time but that also is merely a guess on my part. After all, the only important thing is that Jack has gone to his reward and everybody seems to be breathing easier momentarily because the agony is over and even the post-agony period is done.

In last week's issue of Life, the pictures of Mrs. Post and some of her household furnishings caught the article's attention. The article reminded me of some of these staid and elegant domestic settings of prominent social lights that ran in Vogue a year or two ago. I did not get an opportunity to read the text and captions accompanying the illustrations and so, possibly for that reason, I missed any reference to how Mrs. Post, born a Post, should have retained the name after marriage. Of course it isn't too extraordinary for people of the same last name getting married, -- Prud'homme marrying Prud'homme is common enough, and in the case of la Post, it seems to me the point might be interesting enough to be given a line. The closest I came to discovering anything was the place which mentioned she inherited her fortune in 1914 "already married" which was about as brief a wedding notice as I can remember.

James dropped in this afternoon. He didn't have much news although he did say he had hoped to ask Dan Willard a thing or two when the latter and I saw him on his way home. However, the two gentlemen didn't get an opportunity to ask questions or answer them.....

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Wednesday, November 10th, 1965.

Memorandum: dated at New York City, New York, this 10th day of November, 1965.

1. Cloudy, humid and just an occasional hint of sunshine. Thermometer around 70. A glorious moon tonight.

2. I don't know why it never occurred to me until this morning that tomorrow is a Federal holiday, meaning that this memo will not be posted until Friday.

3. It goes without saying I have followed radio reports during the past 24 hours with unusual attention, listening for every scrap of news having to do with Lyme during the blackout. I shall remain full of curiosity as to the whereabouts of little Miss Leenas from 5:28 last night and continue holding the thought she was in the neighborhood of home and friends.

4. I had a telephone call around midnight that gave me quite a turn in that it made me wonder if it was merely an isolated mix-up in the new fangled dial numbers, one of those rare, long distance connections wherein some mechanical failure produces the strangest connections or if the general mix-up on the Eastern seaboard had had something to do with the business. In any event, you may readily imagine how surprised I was when some voice, heavy with authority, responded with a question when I answered the 'phone, asking:

"Is this the Brooklyn General Hospital.?"

Well, it certainly wasn't. I did not seemy 9 o'clock coffee partner this morning, she having gone to Alexandria to pick up her former sister-in-law, Betty Lane Regard Coureger. I don't know when the ladies reached here but probably shortly after noon for there was a little party given across the fence for Betty this afternoon. She will remain until the morrow when she will return to Alexandria to join her husband there attending some hospital administrator's gathering and they will go back to New Iberia.

Ladies were not back before noon because J. H. died at the big house, he, three pecan experts and Sister who had blown in without advance notice we were to be thus honored.

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J. H. had flown down from Washington last evening and had several interesting things to say but, naturally, he talked mostly on topics of interest to the peccan men, although he did mention having gone over to Beltsville, Maryland, to observe some of the undertakings in that quarter about which I shall inquire more when I see him without company.

From various quarters including an agent within the Times office, I heard one or two things about the forthcoming appearance of Plantation Memo in that paper, in pursuance of the announcement to that effect in last week's paper. From the grapevine, and a dependable tendrill it is, I learn two people in the office are fulminating against the publication of the column, -- Mrs. Nell Young and Mr. Roper, both of them office people of long standing who take the position that since the paper couldn't get the column at the time the paper changed hands in January, it should be printed now that November is already upon us. I have only met Mrs. Young a couple of times casually, always thought her quite pleasant but obviously on the Charles side. As for Mr. Roper, he is sympathetic to Citizens Council, Ku Klux Klan, etc., and understandibly enough, he wouldn't care for anything like the Memo. Another bit of information from the office has to do with about a dozen letters reaching the Times since last week's announcement, congratulating the Editor and Publisher on having secured a column that had been so popular, -- that was the line, I believe, when it appeared in the other paper. I must say it's a pleasant sensation in being perfectly indifferent to whether the thing appears locally or not and caring not a whit what either Madame Young or Monsieur Roper has to say.

On the plantation front, there is a promise for a big night this coming Saturday. Current plans, --and they are subject to change for no reason on earth, they will wake Jack Morris on Saturday night and hold his funeral on Sunday at St. Augustine's Church on Little River, Jack having been a deacon of that institution. Saturday night is the best time of the week for a bang-up wake and especially when the home is situated just down the road apiece, in easy access to the honkey-tonk, just up the road apiece. The distance of cabin and saloon is just far enough, the one from the other, as to provide an excuse for having a couple of snorts at one place and then chasing up the road or along the trail behind the bamboo hedge at the back of the White Garden, roundin' up a couple of snorts at the honkey-tonk and thence back down the road to the bar and so on and on during the night until the widow and workers will have passed out and the demand for their respective presences at the funeral will not be heard until noon on the Sabbath. By Sunday night one ought to have lots of notes about the Saturday night frolic, the chief mourner jinks and all the fold-out revolving about the weekend.....

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Thursday, November 11th, 1965.

Memorandum:

It was a good day for out of door labors, but I got little done, what with a guest present and too many people coming and going.

At noon there were pecan people and at supper pecan people and friends of the family. Supper was scheduled for 5:30 but was an hour late and by the time I got home all the radio news was over. Perhaps I shall grab a little bit of news at 10 although I have a couple of phone calls to make, a column to write and another to be checked on before I shall be able to call it a day.

The Louisiana motel called in the morning to ask if I would receive a Houston couple. I would not. In the afternoon Sister went to town to call on Thelma and while she was away, Carmen appeared at my door. She said she had a Houston couple at the front gate and asked if I would receive them. I would. And so things turned and so I got mighty little work done.

Phoenix sister-in-law for mid-day lunch. I reckon I shall be receiving a report from Thelma about her guest who must have been received after the luncheon guests had departed. I imagine Thelma got an earful of denunciations about the annual Pilgrim if half of what I heard at supper from her afternoon guest.

Probably for no reason at all, certainly for no reason anyone understands, the funeral arrangements for Jack have all been changed. The wake will take place on Friday night, the funeral on Saturday. Moonie has decided that tomorrow would be a fine time to paint the inside of the house, hoping to get the last brushful of paint slapped on the interior walls of the cabin before the body is brought down from town in the afternoon. The cabin floor is such that people who know about it, and Heaven forbid, say that the supports are so weak the whole thing is likely to cave in when the wake is in progress. I suppose such things have happened before when mourners were sober but what it may be like, should such a thing happen, when

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the majority of these present arrive already unsteady of their

feet. All in all, it ought to be a fine gathering and the wake, if not the funeral, ought to be a fitting end to a household that has been rocking along toward destruction for years.

Henry Deblieux called me from town this morning. He reported a kinsman or friend in New Orleans, having a shop, contemplated approaching the artist with a view to taking a few primitive pictures in his shop on a consignment basis. Henry called me to inquire about the best way to approach the artist. I explained that the artist knew and understood nothing about consignment and that since she sells everything as soon as she finishes it, there would be no advantage to her to put out on consignment things that were saleable right along as she cannot keep up with the demand for her creations.

I think I never met Henry Deblieux although I have met his brother, Hertzog, and one or two of his cousins. Their grandmother was born at Melrose, a daughter of Hypolite Hertzog, I believe that as it may, the Deblieux usually mention the fact that one of their ancestors owned Melrose at one time, never dreaming that the Hertzogs cheated the Metoyers out of the place and therefore would be well advised if they skipped mention of the ownership. I was impressed that Henry Deblieux, perhaps in his 50's or 60's, a life resident of the Parish, has never been to Melrose, a fact he volunteered when I asked him if he was acquainted with the Hunter murals in the African House. It's the same old story, over and over again, such as people who have been born and spent their lives in New York and never have glimpsed the statue of Liberty. And the mere mention of that fact reminds me of the old days when I used to invite Paris friends to luncheon or dinner at Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles and how many of them confessed on arriving that it was their initial visit to the town.

I'm still thinking about Tuesday evening's blackout, wondering what the adventures she may have had as well as the accounts of personal experiences of all her friends. Until I receive a few particulars, I shall continue holding the thought that luck was on her side and that things weren't too bad although even if one chanced to find one's self at home, the inconveniences can readily be imagined. May that mix-up never repeat itself and that life in Lyne may stretch out smoothly straight ahead.....

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Friday, November 12th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and in the mild 70's.

The nicest thing that could have happened this morning was the arrival of a letter from Lyne. The nicest thing that can happen tomorrow will be an opportunity to read it.

The day was a busy one of little nothings but perhaps things will pan out better on the morrow.

The current visitor threw quite a fit at breakfast about Pilgrimage. Her jealousy of Celeste is the basis of it all although she had some unpleasant jibes to cast at Natalie of whom she is jealous, too.

There were more Federal pagan people at noon dinner and as Sister arrived late, --I know not where she had been, it appeared I would be too late to get any noon radio news. But I withdrew before the last three people had quitted table and dashed home just about in time to get in on the program but had to answer the phone which was ringing as I entered the house. It was Mrs. Chopin who was sobbing. She had received a sharp rebuff when she phoned Mrs. Walker, the latter telling her they must give up seeing or communicating with each other in the future. Surely nobody ever did more for one than Mrs. Chopin has done for Mrs. Walker. It is quite possible, however, that she has done too much like an affectionate parent smothering a child with affection. I tried to calm Mrs. Chopin down but doubt if we made much headway even though 45 minutes were consumed in the effort and the news broadcast was run out before we had finished. She asked me to communicate with Mrs. Walker's mother during the afternoon and let her know my findings about the break in relations after 9:30 tonight.

James appeared just as I was putting down the receiver and he remained until after 3. I walked to the front gate with him where Sister from the store gallery, caught sight of us and came over for a hasty greeting.

I had agreed to receive Mildred Cunningham's daughter and half a dozen friends of hers from Alexandria at 3. Apparently

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Friday, November 12th, 1965

Sister must have taken off for Magnolia plantation right after James left for the tour of the Alexandria ladies that followed was not gummed up by unneeded receptionists.

I had rather hoped I might work in the services of a secretary sometime during these daylight hours but it is easy enough to see how that might be difficult. Tonight it is unlikely I shall enjoy no such services either, what with the wake for Jack in full swing and probably the road between his cabin and the honkey-tonk clogged with wakers running to and fro.

Between the James' departure and the Alexandria ladies' arrival, I did get a call through to Clara Genuyn who had something to say about her daughter being very nervous and therefore, since Mrs. Chapin made one's nerves tangle, it was better the friendship as between Mrs. Walker and mother on the one side and Mrs. Chapin on the other be terminated. Fortunately the advent of the Alexandria ladies broke that conversation off and so I shall hold the thought the tempest in the teapot will have simmered down somewhat between tonight and the morrow.

I intended saying yesterday that I finally finished the article in Life about Mrs. Post and, of course, stumbled over the reference to Mrs. Post's purchase of Romanoff treasures when she and her husband, Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, were occupying the American Embassy in Moscow several years ago. I don't know although I seem vaguely to recall that I remembered something about the Davies union. I am still wondering, however, why Life in the earlier part of the article, dubbed Mrs. Davies by her maiden name of Post but prefixing it with Mrs.

The postman was impressed today when handing me the mail, remarking that the letter on top was addressed not to me but to my wife. It was a response to a letter I had written Doubleday Book Shop in New Orleans, the letterhead which I used bearing my name printed big and as bold as brass that seemed to be clear enough and I cannot imagine I had signed the letter with Mrs. in front of the signature. There was a card today from the Checkleys, cancelled in Yokohama which I shall enclose. I can find it, I recall they remarked something about heading out for Hong Kong in October, perhaps the 23rd and getting back in December, perhaps around the 20th but whether they are going on around the world or re-tracing their

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Sunday, November 14th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy with average temperature in the low 70's.

The nicest thing about Saturday was the arrival in the post of a letter from Lyme. It is resting in the armoire, tucked along side the one arriving by Saturday's post, awaiting an opportunity to absorb them both. I never experienced a weekend before wherein there wasn't a single moment during the daylight hours for attending to anything personal.

The hubbub was complete all day Saturday, the visitor keeping the pot boiling from dawn to dusk and secretaries smart enough to keep out from under foot. People had been bidden for morning and afternoon and the merry-go-round never stopping once. This morning things followed the same pattern but I didn't mind the hurly-burly so much since there was the promise of departure before dinner time. Finally things got packed up and the car backed out from the side gate at 11:10, giving me a chance to rush home and put on some fresh raiment before 11:30 dinner across the fence. But on arriving there I learned that the car that had backed out from the side gate was at the store where J. H. was busy attending to some kind of business and the Strevport car remained where it had stopped in front of the store for another hour or more while Celeste and I waited for J. H. to come to dinner when the car finally headed up the road.

No sooner did I return to Yucca following dinner than people and more people began dropping in and secretaries dropping. A half hour after sundown when I was expecting momentarily a 'phone call from across the fence announcing supper, more people appeared, this time the McClures of Shreveport, friends of Dan, etc. They have been here before but their son, a teen age lad not and so I gave them a look at Yucca, after turning on the light in the African House, so they could give themselves a tour there after I had explained I had to remain close to my desk. Why people indulge themselves in tours after dark, I shall never understand. How the McClures made out on their own hook, following the Yucca go-round, I know not for I assume I was at supper when they left.

I think I didn't mention a couple of days back that

.....berit'ntao su p'i yam' h'gato

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2201, 11th, 1965

when Thelma told me on the wire about her afternoon with Sister on Thursday, she had remarked that when Sister had arrived at the President's residence, she brought with her for Thelma a great big pumpkin. Naturally I said nothing about the thought that flitted through my mind when she mentioned the pumpkin, assuming as I did that probably it was of mine that Sister had lifted without saying she was walking off with it. On Tuesday I had taken a prize pumpkin to the big house for Dereatha to make some pies, asking her to save some of the seeds so we might have them for planting in the spring. After Thelma's reference to the thing, I asked Dereatha what had happened to the one I had brought for her to work on at the big house. She said that on Thursday evening when Sister returned from town, Sister had told her she needn't be looking around for the big pumpkin because she had taken it to give to somebody in town. It isn't what one does but the way one does it, of course.

The hour NBC gave over to excerpts from Fred Allen broadcasts was pleasant enough by way of contrast to what had gone on before this Sunday night's program. A couple of telephone calls interrupted much of the broadcast for me but I was lucky enough to hear Mr. Allen, Beatrice Lillie, the man with the poem, etc., and I thoroughly enjoyed what I heard. Carmen had called to tell me she was taking Christmas fruit cakes and that Lucy Strawn had died. Lucy had worked down here during Pilgrimage in previous years but did not participate this year, suffering as she had been from cancer.

Later I learned of an automobile accident in which Dr. Ira Nelson had been killed along with two or three other people. He used to come here with Dr. Rand and had done much at Southwestern, Lafayette, where he furthered the development of indigenous plants, especially iris, camellias and so on. He and Dr. Dorman were always hand in glove in plant studies and I'm sure Carrie will be distressed when she learns of his passing.

Mrs. Walker called to chat a little and to run through a column I had written a long time back. I guess two months had run their course between the writing and the checking on this column a paragraph of which was unreadable because of ribbon failure and, finally, after such a long time, I had forgotten what the undecipherable graph may have contained.....

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Monday, November 15th, 1965.

Memorandum: To show how tedious and boring the Fair is vaguely cloudy with the thermometer reaching 80 this afternoon and a promise for the same tomorrow after a dip tonight down into the mid 60's. It's just grand having the opportunity provided by a return to peace and normalcy, to go into the two letters from Lyme and a few of the other pieces of mail coming to hand last weekend.

Although there were quite a few envelopes to be opened, requiring rather faster examination of their contents than would be satisfying for a single sitting, I rejoice in the assurance that everything went well during the confusion of Tuesday last past and that little Miss Lee and all came through the blackout adventure so well. I shall be re-reading all of the post in today's file in greater leisure and thoroughness in the days ahead but for the moment I am content in the assurance that what has come to me as a result of the thoughtfulness in the reporting of recent events.

I am grateful, too, for the care given in acquainting me with Auntie's situation, especially as revealed by her letter which was indeed revealing I find myself wondering how things reached such a pass with her and if she is on the proper road back to normalcy and I at the same time hold the thought that she is. I trust the printed material sent her may serve to lift her depression a little and that the affection bestowed on her by her dearest friend may go a long way in keeping her moving in the right direction. It goes without saying I am also indebted for the several bundles of information covering a whole variety of subjects and I am impatient to re-read the particulars regarding what is going on at the Louvre and the plan now being brought into fruition for a restoration of the place to its earlier appearance and the undertaking that is going to transform the Tuileries into a more interesting open air museum. I read somewhere recently

that the Louvre is to be transformed into a more interesting open air museum. I read somewhere recently

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take hold in the minds of most people I know. I have probably mentioned a dozen times before how Magnolia and Melrose used to handle the leaf problem. Miss Sally used to have all her leaves raked up and burned while Miss Cammie was always busy at the same season digging up banana roots and getting rid of them. And so Miss Sally who never had any luck with plants was forever yearning for more banana roots and Miss Cammie was always distressed at the burnin' of leaves and so the two ladies hit on a happy "Woman's Exchange". -- Miss Sally delivering truck loads of leaves in trade for truck loads of banana roots. It was the perfect transaction since each lady thought she was getting the better of the bargain.

Celeste had a call from Mrs. Beck, one of her Watchtowers girl friends, today. It was to report that a card Celeste had sent her sometime in August from the Far East had been delivered in today's post which indicates a decidedly leisurely travel for air mail. This sort of thing, of course, happens occasionally but there was a puzzle in a second piece of mail the same lady received by the same post. This was a letter sent by the clerk, cancelled from here, and addressed to Iran, and addressed to J. H. This letter was never received en route. It arrived at Mrs. Beck's address in town along with the air mail so Celeste had sent from some other place than Iran.

And speaking of the post, the copies of the Times mentioned in little Miss Lee's letter of this past weekend arrived today. With people here this afternoon, I have not touched the incoming post but am looking forward to a possible visit from James on the morrow when he and I shall explore "All the News that's Fit to Print".

During the past week, the Lady Amherst pheasants seem to have been spending more time inside the Unicorn House than usual at risk of life and limb, as the old saying has it, I ventured into the Amherst enclosure to see what was keeping the pair inside so much and discovered that for some reason, known best to themselves, they had decided to attempt begetting a family. While Lady Lady Amherst has perched on the nest containing several eggs, Lord Lady Amherst has stood around in a corner, ready to jump on the nest whenever Lady Lady Amherst decides she would like to step out of doors for a drink of water and perhaps a morsel of corn bread. Why the killer thinks he has to assist in the hatching of the brood I don't know, but I must say he sticks to the job with a vengeance. Of course the eggs will probably never hatch, especially as cold weather approacheth but that fact does not deter Lord Lady Amherst from lending a hand at the

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Wednesday, November 17th, 1965.

Memorandum: It will go down into the 40's tonight, it is said.

Mildred, -- Mrs. K.D. -- McCoy called me this afternoon. What she had to ask reminded me of the old adage, -- imitation is the subtlest form of flattery. She expressed admiration for the Fucco stationery and said she would love to have a likeness of the Kate Chopin house on something similar if I didn't mind and if I would let her have the name of the stationer. I told her I would write a friend in Lyme this very night and that I felt I should be happy to advise, either directly or indirectly.

Mrs. K.D. McCoy, who lives in Cloutierville, Louisiana, told me that she had been to the Fucco stationery and that she had seen the Kate Chopin house on something similar if I didn't mind and if I would let her have the name of the stationer. I told her I would write a friend in Lyme this very night and that I felt I should be happy to advise, either directly or indirectly.

It seems to me little Miss Lee did the same favor for Madame Parlange and I find myself wondering if she ever got where with her project.

Mildred chatted, while, telling me of the fine pilgrimage she gave recently for the colored people in her neighborhood and how the hostesses had appeared in costume and how delighted all the guests were in having been bidden to the frolic. She said she is also planning an old fashioned holiday party for the youngsters in her neighborhood, the old fashioned games they were going to play, etc., etc.

And then, in a sort of "by the way", she asked me if I knew anyone or had ever heard of anyone in the Cane River around 1911 who had written a popular bit of sheet music, somebody by the name of Metoyer, and she proceeded to read the words of the song which seemed to place the ditty in the Ill-Bevelle area. I got the impression the references to the young ladies mentioned in the words indicated they were mulatto belles.

Mildred said she had run across a stack of sheet music from some oldster in the Cloutierville area, but didn't think of me as being interested. I asked her to make

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a transcript of the words and that I would run them in
a Plantation Memo and possibly we might be lucky enough to
hear from some reader who would enlighten us on the
identity of the composer. It will be fun seeing what if anything
comes to light.

James dropped in this afternoon and it goes without
saying we made the most of the opportunity to
absorb jointly the copy of the Times and
the Marlboro advertisement. He had received a
similar list from the same company and so I did not
have an opportunity to run through that as completely as
I shall a little later. And while on the
subject of books, I want to break down and confess I
placed an order for a book the other day with Noel in
which had forgotten that little Miss Lee already has
a plethora of such items but, since the thing has
been ordered, I shall send the volume along regardless if
it arrives, as I have no doubt it will, long
prior of December 25th but at the same time I shall
be holding the thought that little Miss Lee will accept the
gift merely as a passing object and, after turning through it,
it along to anyone whom she things might enjoy it and
at the same time have more convenient space for housing same,
for we both realize that if one does have lots of room for
shelving such items, it is perhaps better if one is
a little on the cramped side in the space department to
give it a push in any direction where another or others
maybe less pressed.

James was telling me of an interesting documentary
movie he had seen recently on TV. I don't know the
title of the thing but its subject was the
creation of the Spanish Armada, stirred up by Phillip 2nd and
the destruction of the Armada by Sir Francis Drake in 1588.
The destruction of the Armada at the time of Queen Elizabeth
seems always to have been sufficiently important to
deserve mention in all books on European and English
and Elizabethan histories to merit mention but usually
the history books usually content themselves with mentioning
the fact that there was such an amassing of
sea power and the fact that it came to a disastrous end. I
suppose there must be lots of books about the enterprise itself
but I never happened to read one. I think historians usually
agree that the destruction of the Armada spelled out the
glipsee of Spain as a world power of first magnitude although
I know not if its doom was recognized by Spain
or anyone else at the time is not at all clear to me. Be
that as it may, it is interesting to note that Spain had
such a brief role on the power stage since I suppose she
did not really figure as a power until the Peru and Mexican
conquests and the destruction of the Armada in 1588 put a
damper on her power almost before she got started.....

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Thursday, November 18th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and cool in the 40 - 60 range.

In doing research, it is curious how long one
may have to cast about before finding even the slightest
shred of evidence relating to whatever one may be
looking for while at other times the mere
turning of a spade will reveal everything for which one
hopes to find. The latter proved to be true in the
case of the Forgotten Troubadour, mentioned in yesterday's
memo. In a single try, I caught hold of the proper
string that unraveled the name, identity, place of residence
and personal memories of Valcour Metoyer and
I felt exhilarated by the speed with which it all fell into
place. I shall incorporate much of the findings
in a Plantation Memo as soon as the words of the song come by
to read the column, you might want to know now that Valcour
Metoyer, sometimes spelled Vilcour Metoyer, was the son of
Joseph Elfred Metoyer who owned the plantation, mid-
way between Melrose and Magnolia, now owned by the Cohens.

Alfred Llerenze whose house I can see across the cotton
patch behind the bamboo hedge on the property adjoining Arenbourg,
was the first person I contacted regarding Valcour. He
said he went to school with Valcour and could
give me quite an account of him. He volunteered the information
that Valcour "fiddled around with a fiddle" and at the convent
across the way where they attended school taught by the nuns, one
of the nuns tried to teach Valcour to master the
art of the violin.

I put out a feeler in the direction of Father
Calahan and his church records and Father Calahan came to see me
this afternoon, bringing the information that Valcour was
born in 1887. This, of course, indicates that Valcour was
24 when his composition about the French Girls was
published in Washington, D. C. in 1911. Alfred thought
that after Valcour's papa's property was lost, Valcour went to
"Kansas City or some such place" and all trace of him
since then has been lost. There was a name of a sister of Valcour,
however, and armed with that, I may gain some
additional particulars and learn if, as is supposed, he is no longer
in this world. I will try to find out more about him.

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Before I was out of bed this morning, my 'phone rang. It was I.S. Willard, oblivious of the hour. One wondered what pressing matter impelled her to call before dawn. She said she had run across something concerning the dukes of Buck and remember I had once speculated if any of the Buckinghams had built any of the edifice now world renowned as Buckingham palace. She rattled along at a great rate, the upshot of which was that while she had found nothing regarding Buckingham palace she had discovered some reference to connections between the Villars family, --Buckingham family name, and the Grandville family, --all that at such a strange hour.

Natalie called me about 8 a.m. She said Governor McKeithin had been under the weather on Monday, the 15th and so her husband's appointment had been postponed until the following Monday, the 22nd, when the matter of the fort would be taken up. She said she had written the article about the fort but since I.S. Willard had declined to let her use the sketches of the fort's construction, she had about decided to drop all thought of newspaper publication. I immediately urged her to reconsider her decision and suggested other illustrations. I said I would write the Fine Arts Department and secure a reproduction of the mural showing St. Denis and the Indians at Hatchitoches. She could take a map of Hatchitoches and with soft crayon, draw a line indicating the location of the original fort. She would then make use of the sketches of the envisioned restoration as sketched by architects for the current project. She thought the ideas good and work accordingly goes forward on that undertaking.

There are always 15 or 20 cars and trucks around the store and peccan house these days and this noon when I was weaving my way out of the place, I heard someone calling and looking back saw a little low man galloping in my direction. It was the President of the Pecan Growers Association who had been my table companion at the dinner for a group of these men a week or two back. He lives in Breauz Bridge and is a nursery man. He explained that J. H. had sent him a Plantation Memo the other day, the one having to do with per young trees, one of which he was especially enthusiastic, being, as he explained, that its fruit was red-red instead of orange and about the size of a tomato, and that not only was the skin red but the interior of the fruit was red-red all the way through. I thought it so kind of him to make such a presentation on the strength of the article. I said as much at supper, too, when J. H. was there and told him I thought it kind of him to have sent the column like a child caught with an arm in the cookie jar. J. H. professed knowing nothing about the whole business and we all laughed merrily.....

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Friday, November 19th, 1965.

Memorandum: The weather is odd, being nothing it was supposed to be and everything it wasn't. The thermometer, instead of sliding downward, moved upward and was nearer 60 than 40 at dawn. The sky was supposed to be fair to partly cloudy but the sun never showed up and there were occasional sprinkles. I don't remember what prognostications were made for the weekend since I was already too confused by the presents far at variance with what the Weather Bureau had had to predict for today.

I am happy to say that a letter from Lyme was right on the top of today's batch of incoming mail, all of which rests tonight in the armoire against tomorrow's encounter with the secretariat, --including the letter from Mildred McCoy enclosing the verse from the valcour Metoyer piece, a letter from the Aurora-on-Cayuga Warners, a large brown envelope containing papers, I imagine, from Crockett and so on.

I suppose the secretariat may have had to linger longer at school this afternoon. I may have remarked before that Louisiana school teachers arrange to have a three day, --Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, annual meeting every week of Thanksgiving and thus with the first three of the week freeing them from school and the balance of the week given over to Thanksgiving day holiday, they manage to give themselves an entire week when there's no school at all. Nice vacationing, if one can get it.

I meant to mention that earlier in the week I had a long letter from Sterling Cook of Oxford, Ohio, --the first one I had received in I know not when. I did not get a chance to finish reading it on two attempts but did hit on a paragraph indicating he had some friends passing along this way in January and perhaps this was the determining factor in getting around to set pen to paper. I like Sterling and should welcome more frequent letters from him and shall be glad to see his Oxford friends if, --and nobody can ever tell if it chances to be quiet in these parts when they pass through Hatchitoches.

Natalie called me this morning to report on her endeavors.

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yesterday in going through lists in the library of Louisiana composers, --a list compiled for Federated Music Clubs, issued in 1935. The name of the Cane River composer did not appear in the list, --a fact which did not surprise me and in a way, a fact that gave me a measure of satisfaction since it suggests that the "forgotten troubadour" was indeed forgotten and accordingly his emergence from the limbo will cause the more stir which some musicians read the Plantation Memo when it appears sometime in December although it is probable that less column reading is done in December than almost any other month, being as it is the month when the majority of people have less time for reading anything except names, --if they appear, on the floods of Christmas cards.

Mrs. Chopin called this evening to run through a couple of newspaper stories she wanted to mail to the Shreveport and Baton Rouge papers tonight but felt I would not mind lending an ear for suggestions before she put them in final order. Naturally I was happy to lend an ear. She said she had been spending some time with a friend who runs a drapery shop and had assisted in running up some draperies for the shop which has the contract for making and hanging the several apartments in the new Fleur-de-Lys establishment. She said when she had run up a couple of them her friend asked her if she knew for whom those particular ones were intended and, as was to be expected, told her they were for Mrs. Walker's apartment. It has been about 10 days since Mesdames Chopin and Walker have seen or heard from each other. Mrs. Chopin frequently asks if I have had any news. Mrs. Walker never mentions Mrs. Chopin. I talked with Mrs. Walker this morning, primarily to make a few changes in a column. She sounded generally satisfied with life, hopes to sell her 1226 property any day and plans moving into the Fleur-de-Lys place by the end of the current month. I continue at a loss to understand why she is in such a hurry to exchange a house for an apartment but I trust she knows what she is doing. Last night I chanced to hear the Edward Morgan news and comment and was impressed by the comment part when he did an account of the American visit of the Earl and Countess of Snowdon in slag. I thought the account was wonderfully handled but must confess some of it was couched in words and phrases unknown to me and while I had no difficulty in following the general tenor, some of it was pretty vague as to meaning. Apparently the Princess Margaret is making a favorable impression and I am glad, especially for her and the Earl for at best such trips are bound to be more labor than leisure, more enervating than fun.

And so we head into another weekend, --a quiet and peaceful one all around, I trust, and may Thanksgiving Day be a happy one in Lyme.....

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Sunday, November 21st, 1965.

Memorandum:

Humid and in the 80's with a promise for the same thing in the offing. I think the cold snap with which we were threatened has slipped off in a southeasterly direction. I was so happy to have an opportunity to gallop through Friday's incoming mail on Saturday and especially to catch glimpses of little Miss Lee and doings in Lyme. I shall be looking for the particulars about the James Joyce article in the ensuing week. The mere mention of his name by little Miss Lee on the 17th suggested mental telepathy on my part of the 19th because several times on Friday to Joyce makes me wonder why I thought of him so often that day. For some reason my memory kept re-running the pictures long filed away in the catalogue of forgotten things and most particularly the way the snow in winter time, when the snow changed to be of that brittle type like fine grains of salt and how it used to swirl around the Odeon and fan out little billows along the pavement in front of Shakespeare, Inc., where I would be going to have tea with the novelist and his dragon and duenna, Sylvia Beech. How those little veils of snow used to scurry along the pavements in that particular neighborhood kept recurring over and over again in my mind all day Friday and it was only a step in the mind from outside in the blowy weather and inside in the flickering shadows of a cheery fire and the pleasant aroma of a pot of freshly brewed tea. I am glad you mentioned the difference in time that seems to exist as between me, going from west to east as opposed to the time consumed by those going in the opposite direction. I assume that when such calculations were being made, thought was taken into account that so many going east to west are air mail. I know it still takes four days for a letter to travel to Hatcher which is just about the same or a little longer than it took in 1804 when deliveries went in an almost straight line of 150 miles on horseback. I assume there may be something about the east to west mail having to go 2 or 3 hundred miles south to the Crescent City before heading east. I think it well, however, to be mindful of whatever the reason may be and perhaps by checking verbally now and then, a tendency to drag may be altered in the right direction. I like to think of little visitations down town and the breaking of bread with friends and the all around good will that continued aspirations concerning the assistance of one who served them so long and, as they at long last have come to realize so exceedingly well.

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2nd November 1965

I appreciate the confidence in letting me know about the report regarding Leston's resemblance to a torn down piece at pilgrimage time. I hadn't realize it was so noticeable at the time but am not at all surprised that it was since I had been working rather steadily throughout the prolonged dry season and the fact that I was dieting at the same time probably added no beauty to the figure. There were quite a few camera shots taken at that period and I suppose when some of those come to hand, they will reveal a confirming nose. The other day I. S. Willard that several of the shots she took came out nicely and there was one I recall in which she and Kay represented the two roses on either side of Leston, the thorn. Eventually one or another of these shots will come to hand and I shall be enchanted to pass them along for what they aren't worth.

The present weekend was busy enough although or perhaps in consequence, I didn't get as much desk work done as I had anticipated but as I did not finish with all that I undertook anyway, I can rest contented with what I may take up on the morrow.

On Saturday afternoon J. H. phoned me from the office to say somebody from the Shreveport Times wanted an article rather than write an article on pecans and would be here at 4. He thought I might care to give them a few pointers. Knowing nothing about the subject I should have felt qualified to advise since it is easier to write on any subject about which one knows little or nothing. The writer and photographer, the photographs, for they did something that never fails to amaze me, -- they brought a child no more than a year old with them. J. H. didn't want to appear in any photographs, in fact seemed to think no illustrations were needed but feature articles without illustrations usually cut little ice. I trailed them off to the African and Ghana houses where they got some of Miss Hunter's primitive renditions of pecan harvesting and how the article will turn out -- if ever -- remains to be seen.

Mrs. Walker phoned at 2:30, asking if she might bring her mother and sister-in-law down for a little chat. I did not want to leave my typewriter but told her to come if she could make it by 4. She made it exactly at 4 but, prizes be, left within the half hour, giving me a chance to get some chores done before sunset at 5:12 today. Thus turneth the weekend, wonderfully pleasant for its peace.....

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Monday, November 22nd, 1965.

Memorandum: no more get it at the Fair and in the 70's. I guess I got too warm and then too cool. Be that as it may, I'm shuffling.

First off, let me mention pecans. I asked the store to forward some to little Miss Lee early this morning. Later in the day, Celeste asked me if 908 might still be a good number and I replied affirmatively. The order that I put through the store bore the return address of the Estate. I assume hers will carry her name. Possibly the store will ship but one package, thinking the second order to be a duplicate. Perhaps not. The one package will contain about five pounds which is easily manageable in a paper sack, I reckon. I'm not sure if a ten pound shipment, comprising two package, -- the Estate's and hers, would be so easily taken care of. Let us hold the thought that one package arrives ahead of the other by at least one day. One thing is certain, if both packages should arrive at the same time, one can be dropped into a trash can in full realization that not much has been lost.

I shall hold to the thought, however, that my order went forward yesterday and that Celeste's may be shipped two days later in which case, there will be a better chance of them being received at different times.

Today's post brought a letter from Thelma, dated October 29th and the cancellation mark showing it was mailed November 21st. I suppose it is a note written a week or so following the October 9th and 10th tour but posted almost a month later. What is coincidental about the reference in the letter to her trip to Houma, La., is the fact that she did make such a trip just before October 29th and then repeated the same trip and got back home just before November 21st, so that the information about her travels in October may well apply to the duplicate trips made a month after the letter had been

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written.

I talked with James on the 'phone today. He seems to be feeling fine and said Aunt Willie has been pronounced as being in tip top shape and that she and Kay and Mrs. Crabtree were journeying back to the Bluff today.

Tonight I listened to the fistcuffing at Las Vegas as between the Louisville-Lip and Floyd Patterson. The radio had announced the fight as going on the air at 9:05 and, indeed, there was a broadcast of minor scuffling from that quarter at 9:05 but the Clay-Patterson thing didn't start until about 10. I know not in what condition the fighters were in but the ABC broadcaster of events seems mightily confused on many points, as, for example, he said that while the gate receipts, broadcasts and channeled TV advertising sponsoring the fight would total about five million dollars, the lost to be received by the winner of the contest would be three hundred 75 dollars while the loser could get 75 dollars which certainly sounds like a lot of to-do for might little compensation. I am under the impression that prizefight business at present is a racket and it's the mob running the enterprise and that pockets the money for the most part.

Mrs. Walker called me this morning to read a letter from the publisher of the Lake Charles paper. It seems in the recent article about persimmons, in an unguarded moment, I had mentioned a former Memo that had carried persimmon recipes. There were several people in the Lake Charles area who had appealed to the paper to secure these recipes and Mrs. Walker wondered if I could recall when during 1964, --if the time, I might have run said recipes. It seems she does not have a file of The Enterprise which seems very odd. I tried to guess when the desired item might have appeared and then referred her to the college library which continues, I am told, to keep scrapbooks of the column. She said that she had referred to the column and must knock off a column about the Forgotten Tender Leaf tea and some patent medicine for colds as so the column is finished and then call it a day.....

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Tuesday, November 23rd, 1965.

Memorandum: The snuffles continue but rather mildly and without a fever. Doreatha made a couple of fine pumpkin pies today and although I never heard anyone recommend pumpkin pie as a cure for cold, I have a fine slab of the pastery awaiting along side a glass of milk for my own delectation, come news time at 10 o'clock.

It just occurs to me that this mem will be followed by a gap of one day, what with Thanksgiving Day being a holiday for the postal boys. Mrs. Chopin called to ask if she might bring some of her people down sometime this weekend. Her son and his family are driving from Dayton Ohio Wednesday night, arriving in Shreveport on Thursday morning, attacking the great American bird with the wife's family there and then coming to Hatchitoches for Friday and Saturday and driving back to Dayton Sunday to be on the job on Monday morning, early if not too bright. At least I think anybody who would organize such physical exertion is bound to be on the dull side. My day has been quite busy and I haven't even glanced at the mail, all of which went into the armoire until a measure of quiet could be restored, what with so many people coming and going all day. I had two pecan men before 8 this morning and on my return from coffee at 9:15, I found a basketball squad from Oklahoma awaiting me on the Yucca gallery, --some Oklahoma college team having played Northwestern last night. While I was across the fence at the coffee hour, Carmen called me there to say friends of Dr. Holden were in her office, --Dr. Holden and the foresaid friends being based on Denver and would I see them. Pecans, basketballs, friends.

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and physicians' paraphernalia, --what a melange to get a mornin' going.

According to the latest card from Shreveport, it would appear we might get mother and daughter for the balance of the week. Oh! Lord! At the last report filed by the mother, the daughter hadn't made up her mind what she was going to do this week while all the school teachers are supposed to be in New Orleans on convention. Perhaps if they come this week they will skip next weekend, --the turning on of the lights in town but that is merely a hope on my part for which I haven't the slightest reason for supposing to be likely.

A day or so ago somebody sent a copy of the little sheet called Ozark Gardens. I am enclosing it herewith although I know not if it has anything of interest in it, not having had an opportunity to turn through it with anyone as yet. I understand another copy is headed in this direction and I shall probably get around to examine it as soon as little Miss Lee does. I thought I recognized a picture of the Ghana Garden on the front page and have no doubt this may be the publication of Spinks spoke of some time back and to which she was going to contribute an article, as I recall. About 4 o'clock this afternoon, Fugabou appeared bearing a big pot in which a young tree in full leaf was planted. He placed it on the gallery pavement, explaining that J. H. had sent it, the "thing" having been brought the other day by that little low man from Breau Bridge. I asked him if there was a second plant, assuming as I did that it was one of the two persimmon trees the little low man had mentioned to me. Fugabou laughed and said these were the funniest looking persimmons he ever saw and that he didn't know about a second plant. Then I took a closer gander at the young tree and discovered it had six or eight oranges hanging from its branches. Fugabou said he thought the little low man had brought this to J. H. who, in turn, had given it to me. He assumed further that the two persimmons intended for me had probably been unloaded with the young pecan trees and where "somewhere". And so I can now start an orangerie which ought to keep me busy until Fugabou sorts out the pecan from the persimmon trees and that sounds fair enough.

And now for that pumpkin pie and the tall glass of milk and thence to dreamland.....

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Wednesday, November 24th, 1965.

Unseasonably warm during the daylight hours, -- somewhere in the 80's. At 6:30 this morning Shreveport thermometers registered 59, Alexandria's 49 and I assume it was around 50 in these parts.

After mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion that pumpkin pie and chilled milk are probably excellent for a cold. It is true I am still sniffing but I feel just fine after last night's snack.

I ran out of pumpkin pie today, however, and accordingly undertook the preparation of deviled eggs for tonight's midnight snack. A friend had presented me with a dozen fresh eggs this morning but that scarcely seems to be an adequate explanation for trying my hand at deviling same but devil I did and I shall know more about the results later tonight although I am already prejudiced in a favorable verdict since two or three local sons of the soil, passing this way late this afternoon, sampled them liberally and pronounced them as alright. I doubt if Craig Claiborne would approve my method of concocting such a dish for I simply followed an impulse as to the use of ingredients and surely that would never receive the applause of the readers of The New York Times food authority. After boiling the eggs and separating the white and yellow sections, I chopped up fine a couple of slices of cucumbers that had been resting in a vinegar, salt, pepper solution, some fine chopping olives that had been stuffed with anchovies, a finely chopped d, b of celery, a sliver of onion, chives, mayonnaise dressing with a touch of Heinz tomato catsup and a couple of drops of Tabasco. After stirring the whole thing thoroughly I filled in the empty half whites of the eggs and ran the whole thing into the ice box and we shall see what we shall see -- eventually.

The post was the nicest part of my day, especially the beautiful likeness of chrysanthemes and the equally lovely message from Lyme, plus a second and larger envelope containing the Joyce material which I have absorbed in large measure and look forward to finishing on the morrow when there will be no incoming mail and possibly a flock of in-coming secretaries. I find the Joyce material fascinating and shall want to go into severe

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points at a subsequent sitting. Returning to the other Thanksgiving Day greeting and the reference to the address requested by Mildred McCoy, I held the thought no exertion will be made to track down the address for I know perfectly well that Mildred isn't in any great hurry for the information and I pray that little Miss Lee will not go to undue lengths in any rush to obtain same. I find it such a charming coincidence that little Miss Lee and Leston should have been exchanging references to the house in question at just about the same time.

Another copy of the Arkansas Gardens came to hand today and I glanced through part of the printed material. Verily, L. Spinks brandishes a colorful brush. Because of the heaviness of the handwritten material in today's post, I asked the secretary to skip through two or three paragraphs of the Garden item which I shall go over again and more completely a little later. By chance, the secretary brought a line about the proffered Christmas gift from even sons of the soil in the form of "withal" to secure a reading glasses. I had completely forgotten the episode and was delighted to be reminded of it. I assume I may have written about it to L. Spinks at Christmas time. I had probably mentioned it to little Miss Lee, whenever or whatever the year may have been I find the story ranks high in my collection of souvenirs of holiday times and am so glad it was brought back to my mind at just this season.

I finally hit on a place where I wanted to place the new orange tree which, if I am not mistaken, is a satsuma. Be that as it may, the fruit is pretty and I placed it in front of the post on the edge of the front gallery at the point where the butterfly appears in the cover of the Forestry magazine in which El Ponderosa has a plant in front of it. --a bokumquat or some such with a lemon-like fragrance of its blossoms in the summer which ought to tie in nicely with the satsuma until the butterfly lily perfume pre-empts the whole scene.

And now for a raid on the ice box, after which I must knock off a couple of letters against Friday's out-going post for there is no telling if there will be visitations the morning and how much or how little may be undertaken.....

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Thursday, November 25th, 1.65.

Memorandum:

A heavy fog this morning lasting until nearly 10 o'clock when it lifted revealing a blue sky thinly draped with gauze. The thermometer remains unseasonably high being in the mid 60-80 range.

I held the thought Thanksgiving Day from beginning to end has been as pleasant in Lyme as locally. I saw comparatively few people and liked everybody I saw. This morning when it appeared we would not be honored by a Shreveport visitation, the two separate dinners that had been planned for this bend of the river, one on one side of the fence, one on the other, it was decided that Celeste and J. H. would join Eugene and me at the big house. Had I known things were going to turn thus, I should have invited James. Dinner was delicious, starting off with guinea gumbo and going on through turkey and dressing and vegetables and salad of the fruit variety and thence to dessert and coffee. The merchant-planter beat all records at speed. It seems to me he was up and away just about the moment I was finishing the gumbo. Pecans are rolling and I reckon he wanted to keep a breast with them. It seems to me we have passed the half million pound weight up to this point.

In the morning I had called a few friends in town to wish them a happy holiday. Mrs. Wagner mentioned her next door neighbor, a secretary at the college, who rushed in a while back to tell her I was calling her names in my column but she couldn't remember what had been hurled verbally at la Wagner and she couldn't pronounce the word anyway. --bibliophile. Mrs. Wagner had told me the same story a day or two ago when she called for an address but I enjoyed hearing it a second time.

Mrs. Chopin brought her son down this afternoon, having with them Mrs. Chopin's mother and sister from New Orleans. They brought me a fine hunk of pound cake, home made, and I liked that, too.

A call from the store around 4:30 or 5 revealed that Eugene was going home to dine with his family and since I had given up the balance of the day off, I was asked to express my regards for my own fine company and myself.

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accordingly I supped alone. And while thus engaged, I found myself thinking about the 1621 Thanksgiving Day and reports heard about this first one set up by the Pilgrims. I have been turning over in my mind one item that has been mentioned frequently in radio programs, -- a chicken-oyster pie and I can't figure of what ingredients it was made and I'm curious to know how it was prepared. One thing is certain, it seems most unlikely that the Pilgrims knew about chickens. I don't think they had them. One year at Plymouth. Perhaps they used wild turkey or water fowl. But how one might successfully combine oysters with a bird in a pie, I cannot imagine. Since all the oysters I ever met were inclined to be tough-tough if more than barely heated through and should come out hard as rocks if incorporated with the bird ingredient when the pie was put on to bake. Perhaps the oysters were slipped into the pie just before it was ready to be removed from the oven or fireplace or, more likely the open fire. After mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion I have come to the conclusion that while oysters and chicken might be alright in the same pie for Pilgrims and Indians, I will take my oysters and my chicken pie separately.

Andy came to see me late in the afternoon. He was complaining bitterly about his girl friend, Jack's widow, who keeps going to his house when he is away at work, ransacking the place for food which she carries off with her.

I had a talk with James this afternoon and he seemed just fine. I called Clara Genung about 4:30. She seemed a little on the giddy side and said her daughter was picking her up at 5 and taking her to dine at 1226.

At 9:30 tonight I called Mrs. Walker to correct a column but she wanted to read me from some volume by Trotter on psychology. Regarding dinner, she said her son had carved the bird beautifully which may or may not be quite accurate. She said her mother had had a nip on her arrival and just as dinner began, said she was tired and wanted to be taken home which was done forthwith. I wonder, -- I wonder.

Tonight is so balmy I am reminded of Spring. I am reminded of the fact that I have never seen a gay mood and nobody cared for any.

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Friday, November 26th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and warm in the 80's.

According to my radio, the Lyme neighborhood is beginning to feel a suggestion of winter in the air and a snow-blanket is said to be falling from Montana to Michigan and that Maine is bitter. There's no doubt in my mind that we shall be receiving some nippy temperatures any day now but in the mean time I'm enjoying the extended Indian Summer for all it's worth in late November.

Today I gathered a basket of bell peppers as pretty as one might expect in June. I have some cottage cheese and I shall employ a pepper or two with other ingredients to turn out a spiffy salad. There's another slab of pumpkin pie in the ice box, too and some sliced bananas drowned in cream. I shall have to make up my mind between now and news time as to what in the dessert section of shall rule out to stave off the air conditioning department. On some news program tonight it was remarked that a billion five hundred million or so people would be going to bed hungry tonight. I feel I should join Marie Antoinette and pass a round some cake.

Mrs. Jack Mulllove called me this afternoon from Shreveport, asking me if I would purchase half a dozen Hunter canvases on her behalf. I don't know if the artist has half a dozen pictures on hand and whether she does or not, I'll bet she will not have any by next weekend when people begin heading toward the light festival at Hatchitoches.

I guess I had better be stir myself early in the morning and see what the artist has to offer by way of merchandise and speaking of the artist, I am reminded that somebody going through the new Fleur de lis apartments in town earlier in the week mentioned having seen the Hunter canvas that formerly graced the Enterprise office being put into position in Mrs. Walker's new apartment. I have always thought the proud possessors of any kind of a painting, --

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important or unimportant, should inscribe their ownership and date of acquisition on the back of same. A list of owners of important pictures usually have way of getting listed somehow but often there are proba gaps nobody is able to fill in if an effort to do so is started late in the picture's life. How much more doubt or plain ignorance must obtain in the case of lesser canvases that survive the ages.

Celeste 'phoned me this morning before coffee time to say that since J. H. was heading out today for Dallas, she was going in the opposite direction to Alexandria to do her Christmas shopping. How people do get about.

In today's post was a letter from Leroy Vroom, a Hunter enthusiast, of Aspen, Colorado. A secretary who is quite remarkable in his ability to pronounce words, even those he has never encountered before including occasional ones in a foreign tongue, found the Colorado address quite beyond his powers and while he wasn't satisfied with what he called the town but I didn't care if he called it Aspen, Colorado.

I was glad to hear on the 6:30 news tonight that the threatened newspaper strike in Manhattan was off and that for the moment, at least, there will be no gaps in the record of events the daily papers provide, especially for readers in the future who undoubtedly will find gaps of last year at this time quite depressing when their research deals with that void in such source material.

Just now I thought the cats were pulling at the screen door to announce their readiness for a saucer of milk but when I responded to the sound, I discovered it was a sudden breeze out of the southwest that had set the boards hanging from the gallery rafters a swingin' and a swayin'. But the cats were there nevertheless and now that they have had a midnight snack, I think I shall follow suite and see if I can round up in the dessert section.....

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Sunday, November 28th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair to partly cloudy, thermometer in the 60's.

It was such a pleasant, quiet weekend, I rejoiced it was so and tried to pile up a surplus of enjoyment of same against next weekend when Shreveport and daughter and Heaven knows how many more will be surging around, bent on being here to observe festivities in town such as parades, fireworks, turning on of lights, open house on the part of many a hostess and general high-jinks. I believe Celeste is having South Louisiana guests on the weekend, too, -- perhaps a nephew or two and a former sister-in-law, etc., etc.

I was observing the position of the moon tonight at 7 o'clock which, if memory serves, is the hour the fireworks get going in town on Saturday night. By the mental times calculation, I came to the conclusion that the moon will be about 1/2 full on Saturday night which may dim some of the sky rockets but if it be cloudless, may make things generally pleasant for the thousands who trap to town from all directions to be in on the show. I can think of at least one person who will be more likely to leave the festivities to others, taking an opportunity to see the set pieces in town sometime later in the month when the crowds of December 4th have gone their way.

The weekend being pleasant, the number of people in the road was proportionately high and I got more than my share of pilgrims. This afternoon was especially clogged with people. It began a little before one and kept up until first dark. One of the overseers living in town or somewhere wanted to bring his family. While they were at Yucca, Celeste 'phoned to say four or five people were here from Alexandria. They wanted to make a survey of the place with a view to making a documentary film a little later in the season. While they were here Mrs. Walker called to ask about running through a column. I didn't like her suggested alterations and had quite a struggle effecting a layout the way I wanted it. As the receiver on the phone, Carmen called, she would like to bring me some fruit cake. She did just

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that and, on arriving, said her sister, "Sees-ill", wanted her to bring long gourds for Christmas decorating. I was glad of that, not only because it gave me an opportunity to get rid of a dozen or so gourds but also because the arrival of the fruit cake would give me an opportunity to pass same along to Celeste for her guests this impending weekend. And then there were some people from Lake Charles and some others from Monroe and so the afternoon played out without me getting around to take a single lick at this keyboard.

At supper tonight, J. H. mentioned having been at the J. H. Williams plantation this afternoon where many planters had gathered to express their views of the present farm program as relates to cotton, directing their words to Representative Speedy Long who represents this District in Congress. As I understand it, the cotton farmers feel they are not getting an adequate payment from Government funds on their product. There seems to be general agreement that while the Agriculture Department is spending too much money, not enough money is going to the cotton planters. It seems to me I have heard radio protests from wheat farmers along the same lines and probably all the other commodities are receiving similar treatment. --everyone else getting too much while their particular bracket isn't getting enough.

I was glad to learn from today's paper that Dr. OVerdyke's book about Louisiana plantations is coming out. I don't know what it will be like as a book so far as the text is concerned but I have a feeling many of the illustrations will be valuable, not, perhaps, as objects of beauty but certainly as exhibits of detail in the history of early home building in the Pelican State. I don't know how long he has been collecting his material but I recall vividly enough he was going great guns on it in the 1940's and as he concentrated on the effort around the clock, he undoubtedly rounded up a treasury of details that will be of value beyond measure for the student of the period. --much of the data probably never having been recorded prior to his concentration on same.

And now for a dab of desk work, a quick snack, a little radio listening and thence to sleep.....

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Monday, November 29th, 1965.

Memorandum:
Clear and chilly. A 10 mile breeze out of the North kept the temperature in the 50's and tonight the mercury will sag to 32, it is said.

In anticipation of the frost, I gathered several dozen bell peppers, currently gracing the living room on big copper trays. Their aroma is just grand.

To everyone's surprise, Sister arrived before dinner. She brought with her a copy of Dr. OVerdyke's book on plantation, a notice of which was enclosed in Sunday's memo. I had no opportunity to read any of the text but it did turn through the illustrations. It's a little strange as a book of its type in that it seems to carry many illustrations and a large measure of text compiled 15 or 20 years ago although there is nothing to indicate the date of the composition although the volume bears the copyright date of 1965. This would lead the casual reader, I suppose, to assume that the pictorial and text dates from the mid 1960's which, nevertheless isn't so. For example, although I got only snatches of the text on Melrose, it appears to have been written in the 1940's. There are three illustrations of the Melrose scene, the big house, Yucca and the African House. From the size of the trees and bushes, I can easily establish the photographs as having been made in the 1940's. Some brooders for baby chicks grace the front of the African House. I think there were never any there after 1944. The view of Yucca, taken from the White Garden side, shows the gallery floor of wooden planks about foot above the present ground level of the brick pavement. The wooden elevated floor dates from Lyle's time and I understand the text mentions Lyle and Miss Cammie, suggests the text dates from prior to 1945.

I believe the front cover or jacket of the volume carries a likeness of Greenwood without any notation that Greenwood perished years ago. Belle Grove is given lots of space which is good and lots of pictures which are even better but, I told, there is nothing to indicate that Belle Grove, like the long since vanished. Perhaps the book was never intended as a guide anyway.

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Unexpected guests came for supper when we were half through the repast. They were Billy Rue, brother of Frances Rue Henry Perkle, and Lewis Perkle, brother-in-law of Billy. It was an hour after dark and why they should have come in the first place, I wouldn't know. Mr. Perkle's manners are alright, Billy's are not. Billy is a large man and eats proportionately to his tannage. Supper was good and a little on the bountiful side and Billy started out by making the most of it and, after everyone, including Herr Perkle had finished, Billy kept right on going. J. H. who had skipped supper was waiting at the store to see Messrs. Rue and Perkle, impatient to get off to town to attend a meeting. Twice he sent messengers to the big house for them and they came along but Billy kept right on eating and asking for food not present on the table. It was as clear a display of disregard for other people and a determination to keep on gorging that I can remember. Messrs. Rue and Perkle had been hunting deer in the Kashack Forest or however one spells the name of that Federal preserve which hops and skips all about this section of the State, some of it lying between Montrose and further west almost to Hedges gardens and twisting back in a northeasterly direction swirls around Briarwood 30 or 40 miles up the road. So runs the confusion at harvest time and so runs the unexpected guests muddying the waters. I received a pre-holiday gift from the Schmidts of La Michigan one day last week. The item seemed so attractive that when a letter from the gift shop arrived a few days later, recommending the placing of orders for Christmas gifts at this end of November, I thought the idea a good one. I proceeded to make out cards for enclosure and placed the order. In today's post a letter from the gift shop arrived, enclosing the cards. Of course I haven't seen a secretary all day and so don't know what the letter has to say but obviously my smart solution of Christmas has gone down the drain. I must see if I can make a little holding the thought

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Tuesday, November 30th, 1965.
Memorandum: Fair and cool. The grass was white with a heavy frost this morning and the thermometer stood at 31. It climbed up to the 50's this afternoon but will sink into the freezing bracket again tonight. Tonight's moon is splendid. I spent a pleasant couple of hours this afternoon chatting with Mr. Gallien, a young man who is doing some graduate work at Northwestern. Currently he is doing a thesis on Miss Camard was gathering points about her for his work.

Mr. Gallien's grandfather was an overseer at Magnolia and the boy grew up knowing about Cane River geographically, many of its inhabitants by personal contact or by reputation and now is majoring in History, finding the local scene most to his interest. Mr. Gallien said his interest in History was engendered and stimulated by the old blacksmith, a negro, on Magnolia who, himself, was interested in History. When the youthful Gallien was too short to reach the bellows on the forge, the blacksmith would let him stand on a bucket and turn the crank of the bellows while the blacksmith was heating up the iron. While thus engaged and at various moments while playing around the blacksmith shop, the boy would be taught the names of the Presidents of the United States and their dates of office. The boy was a willing student and as a matter of course, the knowledge about the Presidents naturally led to his pursuit of further particulars about them and so the road to History got under way.

Mr. Gallien made a European tour with a group of from Northwestern a year or two ago and he was so enchanted with the historical aspects of the trip that he and three of his associates are planning another trip within a year or two. Mr. Gallien has a brother living in San Pedro, California, and has suggested his younger brother make the West coast his home, too, but he likes the Hatchitokes area and as soon as he has acquired his B. S., he hopes to secure a position in the faculty of Northwestern and devote his time to the pursuit of his history.

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The morning post brought quite a few letters, none of which from the envelopes, look interesting. Of course with things so by sizes and sevens, it is difficult to find the time or the secretaries to go into the mail but I shall do what I can along the way as between now and next week when, may Fortune favor, things will be quieter and I shall have a chance to get a few things done before the holiday mail begins flowing.

I talked with Mrs. Walker for a few minutes this morning. She reported having an invitation from I. S. Willard to have luncheon with her on the morrow. I assume this gesture on the part of I. S. Willard is in part to honor Mrs. Walker's sister-in-law who is scheduled to return to her home in Phoenix, Arizona, this coming Sunday. In view of Saturday's festivities in town, --parades, parties, lights, and all, Sunday morning will probably come early enough when the girls arise drive to Sreve port to catch a Phoenix plane at 7:30.

Mrs. Walker said she had invited I. S. Willard to have lunch with them at the hotel a week ago last Sunday. It had been agreed I. S. Willard would pass by the Walker home at 12 noon when they would have a martini and then go on to lunch. When the Walkers returned from church at 11:30, they found I. S. Willard already there waiting them. She declined a drink and then explained that she wasn't going to be able to go on with them for dinner. It was gently confusing to the hostess. Perhaps the morrow's dinner with I. S. W. as hostess is to balance off the dinner for her that she could not attend. These girls can get things so delightfully confused, I, for one, would never attempt to understand any of the finer points of marching and counter-marching.

During the past week I have enjoyed all the several radio programs I have encountered concerning the Presidential career of Mr. Kennedy. From all that has been said, I conclude that many of the people close to the center of power at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue feel it was the Kennedy idealism that gave events the impetus that later came into being, especially in the legislative field but it was the Johnson ability to put proposed legislation through Congress that put the finishing touches on the idealism planted by the Kennedy Administration. Perhaps it was the Kennedy tragedy that in large measure gave Johnson the huge majority in Congressional support that might not have made the Congressional game unless the tragedy had aroused the people to voicing with the ballot their support of the Kennedy program. This is the sort of thing the writers of Greek tragedy would have had fascinated in handling and perhaps they did so along parallels that obtained in the Golden Age.....

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Wednesday, December 1st, 1965.

Memorandum:

Chilly in the 50's, with gauze filtering the sunshine. Possibility of a drizzle tonight.

Had there been a measure of quiet around and about, I reckon I would have devoted my day to desk work. However, desk work during the day this week is impossible since my presence at my desk serves as an inspiration for one to drop in at frequent intervals so that whatever is attempted by way of a manuscript comes to naught.

And so I spent most of the daylight hours at the garden and at the close of day, I was satisfied with work accomplished. I concentrated primarily on butterfly lilies, getting them bedded down for the winter. The stalks along the front gallery are quite tall, --8 or 10 feet. I cut these into pieces about 6 inches in length, letting them fall back on their roots. This provides the rhizoms with protection against the impending cold and, as the pieces of stalk decompose, gives back to the bed a fertility that will benefit them as food and provide a mulch to keep down the bed when Spring returns and the night dews trickle down along the stalks of the newly emerging plants.

I found three gourds, perfectly shaped for dippers and I fashioned three of them for somebody's old fashioned buckets, several people during recent weeks having asked me for gourds suitable for the purpose. Since those who have asked me for dipper gourds haven't much notion as to how a gourd is converted into a dipper, it seemed simpler to go ahead and do the job, thereby saving amateurs from cut fingers and dippers that wouldn't do much dipping unless thought be given in advance as to where the pressure of the water is going to put the greatest strain on the handle and the point where it joins the bowl of the dipper itself.

After the opening has been carved and the seeds removed from the interior of the gourd, I pack the inside with wood ashes and dampen the latter, leaving the ashes in the gourd for three days during which time the ashes serve to extract any bitterness that might be implicit in the shell of

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the gourd. I reckon the people asking me for the
dippers will no be using them to drink from but rather
use them in conjunction with an old bucket suggesting
a custom of old times but not practicing it. When
the fishes are removed and the interiors thoroughly washed, I shd
rub the outside of the shells with sweet oil and the strumment will
serviceable as an object for gazing upon or for
drinking purpose and should last indefinitely.

I haven't heard from Natalie and I haven't received
the reproduction of the mural of St. Dennis trading
with the Indians which I ordered for Natalie a couple of weeks
back from the Fine Arts building in the State Fair
grounds at Shreveport. Perhaps the spirit
of the holiday season has engulfed State agencies. As
for Natalie, as of today, perhaps her household is busy, too,
for the radio mention that one of the McGeely men, --
a cousin of the Williams tribe, committed suicide
at his home in Colfax and I assume that will call for
a wily pow-wow or at least a full blown funeral. And
speaking of Natalie reminds me that I heard yesterday that daugh
tress Ann is again pregnant, suggesting Natalie is really going to
be a grandmother "many a time and oft".

Everybody is keeping an ear inclined in the direction of
the Weather Bureau and what it may have to say about the
Saturday chances of pleasant skies and mild temperatures.
Celeste is having the New Iberia relatives and Sister
is expecting Dootsie Baby from Bastrop and has also
bidden her son, Lloyd, to bring his wife and several
children. Add to this assortment, there will
be the usual number of unimagined and anticipated droppers-in
and uncounted others who have probably been invited without
saying as much to those dwelling at this end of the
river. Accordingly pleasant weather will make
quite a difference to those planning to honor us with their
presence and then going on and probably coming back following
the afternoon and evening festivities in town.

At the end of summer, I always look forward to
the advent of Labor Day since it tends to get foot-
loose people back into some kind of a routine revolving
about their respective home bases. At Thanksgiving time, I
will be cropping up during the impending holidays, yearning as I
do for the arrival of January and another return to normalcy....

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Thursday, December 2nd, 1965.

Memorandum: Mrs. Lee of whom I have just
heard is now in the 60's and with cloudy. We are having
scant sprinkle but I doubt if it counts to much.
The Shreveport Weather Bureau mentioned yesterday that Novemb
was a dry month for that area, --only an inch of rain,
I believe, and about three inches below the annual
average for the month. It seems to me that area's normal
rainfall for the year is around 36 as opposed to the 55 inches
in this area.

My delight of the day was the air mail from Lyme, enclos
another letter intended for Mildred McCoy. By dint of some
fancy footwork, I got a note off to Mildred,
enclosing little Miss Lee's letter covering the
stationary so that it went forward by today's post.
She will have it on the morrow and I have no doubt
she will phone me. I know she will be indebted to
you for the generous account of the matter in
question. It will be interesting to see how her effort turns
out.

It is so characteristically thoughtful of
little Miss Lee to anticipate Christmas by getting
in touch with Santa regarding Yucca stationary. I
can think of nothing that would give me so much pleasure and
straight ahead for my convenience and the
delight of people who receive same in letters
from this bend of the river. I still think it the most
attractive type of stationary I have ever seen and, naturally
I am silently blessing the donor every time I use it.

As I recall, Robin's last letter mentioned having drive
down to the Fullilove store with friends. I saw the artist
at the post office this morning. She asked me what had become
of Mr. Pines and, of course, I could not tell her since I, to
be sure, had been wondering the same thing.

Seeing the artist, too, reminded me of the
Hunter canvases drying in the Chapel and I hope they
will dry in spite of the current dampness before the Fulliloves
pick them up. This afternoon Mrs. Fullilove
phoned me from the plantation store in the Shreveport area,
saying she wished I could find some more likely canvases
at the artist's house since there seems to be quite an inters
in primitives at the plantation store. I should prefer to have
the Fulliloves make their own selections but, of course,
the artist seldom has anything much on hand at any given

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with the bill being where it is but that he had driven to Shreveport on Monday where he picked up Kay whose plane arrived around 2, enabling them to get home before dark.

I inquired about her health and he said it seemed to be fine. Somebody had given her a book, written by a Judge, who recommended some kind of injections for people like Kay who have to be on a strict diet. The book came into Kay's possession just before she left for the Bluff last time and so she turned it over to the lady doctor to examine. The lady doctor said it sounded interesting but that she herself would not give the injections the book recommended but suggested James send the book on to Charleston to Kay to let her doctor there read it. The doctor did and either he or the lady doctor or both recommended some milder potion along a rather but milder lines. The treatment was undertaken and now Kay is eating everything. Cures have been accomplished before, James said, as he expressed the hope this one would be lasting and not fall to pieces after the first flush of enthusiasm.

Aunt Willie is said to be fit as a fiddle. Kay will return to the Bluff right after Christmas to be with the lady for her birthday on January 4th.

The Register dog continues to grow amazingly and so strong James has little ability to control him when he feels full of pep which seems to be most of the time. James had spoken to Kay about finding some solution of the powerful canine when Kay was in Charleston and she told him on he 'phone she would have a solution by the time she returned to Natchitoches. She came up with it immediately on her arrival and it is the soul of simplicity. They can all drive to Nova Scotia in April and spend the summer there and the dog will like that. Kay is not chilly climate and in October they can return to the United States again. Something tells me that solution isn't going to work, isn't even going to be tried by at least one member of the family.

And now to my downy pillow which has served me so tenderly throughout the year, endowed as it is with a sentimental value beyond compare....

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Sunday, December 5th, 1965.

Memorandum: After a week of clouds and drizzles, Saturday and Sunday dawned cloudless and moderate, sort of upper 50's yesterday, 75 today. It is truly remarkable that both the October Pilgrimage and the December turning on of the lights should have been blessed with such perfection weather-wise.

On Saturday morning when I marched to the Post Office, I withheld the out-going mail, keeping it in my pocket because Shreveport was all over the Post Office section and the clerk momentarily on the 'phone in the far office. Accordingly there should be Friday's Memo in the same mail with this Sunday one. I doubt if anyone would dare tamper with the mail but I, for one, am going to offer any occasion for such a thing.

On Saturday, what with the parade in town and what was later estimated to be sixty thousand people converging on the area, there were enough pilgrims pausing here. J. H. had told me Judge Julian Bailes of Natchitoches had asked if he might bring down two couples and when they arrived about 4 p.m., the store 'phoned me to announce the arrival of the Bailes group, consisting of five people: Judge Bailes, Judge Reid and wife and Judge Lindry and wife. Three judges out of a group of five made it all seem very "Honorable".

I understand J. H. had told Sister to keep her crowd of kids and teen-agers out of the place while I was conducting the judiciary but of course she barged right into the crowd, kids, teen-agers, dogs and all.

Dotsie Baby blew in at 5 and by six o'clock she and her mama had headed for town to observe the lights from the vantage point of the I. S. Willard property. This morning I learned from them they had gone to Pat's house afterward. They left here, I assume, around 10:30 this morning. Just before leaving Sister said she had just put out some women who tried to come to see me and hoped I didn't mind. It would have been a little late if I had minded. Later Keithers Couragere asked me if I saw

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Clarisse Breazeale during the morning. I had not. Perhaps she

was the woman Sister had put out.

And speaking of women, I am wondering if your local papers mentioned the three white ladies of Bogalusa, La., who on Saturday beat up another white lady in that

fair city. According to my KKKH Station

of Shreveport, this morning, -- a conservative paper, or

station, owned by the Shreveport Times, the three white Bogalusa

saw a white lady and beat her up roundly. Later they

explained they had never seen the white lady before and assumed

she was a racial sympathizer and therefore needed a thorough

working over. It turned out, however, that the white

lady was a musician from Italy who had just arrived

in the town as a member of an orchestra on tour,

scheduled to give a concert that day or evening in the Louisiana

Naturally when word reached the Town Fathers, they were

shame-faced at the whole outrageous business and

apologized in person to the roughed-up musician.

That episode ought to make good headlines around the world,

especially in Europe and especially in Italy.

Fine ladies, those Bogalusa dames and wonderfully adept in

giving their town and their State and their nation such

fine publicity. I guess it is a definite trend

I talked on the phone a few minutes with

Natalie on Saturday noon. She had been successful in

her effort to borrow the Valcour Metoyer music from Mildred

McGoy and has had it photostatted. I had re-

ceived some kind of a pamphlet from the Fine Arts Building

carrying the illustration of St. Denis trading with the Indians.

Unfortunately the Fine Arts Building had folded the

pamphlet so the crease ran right through the middle

of the picture and so I doubt if it can be used

I am with Natalie's article. She has some other types of

illustrations about the fort, however, and they will probably be a

little better. I sent the pamphlet to her regardless since

she hoped maybe something could be done with it.

I shall be interested in tuning in on elections

in France when news time rolls round. I find I am

hoping there may be a new President for while the present

one has much to his credit for having brought things

round in several different areas, -- giving the country

more stable Governmental system, f nishing off the Algerian

scuffle, etc., etc., it appears to me he is currently

contributing nothing to the stability of a united

Europe and less than little to the functioning of free

a less nationalistic successor. I regret to say I know nothing about any of the politicians

contesting for the Presidential prize. As seems to be

the inevitable in democratic procedure, the man in the

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Monday, December 6th, 1965.

Memorandum: I have been thinking of you a great deal

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took them on foot down the street to Amette Deblieux's house where a party was in progress. Later they returned home, only to learn Mrs. Walker had been there and departed, whereupon L. Dixon and friend, headed up Williams Avenue to 1206, after which they were joined by L. Dixon's niece and the latter's husband and with the other Walkers, proceeded to a parking place near the margin of the river in front of the town where, armed with the bottle of martinis and a picnic basket of picnic goodies, they observed the light festivities. Around 10 p.m., L. Dixon and friend cranked up their car, heading for some likely motel in Texas to spend the night and thence on Sunday, forward to some place in Mexico where L. Dixon has a sister living. Mrs. Walker was especially happy that L. Dixon had accepted the Walker dog as a gift and will keep it on her farm near Gonzales, 30 miles or so south of Baton Rouge.

There was other chit-chat including an account of the trip to Shr report Sunday morning where the sister-in-law of L. Walker was to catch a plane for Dallas and thence to Phoenix but of course they missed the Dallas plane and so by some means engineered a place on a jet that made its way to Arizona in a jiffy. L. Dixon and friend went to the bank to work on the Walker apartment goes on apace and one hopes it will be occupied before Christmas. It was remarked that I probably would not honor one with a visit on vernalizing day. I thought that calculation correct. The son will be getting baptised at the Episcopal Church sometime or other and after the church services there will be a gala party at the apartment and perhaps I might make that. Perhaps, --but only perhaps.

Guilette, the town photographer, just called. He had hoped to bring some sweet girl graduates from the college down on day last week to get some pictures for the Year Book but I had responded negatively to that request because of the presence of a disturbing element here. Tonight I replied affirmatively to the request for tomorrow. Above, when speaking of L. Willard d. b. b. her eyes with water, I intended mentioning the case of Mrs. Press in Revolution Paris when she was doing the same thing, only to be stunned when glancing up, she beheld Madame de Frange standing there. Verily Charles Dickens did a telling bit of writing in that section of the Tale of Two Cities. I still scores hell out of me every time the episode is re-read.....

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Tuesday, December 7th, 1965.

Memorandum: Fair and cold --- 30 to 50

Today lots of people probably recall the December 7th of 1941 and probably the majority of them recalled plainly enough that in that year the 7th fell on a Sunday when the Japs fell on Pearl Harbor. I remember what a pretty day it was in Hattiesburg, Miss., and how I attended Church in the morning, dined or went to tea some place and sometime between 7 and 8 in the evening, I arrived at Roan's house for dinner and for the first few minutes had no idea about what the other guests were talking as I had somehow escaped the news of the rising of the curtain of U. S. injection into World War 2.

I dropped in at the artist's cabin this afternoon to pick up some more paintings for the Fulliloves. The artist had the snuffles but didn't seem much concerned with her head cold. She wanted me to see her new "dufo" or sofa and the big upholstered arm chair to match. They were both quite modern, the arms of both "dufo" and chair being 6 or 8 inches wide and the back or top of the "dufo" being of the same width and the lines of both pieces being angular rather than curved. James had mentioned these pieces the other day, remarking he found it odd that the artist, so gifted in a color sense, should be casting about for imitation wood panel wall paper which she plans to use in the room with her new pieces. What is being sought by way of wall paper is material of the same color as her newly decorated, the "dufo" and the chair will fade right into the coloring of the walls and the casual visitor will have to look twice to find where the wall leaves off and the furniture begins. James thought a yellow, green or almost any other color than brown for the wall paper would be desired but, as he pointed out, that only goes to show that he lacks the artist's imagination.

The swell of in-coming mail for the holiday season hasn't started as yet. Quite the contrary, the first class mail did not arrive at all today, having probably gone down the line to Melville or some such place and so we should have a double dip when it returns on the morrow. I had expected the mail to bring some clippings that had been put in the post in town yesterday but, of course, they didn't show up either but will arrive on the morrow.

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I talked with Mrs. Genung today and she had quite a rigamarole to relate about a hill billy who had done quite a lot of work with presses and what not for the enterprise and who had been accepted by the Walkers largely, I suppose, by the fact that he could be of so much assistance in mechanical chores. It was he, --they call him Ham, who had been called to release Mrs. Genung's finger on that occasion when she found herself hooked up to the ice box some years ago. Be that as it may, Clara reported today that whenever Ham gets drunk, he has tended to drive by the Walker resident and weep on my a little shoulder as he replays his marital troubles, etc., and so Clara, learning he had gone by the Walker house last night and been sent away, called him at his home and told him to leave Clara's daughter alone. Ham wasn't crying at that moment and shot back at Clara:

"I knew well enough when I got your fingers out of that ice box that time that you were bound to be a bitch or you couldn't have taken it and now by your silly talk, I know sure enough you are one."

So much for Ham.

From one or two brief references to the matter on the radio, I gather it is tomorrow that the Pope, in closing the Council today, will go on the air to announce the lifting of the ban against meat being eaten by Catholics on Friday. I have no idea when the ban against meat eating was first promulgated but I assume it may have been hundreds of years ago. Somebody was here from Wyoming the other day and mentioned that in the Rockies and probably most places in the far North, this business about not eating meat had worked a hardship on Catholics living in regions where fish were not attainable in the winter months, especially during the 19th century before canned fish found their way into those remote areas. The Rockies, of course, can support ample supplies of meat, --cattle, deer, etc., but fish was never easy to obtain during the season when the streams were frozen and therefore the Catholics there will welcome the proposed lifting of the ban against Friday meat. I am rather surprised there has been almost nothing said about this matter on the radio but I suppose when the ban is actually lifted there will be article in print and discussions about it on the air. I shall be curious to learn just when if there be some definite date, --when this custom of not eating meat on Friday was first imposed.

A couple of photographers and several "sweet girl graduates" were here this afternoon for the year book pictures. So far as I know, they did not call at Yucca and accordingly I saw them only from afar when I went to see about Lou Paul and Louella whom I had returned to to grass and a couple of hours later, heard need had the paper banking at them. I hope the ladies didn't take pneumonia in their skimpy frocks while their pictures were being taken.

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Wednesday, December 8th, 1965.

Memorandum: I saw Mrs. Genung today and she had quite a rigamarole to relate about a hill billy who had done quite a lot of work with presses and what not for the enterprise and who had been accepted by the Walkers largely, I suppose, by the fact that he could be of so much assistance in mechanical chores. It was he, --they call him Ham, who had been called to release Mrs. Genung's finger on that occasion when she found herself hooked up to the ice box some years ago. Be that as it may, Clara reported today that whenever Ham gets drunk, he has tended to drive by the Walker resident and weep on my a little shoulder as he replays his marital troubles, etc., and so Clara, learning he had gone by the Walker house last night and been sent away, called him at his home and told him to leave Clara's daughter alone. Ham wasn't crying at that moment and shot back at Clara:

There was indeed a double dip of incoming mail today, best of all of which was an air mail from Lyme. The letter was just grand, the clippings equally so. It is good to know Madame Vigee-Lebrun is to have one of her works of art in the National gallery.

I'm so glad the two separate packages got through alright and I think your disposition of same just perfect. I never cease to be surprised at how many packages fail to reach their destinations from year to year. Only last Saturday somebody here mentioned having purchased some last year and had them sent from the local post office by air mail and nothing was ever heard of the shipment. It is said it is so easy people along the way to make a little slit in the individual package and let the pecans trickle out one that any air mail should linger long enough in any one place where the packages could be worked on seems remarkable, too.

I'm glad you mentioned the missing article on Marly. This reminds me I seem to have several clip of the column that have come to hand from one person or another. I shall send odds and ends of these in an extra envelope from time to time. If they all prove to be duplicates you may simply throw them away of course. There is a chance, however, I suppose, that one or another missing from your collection might come to hand.

I love the account of the shopping trip through the portals of the several shops mentioned. It is good to know, too, that such an expedition should be carried out before the mobs of shopper clogged up the stores. I should well imagine an early morning sortie would go far in saving one from the hustle and bustle that dominates everything as the hours of the day advance and desperation seems to lay hold of so many people.

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1965, December 8th, 1965

Last night's freeze took the starch out of the big broad leaves of the banana plants still curving their semi-circles in front of Yucca. This afternoon the last standing plant of the 1965 banana season came down and was hauled away. While these operations were in progress, Curtiss Guillette returned with the Northwestern "sweet girl graduates" for more pictures. They were taking out of door shots for a little over three hours and why all of them didn't shrivel up with cold, only they can tell. And when they departed, they left things strewn around even as they had yesterday. Perhaps the cold shivered up their sense of responsibility. Perhaps Mr. Guillette doesn't best an over supply anyway. I shall cite but a single case of a dozen: In order to get a desired effect at the big house, they went upstairs in the African House, tugged down stairs the big earthen pots, planked with Giant's Beard and carried them all the way across the greenward to the big house, leaving them right there when they departed. I suppose all photographers may be roughly divided into two general classes: first those who try to adjust their cameras to secure a maximum effect without pushing things about, and, second, those who think nothing at all of uprooting the entire landscape and leaving it right there in disorder when they depart. Guillette seems to be in this second category.

I did not hear much news tonight, what with one interruption after another breaking in on the programs. Of the news I did catch up with, however, I found myself disappointed that I heard so little of today's doings in Rome and the final ceremonies terminating the Council. Perhaps I shall get my desk work done in time so I may capture some re-broadcasts if, indeed, there was anything in particular to broadcast in the first place. At present time all the news media seem to be bent on giving their audiences lessons in Geography about southeast Asia by rattling off names of places I never heard of before and shall be the happier if I never hear again. It seems to be the same patter that was followed during the Foreign soufflee when town names nobody had ever dreamed of kept spilling out of the radio time out of mind. I have no doubt these names must have meant something to some listeners but I was not among them. Personally, I always liked Geography and should like to learn more about it but my guess is that the major networks overdo things, once they have invested money in rigging up broadcasts, they repeat the same place names over and over again. And now to work, then a dab of supper and thence to another Geography lesson.....

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Thursday, December 9th, 1965.

Memorandum: Most of the day was a n occasional overlay of chifon clouds. Temperature range from 40 to 60.

This has been one of those days giving vast satisfaction in that there were few interruptions, mild weather and an opportunity to do a few things as one might without being pushed for time.

While I think of it, let me touch on the matter of "In the Beginning was Marly". I am so glad you mentioned this column because it inspires me to cast about a bit to see if it and other columns may be hiding around and about, -- copies I had supposed had already been forwarded.

If memory serves, I sent a big envelope about the measurements of this sheet of paper, shortly after the conclusion of vacation in October. Possibly I did not send it, possibly if I did, it did not arrive, perhaps it did arrive and the Marly article was not in the assortment that had been saved during the interlude of late summer and early autumn. I recall having secured two or three extra copies of that particular Memo with a view to sending one to Auntie but also included an extra copy for little Miss Lee in case she wanted to send same to Auntie.

.....self imposed interruption.....

As I was writing the above paragraph, it occurred to me that I had placed some extra copies of the Marly column in the copy of the Marly book against some such time as someone would be to hand to cut the thing properly for me so I might paste it in the book. Accordingly I arose from my desk and investigated and discovered some extra copies which provides the two enclosed herewith plus some others for subsequent pasting. Verily, it pays to mention matters such as this and I trust you will never hesitate to repeat an inquiry on any subject which I may fail to answer since secretaries are usually long since gone when the time comes for our nightly communion and I may forget mentioning one point or another. I intended to speak about at the time a letter was being read earlier in the day.

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I am sending along some more extra columns in a separate envelope and shall continue doing so from time to time. As all of these are merely duplicate or triplicates of earlier columns, you may find it convenient to put them aside for some future reference, knowing that should there be other types of clippings other than the Plantation Memo, I shall enclose them with notations such as this

I am still laughing at the turn I experienced this noon while at the dinner table here, sitting by myself, the others having left, I was leisurely enjoying my demi-tasse and a cigarette. Suddenly I felt something moving at my back just above the waist line between me and the spindle of the chairback. Without stopping to think what it might be, I instinctively flung my hand back of me to catch whatever it was and in that split second felt -- A had clutched something fleshy and warm and sturdy. It's amazing how many inquiries can race through the mind in such a twinkling of time and I cannot say which of us was more surprised, what I caught hold of or myself. Although I did not know it, Doreatha had been entertaining in the kitchen her 2 year old grandchild who had obviously slipped out of the kitchen and into the dining room noiselessly and approaching my chair from the back and slipped a plump soft arm between the chair back and me. Obviously my clutch had startled the child as much as the child had startled me. Thanks to the presence of a piece of coconut pie in front of me, however, the little one soon forgot its fright and plied pie in its direction.

The spirit of the holidays is already perking and this morning Doreatha brought me a plate of tea cakes she thought I would like. By the time the 10 o'clock news comes on, the tea cakes will be joined to a dab of walnut ice cream and a glass of milk and the inner man will be fed indeed.

The other day Carmen or somebody, in speaking of the light festival, brought up the name of Eloise Pharton, Parton, Thaxton or whatever, asking how that lady had so completely vanished from the Louisiana scene. Out of a clear sky at supper tonight, J. H. remarked that Eloise had called him the other day to see about leasing Melrose and its gardens. Naturally he responded negatively. But he thought she was still head of the State Tourims thing although I am sure she has been out of that job for months. I wonder who is taking her now and where and what she is up to.

And now for a dab of correspondence and then the tea cakes and ice cream and thence to my favorite pillow.....

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Friday, December 10th, 1965.

Memorandum: no record of winter film telegraphed
Thin clouds, thermometer around 70.

The post was fairly heavy, available secretaries plentiful but visitors and secretaries cancelled out any attention to letters, including one from Lyme which currently is resting in the armoire against the morrow.

Kay called from town this morning to say she would like to come down sometime today. Two o'clock was agreed upon and she came and staid until nearly 5 while secretaries appeared and disappeared at a great rate.

I was especially interested in all she had to say about the impending European jaunt of Irma and Farley. During the past year they have been studying some phase of archeology which although I had never thought about it before, I now discover I don't know how to spell. That as it may, about 125 members of the course are chartering a plane and heading out for inspecting three sites in the Holy Land, the inspection taking 3 weeks to observe if not absorb. From the Holy Land, they will proceed to Greece, -- just Irma and Farley, where they have a friend interested in some kind of international relations and exploring ancient Greece. They will remain in that country another three weeks, -- the friend serving as guide for that period, and as the friend has a car, they hope to sit many of the more famous ancient seats of culture. After Greece, Irma and Farley will journey westward but just what countries were quite clear in Kay's mind although she did mention Italy, or did she mention Italy, although I suppose that must be on the agenda, but she did touch on Spain and southern France. Somewhere along the way they will purchase a Mercedes and will continue northward through Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. By early April they hope to be doing the British Isles, including Ireland and Scotland, arriving at Oxford in England by the 19th when the alumnus of some California school Irma once attended will hold some kind of a pow-wow on some subject whose nature was not clear to me.

Kay said Farley had been so nice about flying to the Bluff where I stayed the other night but you say tested but I equated to.....

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she needed him that she and Aunt Willie were delighted at this opportunity to guarantee the impending European jaunt that will begin on this coming Tuesday. Sometime in the Spring or summer, the travelers will return to North America by boat bringing their Mercedes with them and do some traveling up and down the East coast.

In the mean time, Kay will have investigated property somewhere in the St. Lawrence Valley, starting with Quebec and moving down it toward Nova Scotia and Newfoundland where she hopes to find a property to purchase where she and Aunt Willie may spend their summers for Kay is determined never to spend another summer in Louisiana, --air conditioning is no air condition. Possibly Irma and Parley will be able to spend some time in Canada with Kay, Aunt Willie and James if Kay can persuade him to make Canada his summer retreat which she knows, --although she never breathed such a thing, is altogether impossible.

James did not come down with her today and somehow, although I don't know why, I was a little surprised that she drove down by herself. She brought many good things to eat, -- fruit, vegetables, cake, bread, --both of the latter being made by her own hand. She also brought a little of the latter being made by her own hand. She also brought a little of the latter being made by her own hand.

Since Kay was journeying to Briarwood, I thought the opportunity excellent to make use of such a carrier as a fine dipper gourd I had fashioned for nobody in particular but since Briarwood was mentioned, I could think of no place where such an instrument would be more appropriate.

According to Kay who got her information from Carrie in a telephone conversation last night, the Baton Rouge publisher of the new Dornon book has promised the author it will be in her hands, --at least a copy of it, by tomorrow. I must request Shreveport, Baton Rouge and New Orleans gents to be on the lookout in the Sunday papers to see if the volume is reviewed in each of these papers. All, I shall have to be devoting a column to reviewing the book so perhaps I had better get busy and knock mine off before I have seen the reviews or even know the title of the volume.....

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Sunday, December 12th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Partly cloudy yesterday. Star spangled sky at 10 last night. At 3 a.m. the winds blew mightily and half an inch of rain fell. Today was fair in the 70's, reminding me of last Christmas although it is said the thermometer will drop to 40 tonight.

It goes without saying I was enchanted with everything in Wednesday's air mail from Lyme and the clippings were all news to me and I appreciate having them.

Twice during the past week I have inquired on both sides of the fence to learn if there were to be Christmas light decorations at Hodges Gardens this year as I had heard not a peep on the subject. Nobody on either side of the fence could enlighten me although this afternoon I learned from a caller that the TV and the Town Talk of Alexandria had had plenty to say on the subject but it was only through the good offices of little Miss Lee that I had learned what was planned beginning last night for the Hodges spectacle. What an invaluable of information and delight are reports from Lyme.

I'm so glad you heard from Georgia. It was sweet of her to send along the copy of the Ozark Gardens and to pen the message thereon. She is certainly a kind person and I'm glad she is a mutual friend.

That you should have mentioned the coincidence about the lady from across the fence and the one from Lyme being on the boulevards at the same time without either knowing of the presence of the other in that neighborhood. I am sure I be hearing about her recent mail on the morrow if it has indeed reached her. I did not see her today as she is in Alexandria attending some kind of religious gathering so that J. H. and I broke bread alone and it was, as usual, ever so pleasant.

And speaking of Alexandria, impels me to say that after 8 or months absence, Blythe dropped in this afternoon bringing Joan along with her. Blythe brought fruit cake for J. H. whom she had her good fortune to see when she reached this end of the river. Afterward she came over here, bringing me a beautiful wreath for the living room window. I have never seen two such lovely wreaths that I have seen and this year's is just as pretty as those which have gone before. The girls didn't stay long and the wreath was hung at the front door before they were out of sight.

But after they had gone and James had departed I discovered some rare aroma starting to permeate the house with a view to cooking up a fine midnight snack, all of

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which I had completely forgotten, what with all the coming and going. And so I set an electric fan to going to breeze out the

burned food stench and it was after 7 before things could be put to rights again. Finally I sat down to this machine and began writing a date line when rs. Chapin phoned from town, asking if she might come down to consult me about one or two matters. I still don't know why she couldn't have spoken of them over the 'phone but perhaps she wanted to chat after a busy day at the Drapery Shop where she is currently lending a hand during the daylight hours. She spoke of her teen age son having been to Court this afternoon on a speeding charge but mostly she wanted to talk about the Walker matter and, I think, hoping I would recommend that

she approach the mother and daughter on the likelihood of resuming old-time relations. I urgently advised her to let them make whatever move may be made. I think they, and especially the mother, need Mrs. Chopin more than she needs them for Mrs. Chopin doesn't need them at all but they need her right now and are going to need her even more in the days ahead since the daughter cannot enjoy being alone with the mother and the mother and daughter have pretty well divested themselves of friends. What with the mother hitting the bottle at 80 when too much alone, Mrs. Chopin would be the ideal and only person who could fill in vacant hours of the day for the mother but this thought never seems to have dawned on mother or daughter. Well, it seems to me that

May, tonight's session was pleasant enough but tiresome in re-hashing impossible situations and I was accordingly glad when somewhere between 9 and 10 Mrs. Chopin went on her way and I could turn to my desk to knock off some stuff that had to be taken care of. Among other things, I am sending Thelma a check on the morrow, the check, made out to me, coming from the secretary of the Gurd Society who, for some reason known ~~earlier~~ only to that lady in Massachusetts felt impelled to send a ten dollar check to the Association of Natchitoches Women whose address, in response to an inquiry, I had already forwarded to Mass. I shall endorse the check and pass it along to Thelma who is not in town at the moment and she can take care of it along with her Christmas mail when she gets around to it.

Three different neighbors on the cabin level had their day i
and I had to hear about that between dark and the
arrival of Mrs. Chopin. I shall speak of these uninteresting
scuffles at another session. And so Monday plays
out and so I must play at hugging my
f vorite pillow forthwith.....

18931

During the night, a pinpoint of light which succeeded in
 producing only about a half inch of maturity between
 some which matured and which which was early. We are
 provided more of the same sort of things for the morrow.

[illegible]

I don't recall what last night's Christmas party was about, --, of the banks, I suppose. The folks across the fence as well Natalie and husband attended and there is another one in progress tonight and so on for the balance of the season, I guess. It certainly is greatful that I am able to escape all these doings. I can imagine fewer of them better gatherings of the type that can be more tiresome. I can only wonder that a person like Natalie, being so busy as she always is the energy to wade through such social mud puddles.

13981

13981

Wednesday, December 15th, 1965.

The tempo of the post steps up a dab from day to day although in my own case, I found not more than 8 or 10 letters today and only a couple of packages which depend to my pinches by giving the impression they may be cakes or some such d -

...the package I opened was a package of a third all requested ... Judge Reid managed to ... since one often ... error even in Engli

... Committee of 1 to in- ... gift from the ... didn't want ... that line after ... bread and milk, ... turned up.

... Huntley's five minute ... just back ... other men he ... in the interior ... the coastal communities ... the opening up of that continent. He mentioned it was less ... than from ... from the west coast ... Panama or ... a concern ... which needed timber, could haul it from North America ... there was ... It does ... instead of opening ... getting ...

I talked with ... asking ... her ... students from ... on Christmas ... have the same idea.

I talked with ... asking ... her ... students from ... on Christmas ... have the same idea.

I talked with ... asking ... her ... students from ... on Christmas ... have the same idea.

13982

13982

Wednesday, December 15th, 1965.

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... Huntley's five minute ... just back ... other men he ... in the interior ... the coastal communities ... the opening up of that continent. He mentioned it was less ... than from ... from the west coast ... Panama or ... a concern ... which needed timber, could haul it from North America ... there was ... It does ... instead of opening ... getting ...

I talked with ... asking ... her ... students from ... on Christmas ... have the same idea.

I talked with ... asking ... her ... students from ... on Christmas ... have the same idea.

I talked with ... asking ... her ... students from ... on Christmas ... have the same idea.

In the parcel post section today, there were several items, all put in small cardboard boxes and placed in the post office, enabling me to transport the general packages more readily. Upon arriving at Yuseo, I found at once binoculars, a home girl, and other things which I had sent by parcel post.

.....

And now I must roll up my sleeves and knock off a column which I must remember to date as of 1966 since I guess all the 1965 stuff has already been taken care of. I haven't thought of anything to write about this case in a long time. I have inserted a few phrases in this machine, in this phrase, in this phrase, just crosses my mind. Why such a phrase should come to mind, I cannot imagine but perhaps will serve as a starter for copy which must go in the post on the morrow.....

As indicated a day or two ago, I am not quite
certain about the present fitness of this machine which
respirator while holding my breath. Now, thanks to the
arrival of the beautiful Christmas package, I can push
these regardless of what jumps the track in full assurance that
an ample supply of new tape is to hand to keep open commu-
nication and communion with the outside world.

***** Philippine *****

in June as time has made mine.....

88881

13989

wanted to say something about the Metoyer sheet of
music and also wanted to mention the plant
I had sent as a Christmas greeting to her and her spouse.
I was mildly surprised on Saturday morning during the coffee
across the fence when mine hostess said she had seen Natalie
at a party on Friday and that Natalie had asked her to tell me
what a pretty plant had come to hand from me. It cer-
tainly was no secret but at the same time I was mildly surpris-
ed it had been mentioned to my neighbor and in front of other
ladies present at the party since none of them were receiving
such gifts.
Our Saturday night conversation was ever so pleasant
and we covered quite a range of literary and political topics.
I was particularly interested in the fact that while I was busy with one hand
holding the phone, I was equally busy with the other hand,
sipping up hot coffee, pushing ice and Coca-Cola
which I had just placed on my desk as the phone rang.
Thanked to little Miss Lee's thoughtfulness, I recognized
the name of Capote when she mentioned it. She said she had
heard it mentioned quite recently the other day when
a story, I think, of some such, was reviewed. She
said the reviewer pronounced the author's name
in three rather than two syllables and she asked me
to repeat it. I had heard it pronounced thus. I had not although
I had heard it mentioned once or twice
in the News items, always pronounced in two syllables.
Mrs. Walker called me just after Natalie. She had
many questions on her mind, mostly concerning her mother,
about whom she wanted to know without so much wishing for advice as
confirmation of her own impulses in handling what she felt
was a serious and delicate problem in the case of her mother.
The latter is now 80 and is apparently growing more frail. The
daughter says that since the time she would have felt it
was the state of her health but that now, after what she
has observed in her husband's case, she feels it might be
better to have her mother off the rigors or horrors of
bed. I am glad to hear of such things and pumpkins and simply
the matter of the doctor's visit itself if it will which
she would not mind if he were to visit her readily enough if
she could get some more definite advice and concentrate more on
the present tendency on the part of the scientific boys is to pr-
around to see what they can locate and tamper with and at the s-
ame time to think of the peace of mind
And so begins Christmas week. May it be as happy
in Lyme as Lyme has made mine.....

13990

13990

Monday, December 20th, 1965.

Memorandum:

Fair and cool in the 50's.
At long last, the book from Doubleday came to hand
and was forwarded to the man in the same mail with this
memo. I merely removed the address sticker, tucked in a couple
of pretty feathers from El Penderese, put another address sticker
on the package and sent it toward the Post Office. The
quint sent out the package of the account, mainly greetings instead of a card from
me. I thought of the matter. It just occurs to me that an order slip
for the receipted bill may have been included in the package from
Doubleday. I suppose it might be well to check the
book into that possibility before venturing too far from
home. I am sorry Santa daddled me but I hold the thought
that long waiters will not look too much out of place
with the coming of the New Year. Doubleday will have
the book. I called this morning to ask if she could
expect to find me if she dropped in and saw me
around 1 o'clock. She said she would be there
with a basket full of good things to eat, several of them on
the veritable side such as ice cream pie, ambrosia, etc., and
some shirts of corduroy type and just what I like in
my garden and some wine glasses of the right design. We had
a nice chat and took a little stroll in the garden, the sun
was bright and cheery. When I got back to the house, I
found James awaiting me. He had brought down a package from
Kay. It was a Christmas greeting. He and Kay both laughed when
we opened the package containing three shirts almost identical
to the ones from Helma but, unlike them, the ones from Kay
had the self same stamp that had been impressed on
the remarkable pillows that had come my way from Lenung. I cannot
imagine what the chemical is, that is what it is, may be
and why it should be applied by the manufacturer. The
stitch was so great that we had to put the package out of
doors as it was permeating the whole house. I sat at
the three shirts on clothes hangers on the gallery to see if
a day or two in the open night would cause evaporation of
the aroma. If that proves fruitless, I can, -- as I could not
with the pillows, put them in cold water and give them a thorough
wash. I will wash the shirts and give them a thorough
wash. I will wash the shirts and give them a thorough
wash.

13991

Monday, December 30th, 1962.

: நம: கருணை

soaping and perhaps that will turn the trick. It is an unforgettable

and this year's shirts carry exactly the same offense to the nostrils as

Mr. James Willard experienced the passed along to me. That Spring about the last thing Mr. Sol did before leaving her house was to go to the bathroom, flush the commode just before quitting the place. And so off to Europe she

mer, she commenced just before quitting the place and on her way off to Europe she
 was being galed a month and then perhaps a little extra time
 in South Louisiana; before returning home where she discovered
 the commenced flow of water had not cut off automatically and
 she spent some time in the making out that she reported as such in

over fifty thousand gallons of water had been flowing from the Willard commode during her absence. Fortunately, the drain sewer system worked alright so there was no flooding of the house but the water meter must have presented quite a record of water used.

no more to discuss, the et spirit being to find out a little
and .ots . . . something to relate about last Wednesday's trip
to . . . and T. S. . . accompanied her.

bad saw. Everyone who has spoken with Willard driving agrees there is
one odd Guardian Angel who takes care of her, her turning of all driving
I cannot think of at any time in the past and again when Dr. S. W. Deane, advising and instru-
ment, says how she should drive with Schmidt puddles to guide her which turns to make her

well, especially in the case of the "Schmuck" puddle, which turns to make, her
new bedgown. She offered advice, however, to the "Schmuck" puddle, which turns to make, her
looked a little, at the same time, and she ever offered with the "Schmuck" puddle, which turns to make, her
god was a suggestion, to the "Schmuck" puddle, which turns to make, her

Willard
ed hand - I But instant recall about the present way of drawing coming to
with about the same time and like the day free and equally old but erratic

to take a G. S. R. was something like this. In Willard's driving as
in the case of so many things in life, one ends up by firmly
believing in facts or protestation or something content to
accept whatever the gods have decided in advance.

do a little desk work before calling it a day. The sky is so lonely with its a-year of stars, it seems that I had better get busy and

is a lovely deep work before calling it a day. The sky is so lovely with its canopy of stars, it seems as though a benediction were being smoothed across the universe tonight.....

ΣΕΡΕΛ

13992

Tuesday, December 21st, 1965.

Memorandum
Beautiful weather, all clear and mild and sort of 40
although Alexandria reported 50 this morning. I
believe winter arrived officially around 7 o'clock
tonight although there was no fanfare heralding
its advent.
I'm rather tired physically tonight but in weariness
that is rather pleasant where one has been suffering a bout
with the weather so I don't fold up with the happy feeling that
one has succeeded in getting some good exercise and
accomplishing a few things.
With the weather so ideal for transplanting, I
got busy and dug up a raft of crepe myrtles and set
in two rows of them forming the east border and the west
border of the herb garden. Some of the crepe myrtles were
over 10 feet tall and although barren at this season,
will look pretty enough when the red buds appear in the
spring and when their blossoms get going in June. Lou Paul
and Louella kept a very busy while I was usually engaged
in digging a race for the crepe myrtles to be set out although
I did not let them out of the Unicorn. Some enclosures for
realized clearly enough that I was not the object of their at-
tention but the water running from the hose as seen as a new tree was
transplanted - I hope that set out the north
line joining today's east and west borders and they
were playing around in the new development early in the
morning before the water gate came off from their enclosure
and switched around to the new planting.
I just noticed I seem to have a real "Denham" margin on this Me
as seems to have been the case with two or three in recent days.
There's some alteration about the appearance of the slot
where the ribbon runs and sometimes it's too close for to
the wire which might be alright for a Goldwater enthusiast but
doesn't seem exactly fitting for me.
There was an attempted robbery in the Whitechapel today
that had the town buzzing. I got a sketchy account of the
doings on the noon news and J. H. said something

Memorandum

to the although Alexander reported this morning. I believe winter arrived officially around 7 o'clock tonight although there was no fanfare heralding its advent.

that is rather pleasant when one has been suffering a bout
of deer and can fold up with the tired

of doors and was folded up with the happy feeling that
 one has succeeded in getting some good exercise and
 accomplishing a few things. It was a very good day.

With the weather so ideal for transplanting, I got busy and dug up a raft of crepe myrtles and set in the rows of them forming the east border and the west border of the herb garden. Some of the green myrtles were

border of the herb garden. Some of these proper myrtles were
over 10 feet tall and although barren at this season,
will look pretty enough when the red leaves appear in the
spring and when their blossoms get going in June. Low Paul
and Louella Kent came on me while I was studying the

and Lonella kept away on a while. I was busily engaged in digging places for the crops. My friends did not let them out of the Unicorn House enclosure for did not let them out of the Unicorn House enclosure for realized clearly enough that I was not the object of their at

...but the water running from the sea as seen as a new tree was transplanted in the settlement on the north line joining today's east and west borders and they can play around in the new development area in the

can play a ground in the new development clearly by the morning before the water gets cut off from their enclosure and switched ground to the new planting.

I just noticed I seem to have a marginal Denholm margin on this Me as seems to have been the case with two or three in recent days. There is some alteration about the appearance of the slot where the ribbon runs and sometimes we take too far to

There was an attempted robbery in Watchtowers today.

There was an attempted robbery in Matshishches today that had the town buzzing. I got a sketchy account of the doings on the news and J. H. said something

13993

Tuesday, December 21st, 1965.

aunt it at supper tonight but he didn't know many details and
for some reason the names of the "suspects" are temporarily being
withheld. Sometime in mid morning, I guess, some gentleman
arriving in a liquor store in west Washington was coming out of his
house and driving past Star Line's office in the center of town when
some other gentleman asked him if he might ride with him. Once in
the car, the driver told him to get a check from the Peoples Bank
and draw out the cash in one hundred dollar bills. The driver did
as instructed and went to the point of cashing the check when the
teller said that the money was \$9,000 in \$100 bills, delayed
that night and called in cashing the check. Empty handed, the would-be
bank robber drove to the Grosvenor shopping center perhaps three quarters
from the bank where the car was left. The radio says two "suspects"
are being questioned as they were picked up right away following the
I mentioned robbery assuming the gentleman who was forced to
hand over the check would undoubtedly recognize the gentleman,
two old hat papers there must be some complications about the episode not as
even being revealed by them authorities. I shall be anxious to learn the
names of the individuals involved when they are released. I'm glad the
suspected were picked up right away for I think prompt-
ness is important in such cases. I hope something to dis-
tinguish the two gentlemen who might be wavering
in their minds as to whether or not to undertake such an
adventure. It seems to me the most serious thing
is the brother of a man who used to manage the Hatchitches air
pattern the drivers of the get-away cars that didn't "get" is an
old friend of mine. But the Hatchitches' youth, now living in
the city, has been known to be a "gangster". I'm
sure he is not a "bad" person. He is a "good" person. I believe the
name of the Hatchitches' brother is Salim, the Alexander
one is Cook or some such. It sounds like a dull Christmas
story for the gentleman of mass I heard of.
The Hatchitches' brother is now in custody. The Hatchitches' brother is now in custody. The Hatchitches' brother is now in custody.

13994

Wednesday, December 22nd, 1965

Memorandum:

Fair with a pleasant southwest breeze with the thermometer in the 40 to 50 range.

People are still buzzing in the wake of yesterday's attempted robbery but what makes me more most vigorously is the fact that Salim or whatever his name is, was immediately let out on a two thousand dollar bond. With such considerate treatment he ought to be able to follow the old adage: "First, you don't succeed, try, try again."

This noon, 15 minutes before quitting time, three gentlemen were sent from the peach house where they had run out of work. Fugbo, Love and Jefferey. But to their surprise, I did have something for them to do and so immediately set them to work digging up a couple of crepe myrtles which they did indeed dig, to much to their surprise as to mine. I had expected about 1000 but they had 1500.

Fugbo and Love came back after dinner and at 4:45 put in an appearance, to be very dirty, considerably wand waving several more crepe myrtles were added but they were situated in places no easy of access, it took somewhat longer than the morning effort. But dig we did and we got them planted. I am that the herb garden is now properly surrounded and ready for Mother Nature to dress them up in gay colors when Spring rains round.

I thought the time arranged as any for transplanting some other things, a pomgranate to the left and right of Ghana, a couple of perennials to the left and right of the pomgranates, which he starts off logically enough in his mind, -

13395

13395

I realized the weather was sufficiently balmy to make a jacket unnecessary today but I didn't realize how comparatively warm it was until I started back this morning from the Post Office where I had picked up several packages which I piled up neatly one on top of the other until they came almost up to my chin. Then, remembering I wanted to bring home a quart of chocolate milk, I turned back to the store, extracted the pastboard carton and placed it on top of the packages. Knowing that such containers are sealed, I didn't know when it slipped over my head that the carton wasn't sealed and before I reached the big wash in chocolate milk and wonderfully cold it was, too.

It was easy enough to sit down at the kitchen table and take some fresh eggs and get back to work at the shop. But when I interrupted to get a few minutes' rest, I found the children appeared, bearing gifts and my labors again and we strolled over to the house for a little, but when the children were leaving home Christmas morning to drive to San Antonio to see Eugenia, this motherly taking the children with them which seemed like a sudden jaunt, especially as it was a matter of duty, though anything I could do to help Eugenia continues to be something of a problem, I guess.

I have, however, happened, a package from Briarwood, from its size and shaking sounds promises to be some of the of Carrie's famous home made candy. I have no doubt it is the same as the one I got last year, but it has become my little friend and I shall be sure to keep it in my little box.

From several different directions, including the fabric shop and a decorator's shop in town, I have received advice regarding how the strange names may be eliminated from the Christmas shirts. The majority of advisers agree that the water on the shirt should be turned out, but I think it is better to leave it as it is. But since the stench is such that the shirts cannot be worn between trips to the cleaners, the necessity for doing so to get any wear out of them seems to place them in a strange category as gifts. I think I shall write a fruitless letter to Sears Roebuck to see what they might have to say about such business....

13396

13396

Thursday, December 23rd, 1965.

Memorandum;

Cloudy and mild, 22-25 to 72.

The Postman brought me a Christmas gift from Miss Lee, a splendid collection of Pudda Stationery. The package seems to have traveled remarkably well, though to the excellent package, and packing, it obviously traveled in perfect condition. It is so pleasant to have such a copious supply to hand for never stretch out my hand for a fresh letter head that my thoughts do not run in the direction of Lynn who made its presence over the years my daily companion.

I am greatly enchanted to be able to read and re-read the letter from Lynn, dated the 14th and all the vignettes therein contained both as to glimpses of Lynn as of the holiday season and fascinating ones of the Holy City a few short months back. It is wonderful that an opportunity presented itself so that the Pentiff should have been in evidence at the time of the visit.

As regards the columns, a card during the vacation period and sent along later, I am so sorry to learn they never reached your true home. So few things ever go astray, it remains to be seen if this particular item may not eventually emerge although at this late date, it scarcely seems likely I shall start casting about for ones that will fill in the gaps. As I recall, in the same shipment were a few random items included such as articles by Mrs. Chopin on local subjects, etc., etc.

As regards "In the beginning was Mary", I have extra copies. I appreciate your thoughtfulness in supplying me with the date it appeared for, as you surmised, it was missing from the clipping I have in the Mary volume. I have tried to keep a file of the Plantation Memo by retaining a single page from each weekly paper, sometimes the newspaper, sometimes another. In the event we should not find random copies

13997

Thiruvananthapuram, December 23, 1965.

The area at this early date do not appear to be promising, what with sleet and snow said to be sweeping eastward out of the southwester. But if it is clear outside, things will seem only the more cheery inside and when with mid-summer the season should hold lots of happiness.

born at Wicomico, Maryland, and at the time of the birth of Mary and Robert Rhodes as being in the Kicksburg nursing home where Rean visited them last month. The reason this statement surprised me is because I somehow had gained the impression during the past year that Mary and died. I asked James about this today when he dropped in and he, too, even as I, had supposed Mary to have departed long since. As Rean is the same impression from that quarter which, of course, may have led to some twist of a sentence which we interpreted literally.

I encounter the usual number of greeting cards from people I cannot remember and other cards with messages from people making references to one thing or another they have read in print which seemed to please them but which they did not sufficiently understand to enable me to determine to what they were referring. I was amused at one message from a Mary Phillips of some place in Illinois who mentioned having heard from me on August 19th when she reached home where she found so much mail awaiting her that she had not been able to get around to answer my letter what with all the others in front of her, until just a

A note from Dr. Vernon contains particulars regarding her new book so that I shall be able to knock off a column about it tonight. I mentioned the title of the new book to James who thought it a poor one in that it presented a mental picture of a plantation with a lot of African or South Seas ladies with and without grass skirts. The title is "Ladies Preferred". In the plantation theme devoted to the new book I shall try to nail down the fact that the book is a study about wild flowers and not wild girls which will disappoint a column reader, no doubt.

And so I must roll up my sleeves and get to pounding. This, of course, will go forward on Friday and the next outgoing be on Monday. I hold the thought it is a delightful weekend for Miss Lee, whose joy will be not unlike the same radiance she has made this holiday for me.....

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13998

I had intended to make a couple of phone calls during the morning but got no opportunity to do so and even had to ignore the ringing of the telephone during some of the afternoon.

Friday, December 24th, 1965.

I am glad to hear that you are well. I am well and hope this letter finds you the same. I am glad to hear that you are well. I am well and hope this letter finds you the same. I am glad to hear that you are well. I am well and hope this letter finds you the same.

It was news to me and I am, of course, always glad to keep abreast with the things that go on in the world. I had a letter from A. J. yesterday, rather longer than customary, enclosing a 1966 season ticket for the place. I had a letter from him in 1966 and I still enjoyed his trip. I expected today to be rather busy and it was, I must say that I had not expected it to be quite so cluttered up with people as it turned out to be. The unexpected source of this activity came in quite by chance in that the forgotten Troubadour article appeared in this week's papers and several mulatto relatives of Metayers of Metayers by the same name apparently felt compelled after reading the article that they must have a .87M .733 Grandpere Augustin plate and, as they could find them no place on the market decided to come here to inquire for that particular item. Of course I had none here and they had to go elsewhere.

There was one young matron who was quite amusing. She married Meteyer and was anxious to obtain a divorce. Now she knew about the existence of such a thing, I cannot imagine. She said she and her husband lived in New Orleans but had come up to Alexandria to visit friends for the weekend and had read about the trouble surrounding Meteyer which had impelled them to head out into the open country for the weekend. I don't know where her husband may have been but somewhat wistfully she sighed and said she would sometime like to have him see all this stuff. Now I don't know what time that was but it was about 1921 or 1922. I am not sure of the date but it was about that time.

[illegible]

Kay and I. S. Willard were already at 1226 when we arrived. I had forgotten to take a morsel of food since the night before, the pleasant aroma wafting from somewhere tickled my palate and we exchanged greetings. Just as we did, it disappeared in some mysterious fashion and returning, held by a brown paper sack in her hands from which I saw some little bells protruding on the end of a stick. Then she thrust back with the sack and I began toying with the possibility of having seen of the package.

14001

Dinner was delightful, the table charmingly decorated with sprays of small flowers, concealing the bases of the candle holders. Leston was asked to say the blessing which he did with dispatch, never having believed in long ones while dinner awaits:

"Lord, for the friends already around for the feed we are about to receive, we return thanks. Amen."

[illegible]

Have seen of the package.

14092

Monday, December 27th, 1964

Memorandum

For the record, the thermometer ranging from upper 20's to lower 50's, with an 18 mile an hour breeze.

As to be expected, the mail continues fairly heavy. Secretaries were available during the afternoon, but as so often happens, there were people here at the same time and so I had to let correspondence wait until the morning. I was enchanted to discover a card from Auntie, dated 2288 from her town on the Rhine. I thought the fact that she felt up to getting off a card was heartening.

James dropped in at 12:45, bringing the gift I. S.W. had intended for me at 1226 on Christmas day. The package held several items including a big commercial calendar of Paris France that I shall enjoy using throughout the year. There was also a small photograph of the plan of Fort St. Jean Baptiste which I believe I. S.W. had made, some red and white checkered cocktail napkins, a small American flag about 5 by 7 inches and a metal bracelet about the size of a child's bracelet, with the words "I am a child" engraved on it. I also received a small book of prayers for children.

James also shared his gifts from I. S.W. to him, suggesting I might know somebody who would enjoy them - a bow tie and a box of plastic dollars, perhaps a dozen in all, which we imagined, on the basis of the printed legend that these children in the 3 to 5 year age bracket and were intended to teach the children a sense of balance.

There was a review of "Natives Praised" by Caroline Dorman in the Sunday New York Times. I shall get a copy of it in tomorrow. I had written and posted my effort on the same subject before the first in print review had appeared. I think the New York Times review much better than mine and I assume from its content that the person reviewing it had, unlike me, seen a copy of the book before attempting to talk about it in print.

Janet Kyber called today, asking if it were possible for her to plant in her

14004

14003

I guess I had better try the foregoing paragraph over again
and probably some of the sentences have run one on top of the other
I was saying that Janet Kyser, daughter of John and Thelma,
called me yesterday to ask if she might get some gourd seeds
from me to plant in the little garden she was making
along in her Shreveport home. Janet, an only child, has somehow
always succeeded in escaping any smothering process her parents
may have wished to impose on her, in and I think she is a smart
girl in doing so. She mentioned that her mother had
suggested she get in touch with Mrs. Frank and that the latter
had called on her following her pumpkin visit to Thelma's a while
ago. I like Janet and was happy to throw out a couple
of suggestions as to the nearest manner in which she could
keep her acquaintance with her fellow townsman moving along
smoothly.

In the morning I find myself
encountering the usual holiday problems. I find myself
in a quandary when I get to investigating some of the incoming packages
from Sterling Cook. I continued a little letter but
fortunately withheld sending it until I could check with
my secretary regarding the address. One turned out to be
from Sterling Cook of Oxford, Ohio, while the other turned out
to be from Mrs. James Stirling of Wakefield, Louisiana. I
was glad I got that one stopped before it started.
I had today a post box a package from some place in
Texas. I had a letter from a man who knew how to spell the name of the
place -- something like "Korogane" or "Korogane" -- r ynnig with
the name but not being the same place. It was a package of some sort, shi
of course, contained some of the same on the market and,
whose address I knew not although vaguely it seems to me
there was a card or letter or some such a couple of
pages from somebody. I remember a man named Christy whose
address I had somewhere. I shall have to write the shipper
and ask him to send the package to the address of a person
sending Christy's name. It is something to keep the
memory of Christy's name going a long time after another year
has passed.

I hold the thought Lym correspondence is under better control
and that the post Noel season is bubbling over with delight.....

14004

14004

Tuesday, December 28th, 1965.

The enclosure more or less speaks for itself.
The picture was snapped last 4th of July weekend.
The photographer was somebody from Arizona, California or some
such State, brought here by the Martins of Hatchiteches.
I was told later the shot turned out just fine and I
asked for the film but have seen only now, in spite of
aided of predding, secured these items which have come to
hand today and, from what I can make out, the shot
doesn't seem too fine, since it shows only a corner of
Chave and, as far as I can make out, none of the tall
cypress trees which should have displayed their yellow at the
left of the Chave house. I assume the film was not sent
out rather the thing attached to the letter is probably a
slide. One does what one can but one doesn't get very far.

I have been thinking today about that painting of half a
century or so back, -- The White Monkey. I may have
mentioned it before. The animal, typifying the white race
blinking at the side, is a queerish bluish orange, getting no good
out of the juice being wasted on the ground, simply
because the animal doesn't know what the fruit is all
about.
I was quite taken aback today when I chanced to pass by
the Chave garden where Joe has been having some men
build a tall fence. Instead of running the
barrier right along the edge of the Chave garden, it
is being constructed on a slant, cutting a great piece of
pie out of the south and west parterres and, thereby
ruining the only 18th century vegetable-old fashioned flower
garden of its type in this region. I shall draw a
line across this sheet, indicating the approximate
barrier wall currently under construction. The Chave
garden is about the shape of this sheet of paper
and the line will give some notion as to what has been
accomplished so far. I shall have to draw another year
later. I shall have to draw another year later.
.....well, it's over, I am

140041

14005

Wednesday, December 29th, 1965.

I am glad you have a picture or two of the appearance of Ghana, --that is to say, the garden, before the Berlin Wall went up so that you may be able to recall its original design.

I had just heard from the first and only time that a high fence was being put around the garden and nothing more. I had heard it said there was a great lot without some of the things which may be one way of saying that when man has finally begun to dig the globe, to have in his hand nobody will be able to depart in the end. I had heard it said that the world was a great lot without some of the things which may be one way of saying that when man has finally begun to dig the globe, to have in his hand nobody will be able to depart in the end. I had heard it said that the world was a great lot without some of the things which may be one way of saying that when man has finally begun to dig the globe, to have in his hand nobody will be able to depart in the end.

And then on the radio, there was the report of some youngsters at Sunday School just before Christmas, being asked if they could tell what gifts the Three Kings brought the baby Jesus. It was said that one of them brought a gold mine, another a silver mine, and the third a lead mine. I had heard it said that the world was a great lot without some of the things which may be one way of saying that when man has finally begun to dig the globe, to have in his hand nobody will be able to depart in the end.

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And now for a dab of desk work and thence to my favorite pillow.....

140041

14006

Wednesday, December 29th, 1965.

Partly cloudy, humid and sufficiently warm to make a jacket unnecessary when laboring out of doors, --40 to 60. I decided I would move the butterfly lilies running parallel to the front gallery, turning the lines of march from an east-west line to a north-south curve along the base of the banana plants that arrive from the east and the west. I decided I would move the butterfly lilies running parallel to the front gallery, turning the lines of march from an east-west line to a north-south curve along the base of the banana plants that arrive from the east and the west.

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Five or six long distance 'phone calls came through during the day. I know not how many were attempted while I was gardening. So many people wanting to visit ye olde plantation and all call of them receiving the same negative response. And so the holiday season turns and I shall be glad when we are back to some sort of a routine.....

about 1940, and he been topics talked upon, in many of which
of them the close relationship, as they
revel about various family relations
of her grandmother's brothers and sisters, whom
you may recall as being the brothers and
sisters of the "Young Man of Shreveport", used
by Lyle in his "Old Louisiana". The personalities
of these people and their most brilliant adventures might be
followed to advantage, were one capable of keeping
any one on the subject in the talk de-
voted to this subject. He suddenly discovered he has been guided
down some winding path far from the
personality of the thought he was pursuing.
He said that he was going to start with the
fact that he had just discovered that a true Denham
of which he had attempted just before going further
with the subject. She said she had been talking
with Kay who is very busy at the moment, getting ready
to return to the Shreveport, Mississippi on Sunday
so as to stay over night in the Shreveport hotel Sunday night.
James had mentioned the other day that the plane doesn't take to
the air until 11:30 or some such time on Monday morning,
providing complete convenience to drive Kay to Shreveport that
morning. In view of the possibility of involvement
in the weather, however, and the greater ease in making the trip to
Charleston by this route, as the beginning,
on Sunday will see the coach heading toward Shreveport and on the
following days, Kay will be in Charleston in the
afternoon and James will be back again at Hyde Park. I
have had a letter from several days from Aunt Willie but haven't

14009

Thursday, December 30th, 1965.

[illegible]

14010

Friday, December 31st, 1965.

The report clearly shows that the weather was pleasant and soft breeze from the southwest.

The nicest thing about this Christmas Eve is the
 grand letter of the 29th arriving in today's post.
 It is so good to have the dignities it provides of
 holiday doings, news of friends and plans for this weekend.
 It goes without saying I was very sorry to learn that
 our Greek friends made the gesture of kindness she did, the
 proving for the millionth time how rare is the soul who is
 possessed of a birth sense. I think the idea of writing her
 about your reference to the matter and excellent one.
 This for the surprise gift from Natalie, I knew just how
 little she has seen that account I had heard about
 the gift some time before it was sent and was as surprised as
 I was a year ago when I received a gift of strange statuettes
 which would have frightened children if they had been seen by some.
 Yet when I appeared that in that quarter in a while a gesture goes
 a strange angle which is quite beyond understanding, especial
 help present cases by these not likely to be taking up skiing.
 I must confess I find myself utterly bewildered in such insta-
 nd while grasping about to find something to steady me,
 I burst out laughing as I try to put together the strange
 pieces of my unstable personality pattern. I'm
 wondering if the daughter is also possessed of the same in-
 stinct, and but for impulse, as demonstrated locally this season in the
 smog of the white birds spread on the

[illegible]

14011

Friday, December 1st, 1967

[illegible]